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VIATOR;

OR,

A PEEP

INTO

MY NOTE BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A. GRUMBLER'S 'MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,' &c.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—DENHAM.

'Tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.—BUTLER.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN.

MDCCCXLI.

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

To THOMAS D'OYLY, Esquire,

Sergeant-at-Law, Upper Harley street, London.

My Dear Sir:

I pray permission to dedicate this little volume to you, with that high respect and sincerity which your character inspires, and with that grateful remembrance, which your many courtesies towards me, make me delight to cherish. How much, then, do I regret its unworthiness for the occasion!

It is the second of a series, now in course of publication, on a great variety of topics,—the whole being designed to be illustrative and somewhat corrective, of what is called the New School, and to portray the unhappy influences of the present

mania in literature over Men, Manners and Things, as they appear chiefly on this side of the broad Atlantic—and also to recall readers to some retrospect of by-gone days; and finally, to contrast them with that fashionable ultraism so prevalent here, and which is no less obvious in our law, government, morals, and religion, than it manifestly is in our popular literature.

The tendency of the present age throughout the world, but especially in my own country, is towards innovation in every thing—which, though sometimes fraught with much good, has a hydra-headed demon to contend with, in that spirit of ultraism and of radicalism, which prompts men to think that change must be improvement—but which the cautious venerators of the literature, the law, and the manners of the olden times, have so often to deplore, mainly because men will not discriminate—and, in their eagerness for change, will root up the sturdy oaks, with the noxious tares.

With your great and glorious and prosperous country, I think I have more than a slight acquaintance. Your laws have been my devoted study, for nearly thirty years. With your institutions, manners, customs, and state of society, I have made myself somewhat familiar, through the medium of your varied and extensive literature and science—

and also by a short residence in your lovely island, where I received that generous and elegant hospitality, which can never be forgotten by me.

The result of the whole is a solid conviction, that the sterling character of the British nation affords the brightest exemplar the world has yet known of genuine civilization.

The Greeks and the Romans of Pagan times, and many modern nations of Christendom, were and are, also, doubtless civilized—and so are the Chinese, and the Turks: but the truest, and most infallible of all criterions of genuine civilization is, *when all things, in every ramification of life, are in perfect keeping;* for, it is with nations as with a family;—that family, however humble its means may be, is the most civilized, in which every thing is designedly in perfect order, and in admirable keeping.

In England alone, of all ancient and modern nations, do we find this rigid keeping in every relation of life, in every order of society, in every manifestation of their means, from the monarch and wealthiest nobleman, to the poorest of the subjects. Every man's cottage, or mansion, or palace, or farm, or manor, seems as a mirror of his actual condition—each and all in admirable keeping. The peasant's cottage is never garish with the furniture

of a mansion—nor that with the gorgeous display of a palace; but each seems to know exactly, and to respect with care, its own defined periphery, and those of others—and yet, with a perfect liberty and ability in its proprietor, to transcend it, whenever possessed of the requisite intelligence, morals, manners, and means, for a more exalted station. But this is a theme I must not now dwell upon, as it may be the topic, in part, of a future volume.

I am, my dear sir,

With high regard,

Your most obedient servant,

DAVID HOFFMAN.

BALTIMORE, *September*, 1839.

ADDRESS TO MY READERS.

I CRAVE thy pardon, if I have counted without mine host, in thus confidently anticipating thou *wilt* read my book. Upon thy generosity I lately cast my 'MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS,' and now venture to offer thee another small volume, giving but a 'PEEP INTO MY NOTE BOOK!' Methinks, I hear many of you say, 'thanks to Apollo, it is but a peep! for why should we be troubled with thy cogitations, when the world is overrun with 'THOUGHTS' from heads much wiser than thine? witness those of Solomon and of Bacon, or of Joe Miller and of Lacon! And, as for thy 'NOTES,' they are but ruminations belonging to the same genus, and we hoped to have seen it made highly penal in the critic's court, for thee and others,

> 'Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
> Who thus stand up dictators to mankind.'

and so egregiously molest the public with a dull mélange of notions!'

Softly, my exterminating, but truly small critics! take thy pen, and essay to do better; and I promise thee thou wilt find any book, *after it is written*, seemeth to be a much lighter matter, than when it is *yet to be created*—for well hath the poet said,

'None but an author knows an author's cares;'

and I have seen simpletons when gazing even on the Vatican Apollo, and the Venus of the Tribune, who could think of nothing but of the extreme labour of paring off, from the rude and massive block, so much hard marble! Is it easier, think ye, to write much, than little—on various topics, concisely, than on one, fully? Are not the distilled essences of more value, than the crude and bulky simples from which, by 'chymic art,' they have been extracted? Why then, are 'THOUGHTS' and 'NOTES' to be dealt with so ungenerously? The quality, good Mr. Critic!—the quality, alone, should be the question; and if my duodecimos, (though they be royal,) give thee but terse thoughts, and brief notes, wilt thou blame me for not spreading these out into wordy octavos, or into the still more pretending quartos? By my modesty and consideration, thou hast been spared the toil of much reading, and likewise the dispensing from thy purse so lavishly as thou wouldst have done. Well hath Master Thomas Nash, of 'Lenten Stuff' memory, said, 'every man can say bee to a battledore—write in praise of virtue and the seven liberal sciences—thrash corn out of the full sheaves—and fetch water out of the Thames: but, out of dry stubble, to make an after harvest, and a plenti-

ful crop without sowing; and to wring juice out of a flint, is no every day work, and belongeth not to one of a demure and *mediocre genus*.'

And hence I say, commend me to tiny volumes, which treat *de omnibus*, in the way of distillations,—rather than to the mis-shapen and garrulous offspring of an unbridled pen. These last may be, and often are in the form of many portly volumes, but are equally often filled with the crude vagaries, and mawkish fancies of inexhaustible, never-ending tale-tellers; or, of the still more exciting collectors of the marvels of an overgrown metropolis! From very many of these tales you may extract a single moral, or a single deep, and eloquently expressed thought, for, perhaps, every hundred pages; the residue being, perhaps, a congeries of *namby-pamby* common places; of jejune dialogues, and of ill-collocated words and sentences!

And here again doth Master Nash express himself to my mind, when he saith, 'I had as lief have no sun, as have it shine faintly—no fire, as a smothering one of small coals—no clothes, rather than wear linsey-woolsey.' And so, (taking this figuratively,) do I say that, as to the sunshine, fire and clothes, which our daily literature doth furnish, I would dispense with them all, rather than, as many are accustomed to do, keep pace in my reading with the productions of the modern teemful press! and in my *writing* with the *taste* of the day! But I do vehemently suspect there be a goodly number who read and understand with

more facility, when subjects are *spread out* unto their widest dimensions, than when distilled and concentrated into their ultimate elements. And this may be, after all, the true secret which solves the objection sometimes made, that *thoughts* and *notes* are apt to be so very concise, and to have so little of narrative or illustration, as necessarily to be deficient in life and interest. Sage critics! the authors of such productions must indeed, plead guilty of the fact, but still, not guilty, as to the matter really at issue, since they have made no promise to give thee any thing approaching unto tales or narratives; so that, it would be quite as reasonable in thee to complain of a treatise of algebra, for that it is not *poetical*, as for thee to find fault with Thoughts and Notes, because they are not modelled into the fashion of pleasing tales!

And yet, in partial conformity to the spirit of our times, I have done my poor endeavour, in the previous little volume, as also in the present one, to blend with the philosophy of thought, and with condensation of style, such a measure of sprightliness, and of dramatic interest, as might harmonize with that species of production. And if it suits not the taste of some *centre-table literati*, I confess it hath been made what it is, under, perhaps the arrogant, hope of gradually improving their taste! The literature of the centre-table is quite susceptible, and eminently worthy of improvement. It silently exerts a more powerful influence on society than, at first, may be imagined. Why should novels, and poetry and the offerings of monthly

scribblers, and the *recherché* articles of taste, and magnificent engravings, (often, indeed, accompanied by good matter, seldom carefully read, and sometimes not even glanced at, the *pictures*, and the *binding* being quite too splendid, and, therefore, too engrossing to invite unto study,) why, let me repeat, should all these be permitted to occupy the tables of our *élite*, to the almost total exclusion of works of a more thoughtful and instructive character?

To elevate the standard of popular literature, and especially of that daily and hourly family reading, which is taken up at such intervals of comparative leisure as are snatched from the more urgent and regular occupations of life, it would seem to be essential that the works should be, not only entirely moral, but that the topics should be various and concisely treated, the learning a distillation of thought treasured up from extensive reading, the style animated and smooth, and the mechanical execution of the volumes sufficiently good to be pleasing, without the least distraction, either of mind or purse. Illustrative and splendid engravings should be either very sparingly indulged in, or be found in distinct volumes; and, indeed, would be more appropriately placed on the shelves of the library, for occasional consultation, since all experience reveals the fact that, when they are combined with the volumes on a parlour table, they are extremely apt to seduce the mind from the more solid matter, and to content the butterfly-lookers into books, with knowledge gained *picto-*

rially, and without mental exertion, rather than with that which may be acquired *typographically*, but at the expense of some thought! True it is, this mode suits the erratic rapidity of our age; but still the artist must be very clever, if he can convey much instruction, unassisted by the letter-press.

This is no slander of the fair sex, nor is it uttered to the disparagement of the numerous class of *petit maître* admirers of the beautiful books, so garishly displayed on these tables; for with truth may it be said, not one tithe of the reading contained in these highly embellished and illustrated volumes, ever meets so much as the passing notice of those even, who most commune with them; and until this table-library be nearly *divorced* from such attractions, the hope is vain that the fragments of our time will be profitably improved; and this is the more to be regretted, as the casual moments thus unprofitably occupied, will insensibly influence and fashion the mind to a still greater disregard of solid reading—so that the more extensive library of the family, or even of the office, becomes gradually less inviting, than if no centre-table, with its diverse and ever-changing accompaniments, had ever been introduced! How much the mind, especially when young and untrained, may be injuriously affected by such apparently trivial influences, can only be known to those who have closely observed the matter.

The literature of the reading-table *ought* to have produced a most salutary effect; but it is

my firm conviction that there is far less useful reading, and even less of genuine taste, since its introduction, than when the old-fashioned, select family library used to be resorted to; whereas, if the literature of this table were rendered somewhat more solid, and if the *book-binder* were not permitted thus vauntingly to domineer over the *author*, the larger library would be oftener resorted to; and works of fine taste, and of elegant fancy—splendid engravings and beautiful illustrations, would be coveted and studied, not as the source of mere *visual* gratification, but of high intellectual improvement.

Methinks I hear PAPILLA, when reading the above, exclaim, 'is not this the most inordinate vanity imaginable?—the Goth would actually expel from our tables the 'BOOK OF BEAUTY,'—the 'GEMS OF BEAUTY,' the 'FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS,' and all of the splendid 'ANNUALS,' and 'KEEPSAKES!' and give us, in exchange, his moral reflections, and philosophical distillations, as he is pleased arrogantly to style them!' 'It is indeed,' replies WHISKERANDOS, 'positively shocking; how can the man hope for such a thing! surely the world is now too wise to go back to such stuff!' Soft and fair, dear Miss Papilla, and sage Mr. Whiskerandos! my love for the fine arts, for the elegancies of polished life, and for all the beautiful books you speak of, is quite as ardent as your own; we, perhaps, differ only as to the *use* we would make of them: but let us compromise matters; you may delight in all the lovely engravings,

and fanciful gildings on the exterior, provided you also carefully *'read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest'* that for which all books are made; and on the further condition, that you fail not to do the same part by *mine*, though they will never have any such ornate accompaniments. You see, I am far from being a *monopolist*, of which I will give thee a further proof—in that my simple desire is, to win thee to reading and reflection; and if thou wilt do this, I shall be altogether content, shouldst thou never cast thine eye on any one of the pages of my little volumes—and thus, as I hope, I have now made the *amende honourable*, for my momentary departure from gallantry.

But, with the leave of Papilla, and of all her class, let me be a little more grave, and to my purpose.

In the following pages my readers will find I have, in some degree, consulted the prevalent taste, by endeavouring, *occasionally*, to convey my moral, or instruction, as the case may be, in something after the fashion of a tale! and, when this is not the case, by imparting to each theme as much of life and ease, as may consist with the nature of my topics—and of my own nature. And yet truly, I have never seen any reason why the gravest, nay, even the most recondite subjects, may not be popularly, and sometimes even sportively handled; and I believe that the writings of the philosophers, of the school-men, and even of the early fathers of the 'mother church,' might be thus dealt with, and profitably withal, yet without

the least disparagement of their dignity—and that when so taken up, our *surface* readers may thus gain some knowledge of facts and opinions in forgotten literature and science, that otherwise might never have reached them! Be this as it may, I shall complete my series, in my own way, both as to matter and manner, justly hoping, but not ardently craving, that if in the present day and generation, very many should be disposed humourously to say of me,

> 'Our author thus with stuff'd sufficiency,
> Of all omnigenous omnisciency,
> Began (as who would not begin,
> That had, like him, so much within?)
> To let it out in books of all sorts,
> In duodecimos, large and small sorts!'—

the generation after it may possibly exclaim, 'Oh Vandal age, now gone by! it was not given to thee, whilst in the *cartilage*, to be nourished on the pith and marrow of that author; but we, who are now in the muscle and bone of maturity, profit by his counsels, and take just pride in his old-fashioned wisdom.' And thus is it that authors do sometimes take comfort unto themselves, even at the moment that some Zoilus would deprive them of this most benign self-complacency.

But, you all remember how, some thirty centuries ago, a powerful monarch, and the wisest of men, thus chronicles a lesson of humility for all authors—one that is, and will be, equally true in all past, present, and future ages—'*my son be admonished*—OF MAKING BOOKS *there is no end—much study is a weariness of the flesh.*' And yet

it would seem strange that in his day, when printing, stereotypes, and steam-presses were wholly unknown, Solomon should have had reason to feel so strongly the vanity, and absolute nothingness of authorship! Where are now the works, nay even the names of the myriads who then toiled for fame, if, for a bubble so perishable, they did toil, which hath ever seemed to me a most unphilosophical libel against the whole fraternity of authors, from Solomon's to the present day? I cannot harbour the thought that the love of *fame* ever guided the pen of any author, be he a maker of primers or of folios, and whether he were a Parley or a Shakspeare, a Pinnock or a Milton, a Boz or a Bacon, a Jack Downing or a Newton!—but contrariwise, I do verily opine, that nearly every other conceivable motive, rather than the love of praise, either present, or posthumous, has attended them throughout their labours of the pen! To recount the incitements that may prompt and nourish authorship, would itself require a volume, in which fame, however, would occupy but an insignificant section. Even in Lord Byron, it was the dread of *ennui*, an indomitable imagination, a partial misanthropy, or rather a disgust towards some men and things, a strong love of satire, an arrogant contempt of ignorance and of folly—and, in fine, a thousand other motives which stimulated his pen more constantly and fervently, than any regard for 'golden opinions.' And though the noble author has said,

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't;

yet all know the spirit with which this couplet was written, and that no one was less inclined than his lordship, to practise what he so much condemned in others. The truth is, fame is the *last* and *least* of all the motives that lead to authorship of any kind—and if the lives of Voltaire—of Lope de Vega, of Bacon—of Sir Walter Scott, nay of all other voluminous writers, be closely examined, I cannot but think it would be found that much stronger, and more numerous incitements, than the praises of men, led them on from small beginnings to great results, in authorship. Young, in his epistle to Pope, has recorded some of the motives; and he might have easily filled his poetical letter with them.

> 'Some write confin'd by physic; some by debt;
> Some, for 'tis Sunday: some because 'tis wet;
> Another writes because his father writ,
> And proves himself a bastard by his wit.'

And I may add, some write because they are the merriest crickets that chirp; others, lest they should be drowned in their own gall, did they not periodically vent their spleen; some write from mere repletion of learning; others from doubts whether they possess any! With some, composition is scarce an intellectual toil, but affords them the highest mental gratification; with others, it is a labour essential to the fixation of their thoughts, and to the ascertainment of their own resources; some without the least alloy of selfishness, are actuated solely by the hope of benefitting their readers; others are prompted by every other selfish conside-

ration, save that of fame. Be the motive, however, what it may, no author, in our day, judging from the past, can repose with much confidence, on securing the grateful remembrance of future ages. Dr. Johnson was the idol of his day, and for half a generation after! but his Dictionary, which *made* him, now reposes on many shelves, as mere dead lumber; and even our scholars seem to delight in demonstrating his etymological ignorances! Who, of this nineteenth century, now reads the Rambler?—not one in ten thousand! Who, as in former days, now with delight, pour over his truly admirable Lives of the Poets? Not one, in as many hundred—his poetry? one here and there—his Miscellaneous Works? scarce any! And so of Milton, Pope, Bolingbroke, Goldsmith, with the exception of his Vicar of Wakefield; and Hume, likewise, excepting his History of England. Who now reads Spencer—Chaucer—Ben Johnson—Davenant—Glover—Marvell—Daniel—Cartwright—Hurdis—Chamberlayne—Sir Philip Sydney—Sir John Suckling, or even the best among the early English dramatic writers?—few, very few! And, may we not with truth ask, are not the plays, even of the immortal bard of Avon, comparatively but little read, and still less often enacted; and have they not recently, sought more genial realms, and become more familiar to German, than even to English ears? Well hath Spencer exclaimed,

> How many great ones may remembered be,
> Which in their days most famously did flourish,
> Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
> But as things wip'd with sponge do perish!

Now, what hath been said is no exaggerated picture of the instability of an author's fame; and shows, moreover, that quantity hath often been foolishly permitted to obliterate nearly all estimation for quality; and that the works of the most sublime genius, equally with those from the most leaden-heads, seem destined to be overwhelmed by an inordinate love of novelty, generated by the trashy biblio-redundancy of the present day.—What author, then, can be so weak, as to repose on a fame, so truly ephemeral—a fame, which if reaped even with acclamation, scarce endures as long as many shrubs of his garden; and when his works, if not his name, are infallibly swallowed up by the coming wave of a merely popular and crude literature! Hath not each year or two, if not month, its fashionable author; and is not the idol now, sure to be soon obscured or forgotten, amidst the halo of him who is next on the ascendant? The richest and most enlarged fame, is but sufficient to transmit an author's *name;* none has ever yet secured, for a great length of time, numerous *readers.* And though Homer's name has passed current through nearly three thousand years, yet how few, comparatively, have ever read either the Iliad or the Odyssey! Shakspeare's name is on the mouth of every one—and yet not a twentieth part, even of the reading community, born in the present century, have ever read his plays! His name pervades christendom, but he is read only by an extremely small portion of the British, American and German people! The ope-

rative fame of Sir Walter Scott has been as great, perhaps, as that of any other author, of modern or even of ancient days, not excepting even Petrarch and Dante; and yet his numerous works, with all their solid worth, are gradually yielding place to others, whose readers, pressed by the continual flow of new works, can find but little time, even for the Waverly Novels! So that the day may well come, and may not be distant, when Sir Walter's *name*, brilliant, like that of Shakspeare and Milton, will scarce retain sufficient ardour to command the *reading* attention of one in a thousand, even of the reading public!

Witness the morbid taste that devours (to the exclusion of almost every other species of intellectual nouriture) those really admirable works, now so noised in the world, under the euphonic names of '*Pickwick*,' and '*Nickleby*,' and '*Slick*,' yea, and also an hundred of the like genus, as destitute, however, of their conceded genius, as is an egg of squareness! It is not the philosophy, the truth, the morals, or the information, to be extracted from these fashionable volumes, that these fashionable readers are really in search of—for these all, are very apt to be either neglected by such diseased appetites, or, to be wholly evaporated by the keen excitement occasioned by the spicy and ludicrous materials which every where abound in them, and which mainly constitute the vehicle by which they are imparted. Nothing, now-a-days, can render sound knowledge and sober morals even *endurable*, unless *fiction* and *fun* be more than prominent—

and, doubtless, even all history, metaphysics, yea, perhaps, even mathematics, and our holy religion will have to be ere long, handed over to the broadly grinning pens of this very *popular* class of writers! I love to laugh, and heartily too, yet not always, or on all subjects—but such is the *mania*, now, for the ludicrous, that we may soon look for a *Principia Newtoni*, edited by some Nicholas Nickleby; or a *Polyglot Bible*, illustrated by a second Cruikshanks! for, unless philosophy be thus disguised by fun, and morals be gilded at all points by the fascinations of romance, I ween that all the solid books of former days will be consigned to the worms, or their contents be cooked up in more palatable dishes from the *cuisine* of 'Messrs. Jack Downing, Boz, Slick & Co.!' (an admirable firm I admit,) but still, not one that should swallow up such as 'Messrs. Bacon, Shakspeare, Johnson & Co.' and many others that might be named.

The *truth*, however, is that the existent, and *used* literature of almost any age, but especially of our own, when compared with that which is unknown, or forgotten, 'as of the days beyond the flood,' forms but an insignificant portion of the 'world of books.' Nearly every age has had its favourite and peculiar knowledge, which has superseded, or newly fashioned that of preceding times; and, in looking through the long vista of time, there is nothing in man's history that more forcibly shows the uncertainty of his attainments, and the fleeting duration of even the philosopher's fame, than the

thousand systems and theories that rise, culminate, and fall! Where are now the much vaunted and infallible knowledge of Aristotle, the vortices of Descartes, the learning of the astrologists, the deep researches of the alchemists, the experiments of the phlogistians, and the innumerable other devices of human invention, and of supposed inestimable discovery?—you must seek for them among the things that are forgotten; and though they may have reigned supreme, in their day, as *positive knowledge*, and have gained their authors much fame, they are now regarded but as so many idle fancies, that have brought as much reproach, as lustre upon our species! If, then, in the days of Solomon, he could truly say, '*there is nothing new under the sun*,' how many cycles, and revolutions, and changes have the great mass of human ideas since performed!—like the congregated and blended waters of the ocean's vast reservoir, they have assumed an infinitude of forms—they pass into clouds and vapours—they descend on the earth in rain, snow, hail, frosts, and dews—they form springs, and rivulets, and rivers, and lakes and seas; and at last, disappear in the great abyss; but again, at various intervals, and under new modifications, to re-appear in other regions, and in other ages!

Whether, in the glorious days of Israel's great monarch, the world were as populous as now, can scarce be known; but if the *copia librorum* were then deemed an evil, it must be a still greater one at this time; if, indeed, an evil it can be at all.

The earth is computed now to contain about *eight hundred millions* of inhabitants—the larger part of whom are grossly illiterate and without books; and yet, it is not improbable, there are now as many printed and manuscript volumes, (not distinct works) as there are people on the face of the globe; and in christendom, vastly more! Book-making seems to go on in a kind of geometrical ratio, for the very purpose, it would seem, of keeping pace with population; thus giving another proof against Mr. Malthus, who says that population increases in that ratio; but that the supply of food is only an arithmetical progression!

Had the millions of volumes that now repose, in dusty oblivion, in our numerous public and private libraries, the faculty of locomotion, and of speech, withal, so as to reveal their hidden treasures to willing auditors, what a *march of mind* would then ensue! But, as matters now are, it would require the press to be vastly more prolific than it is, before its redundancy could be justly regarded, if ever, as an essential evil. We are not used to complain of too much air, nor yet of too much earth, or water; why then of too many books? This *per se*, cannot occasion a diminution of readers; nor is it the cause even of superficial reading—neither the quantity, nor the quality being, of itself an evil, much to be complained of. What, then, is the true ground of complaint? It surely is not over-much reading, nor indiscriminate reading; but merely and wholly that the reading of our day is rather guided by

fashion, by a love of novelty, and an indomitable passion for *excitement*, than by any sound judgment and careful selection—and finally, that many persons are mere collectors of books, who are mainly content with looking at them! Were every individual, on the contrary, true to himself, how idle would the complaint then be, that his field for selection was too vast!

Whilst authors, therefore, are humiliated by this unfounded, and oft reiterated lament, readers should remember that the fault is wholly their own; for although the natural atmosphere may be vitiated by many noxious elements flowing into it, the world of good books must continue unchanged, though very many worthless ones may issue daily from the press. Proximity, or juxtaposition between books, can occasion no contagion or infection among their contents; the virtuous and the vicious reciprocally will continue to avoid what suits not their taste; and after all, the useless and vicious books, compared with those of various degrees of merit, would be found so truly insignificant, as scarce to be worthy of notice.

All, then, that is required is, that we should abandon a morbid love of novelty, an unmeaning fashion in literature; and select with some judgment, from the works of all ages, and of all nations. Were such the conduct of *readers*, with what pride might *authors* then frequent the now almost desolate halls of the numerous libraries of Europe—which, though daily visited by a few strangers, to take a passing look at the myriads of printed

volumes and manuscripts—and also by a little fraternity, of zealous students, who, in utter disregard of fashion pay their ardent homage to the productions of all ages, and of all nations, are still, comparatively, forsaken halls, because the general public have, of late, too much encouraged the notion that nearly all that dates beyond the present century, should be consigned to the oblivion of dusty shelves, as fit only for professors, for book-worms, and biblio-maniacs—curious to look at, but unfit to be read, except by such devotees!

I repeat, then, were readers to select with judgment, uninfluenced by fashion, by the love of novelty, and by a mawkish taste for mere excitement, authors would feel a just pride at then seeing these libraries crowded with readers; each taking, as it were from a sea of volumes, to suit his individual taste. Then would the BODLEIAN, at Oxford, the Library of the BRITISH MUSEUM, at London, the *Bibliothéque du Roi*, of Paris, the IMPERIAL LIBRARIES at Vienna and St. Petersburg, the ROYAL LIBRARY, at Dresden, and that of the VATICAN, be no longer the occasional resort of the idle and merely curious, but the habitual rendezvous of crowds of zealous students, offering at the shrine of the congregated genius and learning of all ages, their deepest devotions, without inquiring whether their productions are wet from the press—are in gorgeous binding—or enriched with splendid engravings! These would, indeed be halcyon days for authors: and then, even the meritorious primer, would receive its

meed of notice, and of praise. But, alas! as matters now are, we are compelled to fear that even Sir Walter, and all who aspire to be classed with him, cannot but have often sighed, when passing through the avenues of these extensive libraries, to find countless volumes of great excellence, and once so famous, now resting in undisturbed and dusty oblivion; some of them, perhaps, for ages, and many of equal worth, though but a few years old, already placed on remote shelves, among past and nearly forgotten literature! Did they not therein perceive their own inevitable doom? and was there not a still, small voice that whispered, *'see! to this we must all come at last—nay shortly!'* Who, then, let me again ask, would write for *fame?*

But books, unto some men, and especially unto authors, are as so many idols: and if they be, to a few, even loathsome, and to others, things of indifference, and to many, objects of an unmeaning fashion, occasioning them to be purchased, and, possibly, to be hastily read; yet all this deters not an author from writing and publishing, so long as he delights in intellectual exertion, and hopes his works may prove *useful*, even to a select few! Such an author will remember how often he hath seen (maugre the alleged redundancy of the press) a *libraryless* scholar of great worth, on the one hand, and a vast collection made by some wealthy, but illiterate and selfish biblio-maniac, on the other, to whom, with old Fuller, he might have said—*Salve doctor, sine libris*, unto the

former, and *Salvite libri, sine doctore*, unto the latter: the one he would strongly encourage with every soothing language; the other's proud crest he would razee down, until he found for him, his true and ignoble level! With what exultation, moreover, would such author throw open to the bookless scholar, the *recherché* library of one of these churlish collectors, whose only connection with books is to see them magnificently bound, fancifully arranged, and caligraphically catalogued! And how different would be the emotions (if any) of such a mere collector, when contemplating his books, from the enthusiasm of RICHARD DE BURY, who, when surveying his library, exclaimed—*Hi sunt magistri qui nos instruunt sine vergis et ferula, sine verbis et cólera, sine pane et pecunia. Si accedis non dormiunt; si enquiris non se abscondunt; non remurmurant si oberres; cachinos si ignores.* The like feelings also actuated BARTHOLINI, in his dissertation *De libris legendi*, when he thus naively and laconically declares, the praises of books—*Sine libris, Deus jam silet, Justitia quiescit, torpet Medicina, Philosophia manca est, Letteræ multæ, omnia tenebris involuta cimmeriis:* and Cicero, contemplating a friend surrounded by a library, evidently regarded it as among the most enviable of conditions—*Eum vidi in Bibliotheca sedentem, multis circumfusis* LIBRIS. *Est enim, ut sis, in eo* INEXHAUSTA AVIDITAS *legendi, nec sactiari protest.*

An author, then, has both an abstract, and a practical delight in books; and possesses none of

those niggard motives, which a crude and miscellaneous world would impute to him. Even fame, with its silvery sounds, and golden promises to the ear, comes late, if it comes at all; and passes but feebly over his mind, as an incitement to exertion. And, be he an author of primers, or of folios—of fancy's tales, or of the weightier matters of Law or of Metaphysics, his own gratification is ever sufficient for him, without the adscititious aid of a fame, which, if it happen to extend much beyond his own localities, is still very sure to perish, long before his paternal dwelling, though of wood, has sought its kindred earth!!

I have said thus much to account, as well as it may, for the small share I have had, or may have, in authorship: but, GENTLE READER, of this be assured; I care not a carlino what thy opinion may be; for, if this volume, the preceding ones, and those which may follow, be without merit, I should be the last to desire to see them valued; but, if they prove worthy, they will not be neglected, by some few—at least, among people of judgment,—and, as to the rest, they are a '*profanum vulgus*,' of whom, if I do not say '*odi et arceo*,' it is not because I do not feel so; for truly, it is not in *my* nature to covet *their* admiration.

DAVID HOFFMAN.

Baltimore, June, 1839.

A

PEEP INTO MY NOTE BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

I. THE LONDON CROSSINGS.—II. CHRISTIAN BURIAL—*on terms.* III. SECLUSION FROM THE WORLD.—IV. THE YOUNG INEBRIATE.

NOTE I.—THE LONDON CROSSINGS.

It is said that nature abhors a vacuum, and, of course, that she loves a plenum! Now, as it seems to me, there is in this more than, at once, meets the eye; for in truth, this principle is the copious source of all the action and vitality of life. Hence is it that the infinitesimal interstices of time, which by the idle are not only thrown away, but are to them absolutely invisible, are to the industrious, fragments of great moment, out of which they compose hours, days, and weeks of usefulness; and, by collecting them, they 'let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.' So, likewise, in crowded communities, thousands, nay millions, live on the very refuse and parings of the innu-

merable vocations of life, which in the detail seem valueless, but in the aggregate will be found to sustain the larger portion of human, and of other existences!

A traveller can scarce occupy himself more amusingly, and profitably, withal, than in solving the difficulty that is sure to present itself to his mind, on passing through the teeming streets of an immense city—when he involuntarily asks himself, 'what is it that sustains these myriads of people, how is it that they seem to live upon one another?' not indeed, by that great law of nature, the *bellum omnium in omnia*, but by a principle the reverse of this; for they reciprocally *create* for each other's use, but most of them in so minute a way, as nearly to elude detection. To find out the secret, then, of this great problem, you must not only visit their manufactories of every kind, great and small, but you must go into the abodes of poverty, and of untold wretchedness, and examine how, and on what, they live; and you will there find that there is absolutely preserved from destruction, and converted to innumerable salutary purposes, more than the closet philosopher can well credit; and that the *poveri*, whose sole employment, during many hours of the day, is the collection of these offals, are not only thereby sustaining themselves, but adding immensely to the augmentation of individual and national wealth!

This *politico-economical* exordium may, possibly, seem as little connected with the theme of my note, as an Ionic capital on an Egyptian column!

but the phenomena of mental associations would soon explain this; and he is no metaphysician who would expect that I should stop and explain it.

On a chilly November day, I found myself enveloped in a yellow and black, humid, and dirty atmosphere, not unappropriately called, in this mammoth town, 'pea-soup weather!' The *crossings* as usual were somewhat dry and fast land, with a wall of villanous mixture on either side, which seemed to have a provoking proclivity to run in upon the path, in spite of the man, woman, or child, as the case might be, with a stout birch broom, who assiduously applied it, with one eye intent on their office, and the other, no less so, on the numerous persons that, on tip-toe, were hurriedly passing over. These sweepers had generally received my grateful attention; but, in passing over Old Cavendish street, a very interesting little girl, barefooted, and in rags, importunately solicited the customary charity which, from the haste I was then in, or from the influences of the murky atmosphere, I know not which, I rudely checked and dismissed her penniless! Proceeding on my way, my heart was ill at ease; and my hand coming in contact with my purse, admonished me of my cruel rebuff,—so that my steps were soon retraced to seek the little sufferer.

'Are you not very cold, my little girl?'—'Indeed, yes sir, and hungry too; I hurt my foot, (which was tied up in a coarse rag,) and it pains me very much this muddy weather.' 'Have you a mother?' rejoined I—'No sir, this autumn is three years

since my mother died.' 'And your father?' 'He is a tin workman, is very poor, and not able now to do work, having chopped off his fore finger; I have three sisters and one brother.' 'At what time of day do you come to this work?' 'At eleven o'clock, your honour, every day, saving Sunday, and leave off at five; but before eleven, I pick up old rags, paper, twine, and *any thing*, and make a few half pence, almost every day, in that way.' A flood of thought, as well as of feeling, rushed into my mind: 'this little utilitarian,' said I mentally, 'is more nobly and profitably employed in her humble vocation, than many of the children of affluence; we often curse the flies, and thousand insects that crowd the air, and treat them rudely, and even murder them recklessly, though God hath assigned them, in procuring their daily sustenance, the salutary office of purifying the air, that man may breathe it the more freely! and I, regardless of a like great law, would have chubbed this poor child, who in her humble station, forms a link, however small, in the great chain that binds together the countless occupations of life!'

Recovering from this momentary, and rapid musing, 'but little girl, are you quite sure you are telling me the truth?' 'Oh yes sir, my mother and father always told me how great a sin it is to tell lies; and our Sunday-school teachers tell us that constantly.' 'Well, come with me, and you shall have a pair of shoes.' No painter, nor sculptor, nor well devised words, could portray the heavenly expression that played over the child's

countenance at this announcement! Surprise, and joy, and gratitude, all delightfully blended, beamed from her face, removed every insidious doubt; and, at once, more than thrice repaid me. As she followed on, looking for a shoe-store, I proposed to enter one. If you please sir, not in there, I should like to get a good strong serviceable pair, and I fear none such could be got there, they are made for the quality folks.' So I abandoned myself to her direction; and arriving at one, 'perhaps you'd be so good as to give me a pair of quarter-boots, they would keep me much warmer than shoes, and would serve me longer.' Her preference was gratified, and she perfectly fitted. By this time, the child had winned greatly upon my sympathies, and her cold feet, now clad, reminded me of *stockings*—these were soon procured,—but this comfortable equipment ill assorted with the thin and miserable rags around her person; so we entered another store, and a warm flannel *petticoat* was added to her stock; which however, so poorly suited to come in contact with her tattered frock, that this deficiency was also supplied. 'And now, my little girl, here is a shilling for your dinner'—and so we parted, she to her crossings, and I to my almost forgotten visit. On arriving at the spot where the 'still small voice' had turned me back to my duty, I breathed far more freely, and marvelled to think how much balm to my own feelings had been procured, for the paltry sum of fifteen shillings; the little girl I met again; but more of that anon.

My visit being accomplished, I was much struck on my return, close to the same crossings, with the unique appearance of a lame, and tattered negro, as much like 'Jim Crow' as two peas; my heart yearned towards him, for I thought of my own dear country, and supposed he was from thence—such being the sympathy that often springs up, in a foreign land, which like misery, makes us willing to claim strange fellowships!

'And what is your employment, Cæsar?' 'Why, massa, my name is not Cæsar, but I picks up a few pence in doing almost any thing. I wanted a crossing, but that there little gal yonder, would'nt let me distarb her, for she had it long fust ago, and so its not consionable for me to do so, massa.' 'I am glad you think so, your conscience spoke truly; and I hope you will never trouble that little girl—for if she be as good as she seems to be, I will protect her—but where did you come from, and what brought you to the country?' 'Why, massa, I am from St. Kitts, and am waiting for my money.' 'For your money! my good man, why what do you mean?' 'It's fourteen thousand pounds, massa, the money is all here, and I have the certificate from the commissioner.' 'Why, then, are you now so poor, and naked, and who withholds your money?' 'Why, massa, I don't comperhend, at all, why I don't get it—I have been told so many things about it, which I don't comperhend, that I begin to be affeard I shall nebber get it at all.' 'Have you any one to attend to it?' 'Yes, massa, a lawyer, but he seems

to me a *small* one, not a *quality* one; but the African Sciety has lately promised to get it for me—so my lawyer, I spose, must gin it up, and I shall be rite glad on it.' 'Well, my good fellow, I suppose all you tell me is true?' 'Lord, massa, I'll go this instant wid you to the Sciety.' 'Well, then, here's a half crown, so, good morning.'

What a microcosm is this London! It verily seemeth to me that here may be found an exemplar of every variety of the human race the world affords; and that man has never yet been *caricatured*, not even by that prince of caricaturists, Cruikshanks; who having painted individuals faithfully from the life, and happily blended and concentrated them under humorous associations, has produced effects so truly amusing, and, apparently, so exaggerated, that the realities of life seem, at first, to be lost in the mere creations of a fertile imagination—but let this pass.

A few days after the occurrences I have mentioned, I had occasion again to pass the crossing in Cavendish street, and how great was my mortification in seeing the little sweeping girl clad in her former rags, and even with naked feet! She instantly recognized me, and responded to my silent and penetrating look of reproof, by a manner so truly artless, and with such an openness of countenance, as, at once, in great part, restored my confidence. 'What have you done with the clothes, and why are you again almost naked?' 'I am trying to get them back again from our landlord, who took all from me, for my father's rent!

We have to pay him every Saturday night, and it is now three Saturdays since he got any, except the shilling your honour gave me, and one of my own; he has been very kind in waiting so long, and in one week more I hope I shall pay him all; the things are all safe, I saw them all this morning, and if you will go with me, you can count them all yourself.' I promptly looked and acted assent to her proposition, and she and I were soon at the door of the flinty-hearted and merciless landlord. Surely it was no apple, however beautiful in varied hues, and mellow with delicious juices, that could have brought 'death into the world, with all our woes'—but palpable coined money!—money, not only the 'root,' but the stem, branch, bud, flower, seed, and fruit 'of all evil!'

She bid me enter, and spoke to those within, of her hope to pay them all in a week or more, to redeem her clothes—nothing, however, but the monosyllables, 'well,' 'good,' 'do so,' escaped the lips of those around her, who seemed to be the landlord and his tender-hearted companion for life! My heart sickened within me, I could not speak—I was satisfied of her perfect truth, and of man's more than barbarous nature: and suddenly leaving the little girl, I hastened home, resolved to pour out the full torrent of my indignant feeling in a more tangible and enduring form, than in rash and *spoken* words! And such a letter!!—but there it rests, as first it was recorded in my note-book—and there it shall remain, unscrutinized by other eye than his who penned it—and why?—because

the little girl, with far better sense than mine, thankfully handed me back my ireful epistle, when I called at the crossings at the close of the week, with the *seal unbroken*, saying, 'you see, sir, our landlord has been paid by me, and I have now my clothes on. I feared his great anger against my father, if I delivered your letter, and so I hope your honour will excuse me in disobeying your order.' 'I truly do, my little girl, and am happy to find *you* far more discreet than *myself*.' So taking my leave, I found that I had learned from this child at the crossings, three things—that we can live happily and virtuously on very little—that an economical people may live on what a thriftless people (as we Americans) set little or no store by—and lastly, that it is often far better to be counselled, as this child was, by the calculations of prudence, than by the impulses of feeling, as I was, however honest they may have been.

NOTE II.—CHRISTIAN BURIAL—*on terms.*

THE sun had just set, in glowing colours, through a mass of transparent clouds, that hung over the summit of Monte ——, when I arrived at the only *locanda* of a small village, situate at the foot of the mountain. The house had a most forbidding aspect; but the wearied traveller in Italy, is sometimes not permitted to be fastidious; and is most happy to obtain shelter and food, however indifferent they promise to be. My carriage door was incontinently beset, by a crowd of

miserable old men, haggered old women, impoverished children, bandit-looking young men; all of them the importunately begging *poveri* of a dirty and dilapidated town; which, if it had ever known better days, could only have been in some preceding century! The rudeness with which the *padrone* soon made an opening for me, through this mass of human depravity and wretchedness, greatly shocked me for a moment; until finding that they pressed in upon me, at all sides, exposing their deformed and horridly diseased limbs, as provocatives to my bounty, and forcing themselves with me up a long flight of muddy stone stairs, to the very door of the *salle à manger*, I became assured that locks and bolts, as well as the padrone's harshness, were needed for my protection,—they being quite too numerous to be appeased by alms, in an ordinary way.

The room door, however, was finally closed against them; and the servants, in time, obtained the mastery over them, on the outside; but from the windows I perceived they had resumed their former station before the portal,—apparently in readiness for other comers! Shortly after, a small two-horse berlin drove up, and a like attack was made upon it. The crowd, however, on finding that the vetturino had to take the only individual it contained, in his arms, and carry him up stairs, he being apparently, nearly in the article of death, quietly retired from the house, as if superstitiously shocked with the presage of death, so likely soon to follow! The unfortunate stranger was taken

by the vetturino, into a gloomy and damp chamber, destitute of fire and carpet, and so barren of every comfort, even for a well man, that all the beauties and charms of Italy were, for the moment, forgotten by me; and I felt as if the whole land was cursed with ignorance, superstition, vice, disgusting maladies, and hopeless beggary! All who have visited that country must, I think, have experienced the like alternations of feeling,—for beauty and deformity—wealth and poverty—magnificence and meanness—adoration and profanity—piety and superstition—ignorance and learning—cleanliness and beastiality—genial sunny skies and gloomy chilling blasts—lovely women and loathsome hags, are all more strangely blended, and more frequently witnessed there, than, perhaps, in any other land!

Italy is truly a country greatly blessed of God, and cursed of man—one to be loved and hated—sought and avoided—praised and blamed;—a country that all must desire to visit, few to live and die in—a land of numerous reminiscences, quite as full of pain, as of pleasure—a land where civilized man was never greater, and yet where civilized man was never more debased—a land, in fine, where may be culled all that ennobles, and all that dishonours our species! Is it strange, then, that a traveller should experience over his feelings, these passing clouds that obscure, for a time, the recollection of better things? I think not—and so it was with me, when I beheld an interesting youth, who had come from some distant country,

to seek among these far famed, 'soft blue skies, and balmy air,' a medicament for diseased lungs, and a half expiring constitution, lying in a room so cheerless, so comfortless, as this! And yet, how often have travelling invalids to experience this and still more, in Italy! Let none such come, unattended by every means of securing all the advantages and comforts that may there be found—for they do exist, but are only to be obtained with some care, and with no little exercise of prudence; but, in the absence of these, Italy, as it seems to me, is the last of countries that a diseased man should seek. This digression ended, proceed we now to the object of our NOTE.—The chamber door, of the diseased youth, was beset with the curious lookers-on; some of whom were crossing themselves, as if in the immediate presence of the grim monarch, for the youth seemed in much pain, and looked upwards, with so intense a gaze, that heaven was manifestly the sole object of his thoughts. Appliances for the *body* were not for a moment thought of—the stranger's *soul* demanded instant ministration; and a shorn and belted priest, of 'holy catholic church,' was soon in the stranger's presence.

'You seem very ill, my young friend,' said the *padre*, 'and I have come to make your path to heaven, as smooth as may be, to us sinners.' 'I am, indeed, very ill,' replied the youth, 'and have need of spiritual comfort,—much of which I find in this blessed volume—but I truly thank you for your pious errand.' 'This volume is indeed,

the door to life eternal,' rejoined the *padre,*' (taking the protestant testament from his spiritual patient, eyeing it with a rapid scrutiny, then laying it silently on the table, and abruptly, but softly, interrogating him,) 'do you die a catholic?' 'I hope,' said the youth 'to die a *christian.*' 'True, my young friend, but I wish to hear you say, you die a *catholic* christian.' 'I find no such an adjunct in any of the Scriptures,' gently added the young man. 'That may well be so, to your vision; but you will find it in all of the FATHERS of our holy church, who understood the Scriptures, and knew the traditions of our religion far better than you do,—and *they* were all catholics.' 'Is it not now too late for me to settle such nice points of faith?' feebly rejoined the youth. 'It is never too late—remember the thief upon the cross!' 'True, sir, it can never be too late to *repent*, which the thief did, but without having time to solve any of the deep questions that might, even then, have been put to him; and which, if put, could have only uselessly agitated his soul—my reply to you, my good friend, is, that I humbly trust I shall die a christian.' 'But how can you be a christian, unless you are a catholic; is not the *faith one*, and the *church one*?' 'The faith, indeed, *ought* to be one, and the church one;' rejoined the young man, 'but alas! I find a thousand faiths, and as many churches; and hence, padre, I do desire to go back to the first faith, and to the first church.' The eyes of the importunate son of the church, brightened with pleasure at these words; but the

youth continued. 'Alas! where can I find this unmixed faith, and primitive church? I see it not among the catholics, nor yet even among the protestants; and therefore is it that I would seek to be a *mere christian*, with no other prefix or affix; and this, as it seems to me, can be found only in the Holy Scriptures, designed for babes, as well as for learned Fathers.' The padre suddenly arose, bowed, and retired,—audibly muttering, 'had he but said he died a catholic, he would have had a christian burial—but now, he must be laid in the earth as a heathen, or a dog!'

I could contain myself no longer. I had witnessed the colloquy, with some vexation of spirit, and no little astonishment—but this last unfeeling intimation to a dying man, nearly overwhelmed me; and, approaching his bed, I gently took the youth's hand, 'you have fought a good fight,' said I, 'and in me, you will find a friend *without conditions.*' He ardently thanked me—but his time had evidently come—he died that night!

On the following day I sought out the padre, and his holy associates; but they were all inflexible—so the youth was deposited in unhallowed ground, alongside of no mortal! but, I confess, I was pleased to find no lights burning around his remains, no orisons offered up, by such *earthy* christians, who seemed so much more to value a confession of *catholic* faith, than the heart-felt outpourings of a primitive christian *repentance!* No latin formulas, moreover, were pronounced over his coffin; but he was unceremoniously laid in his

solitary grave—far—far from his home and friends; whilst the by-standers were looking on, to see how a heathen should be buried; and some of the dignitaries of the church were, also, hard-by, seeming to *look indignation*, that such youthful firmness could resist, in a catholic land, the importunities and threats of the 'Holy Mother Church.'

NOTE III.—SECLUSION FROM THE WORLD.

MAN is essentially a *social* being—society is his natural element—all the amiable affections of the heart receive in it their due expansion—all the powers of his mind are there invigorated; and, if he may suffer the poisons which float in its atmosphere to corrupt him, so may he also be sure of being strongly nourished by the elements of good which every where abound. There are some who are misanthropes, so there are atheists; but as even the existence of the latter has been doubted, the former are almost equally rare.

To me it has been ever most evident, that those who mix freely, but not lavishly with the world, are often, not only more exempt from narrow prejudices, and from vulgar jealousies, but that their morals, and even their religion, when they once overtly profess it, are apt to be of the most elevated and truly christian stamp: whereas, those who, from any cause, habitually shun the converse of society, especially, if from fear of the contagion of bad example, are very apt to fall into greater errors themselves; and frequently, by an over-saintly

avoidance of communion, foster such a self-complacency, false pride, and uncharitable view of men and things, as are greatly at variance with that bland and holy spirit which so eminently marked their great Master.

I have scarcely ever seen man or woman, after retiring from their associations, and habitually seeking for happiness in the resources of their own minds, in their books, or even in their own particular *cliques*, who were not somewhat deficient in *christian charity!* They may have abandoned many vices, they may have conformed to many new and excellent rules of life, and very properly have separated themselves from many, nay, from most of their former associations, and yet have gone too far in looking for the virtues—the solaces of the heart—the guards of religion, in *retirement.* An acerbity of temper, a jaundiced view of life, a melancholy contemplation of religion, a narrow conception of the glories of nature, and even of the attributes of Deity, seem almost universally to predominate in such people.

Those who selfishly avoid the world, that they may shun the possibility of contagion, are, indeed, less criminal than those who perseveringly frequent it, with no other view than to reap its pleasures, with an heart unmindful of the great Author of all sources of rational enjoyment: but the loftiest christian character is he who contemplates all life as a vast garden, full of beauteous flowers, of goodly trees and shrubs bearing wholesome and savoury fruits,—a garden refreshed by many rivulets, and limpid fountains, pouring forth

streams of living waters! And though there be in it many rocks, and precipices, and noxious weeds, and quicksands, and muddy pools, yet remembers that Man is every where to be found therein—every where to be ministered unto—every where to be sought after; and that his province is to dwell in this garden, seeking whom he may serve, never solely intent on securing the goods and avoiding the evils; but, whilst he is constantly striving to rescue some from the dangers that may beset them, takes due care of himself, lest he be dashed from the precipices, poisoned by the weeds, or be merged in the pools and quicksands, that may environ his paths.

When SIMILIS withdrew himself from court, perhaps, from satiated appetites, and became an impassioned admirer (all at once) of retirement, which he indulged in during the seven last years of his life—he prepared the following inscription for his tomb:

'HERE LIES SIMILIS. HIS LIFE WAS SEVENTY-SIX YEARS; HE LIVED BUT SEVEN!'

Were we, however, to inquire minutely into the *arcana* of Similis' life during these vaunted seven years, it is quite probable we should find it stained by much of *selfism;* and brightened by less of *charity* towards his species, than during his long period at court, though surrounded by so many worldly glories; and that, on the whole, he benefitted many more, during the years he would thus unceremoniously have expunged from the recollection of his existence, than during the seven

years of his beloved and rigid retirement. The life of a courtier may, indeed, be characterized by uselessness, folly, and vice; but it may be equally full of beneficence, of wisdom, and of virtue. The error, then of Similis was double, first in not fully improving the wide field which his courtly station afforded him—and next, in supposing that seclusion from the world could benefit either himself or others. In the world, we may do much good—in retirement, this is scarce possible. In the presence of man, we see things as they are, and learn how to avoid and to mitigate evils; but in seclusion a veil is drawn before us, that either obscures, or falsely colours most things. And yet we should not fail to distinguish the life of a *religeuse*, however recluse it may be, from that of a disappointed and exhausted worldling, who seeks retirement from misanthropy, having at the same time, none of those consolations that flow from communion with the spiritual world. The former, though apt to entertain some erroneous views of his duties towards God and man, is still most honest in his purposes; has a peaceful conscience; and is in the direct road to Heaven. His partial demerit consists in falsely supposing that life, as it is, must be wholly shunned by him, since communion with it brings either imitation, '*that stains our innocence*,' or disapproval, that '*wounds our peace.*' This, however, as it seems to me, is false philosophy; for, as piety consists as much with society, as with retirement, imitation of folly, or of vice is far from being a necessary result; and disapproval of them,

so far from being a source of wounded peace, is a high duty, the performance of which may well be a source of happiness.

Seclusion from society, on the other hand, when it springs from the satiety of too much enjoyment; or from wounded ambition, which generates misanthropy, is generally a mental disease that should excite pity, rather than strong reproach. It is a state, moreover, barely consistent with religion of any kind; for, the mind disgusted with the reminiscences of sated passions, or brooding over the past, with vain regrets at disappointed schemes, looks not to the future, either here or hereafter, as a source of calm enjoyment; and all that such a mind can then hope for, would be little more than a negative or joyless existence.

But, dismissing these two classes, is there any other really recluse life that is sustained by positive merit? Not one that my fancy, even, can well conceive—for, the retirement, so fascinatingly described by the poets, is but a withdrawal from the pleasures, the cares, and the responsibilities of life, that we may luxuriate in enjoyments of another kind: it is but changing the scene, bringing with it, indeed, no disgust of life; and is nothing more than decided preference of novel to past pursuits, of the soberness of reflection, to the turmoil of action; of quietude, to scenes of excitement—all of which perfectly consists with an enlarged charity, and with the most elevated views of life's utilities. This can scarce be called retirement at all, it is but the *body's* absence, the

mind is often in the world, often in society. But when retirement begins to generate the least moroseness; and when the mind commences to prey on itself, the sweet waters of life soon become embittered; their gentle currents, though but little agitated by exterior causes, are much disturbed by those which rage within; and it is not long before the savage feelings of our nature are displayed in bold relief!

The transition from scenes of activity, whether of usefulness or the reverse, to those of inaction and retirement, is seldom attended by an increased stock of real happiness, or with a genuine melioration of the moral and intellectual character; and it is too often the case, that those who, without full consideration, abandon the town, for the solitude of the country, greatly degenerate in both.

Those who, after being long accustomed to the elegant refinements of high and polished life, seek, from any cause, seclusion, seldom retain that buoyancy of manners, that amiableness of feelings, that generosity of opinion, and, finally, that amenity in all things, which had previously marked them. What once was liked, has now become offensive to them; they surrender themselves to discontent and peevishness; and if not, they have often contracted, insensibly and unconsciously, other habits, and other manners, which place them ill at ease, when accident or necessity brings them occasionally into life. Now, all this may, and should be carefully avoided; first, by never permitting ourselves, when in full association with life, to be

seduced by its fascinations into any actions or habits, so essentially wrong, as to cause such regrets, when the sober judgments of retirement pass them in review; and secondly, by so studiously guarding our hearts and minds, after we have sought seclusion, that they shall retain, as jewels worthy of preservation, all the amiable traits of character we may have cherished, when shining as brilliant stars, in a brilliant society—and lastly, by occluding from our minds, as fatal to our peace, those vulgar and unfounded notions, so common with the recluse, that the world has been daily growing worse *since we left it!*

Were these the actuating principles of conduct when we have abandoned the gayeties of life, for the supposed charms of solitude, how rich in substantial enjoyments might a life of retirement then become! But, when society is forsaken from mistaken views of religion—from the satiety of too much enjoyment by ill regulated minds—from the disgusts consequent upon disappointed ambition—from a wayward and unsettled temper which fancies happiness attendant upon novelty and continued change—or lastly, from romantically seeking after the charms of solitude, as they are delineated by the poet, or the novelist; who does not perceive that the result must be inevitable defeat of expectations, filling the mind with harsh views of all that was once familiar to them, and with but little power to separate, justly, the good from the evil?

Give me, then, the man or woman who fears not the world, lest their morals and religion may suf-

fer—commend me to those who, whilst they judiciously and conscientiously avoid temptations, have the moral courage to labour in the vineyard, and to meet and resist them—to those who view life as full of sweets, as well as of bitters, though infinitely blended—to those who regard it as their duty to cull, with unvarying care, the goods so bounteously lavished around us, though mixed with evils equally to be shunned—to those, in fine, who boldly use their *talent*, and labour with it in the *world*,—and not to those who, fearing the contagion of the world, would bury their talent.

Whether, however, it has been erroneous views of our duty to God, to man, or to ourselves, that have urged a worldling into solitude, we generally find that people who live in a corner, are very apt to imagine every thing peculiar to themselves! This contracted thought, begets selfishness, arrogance, silly prejudices, and acerb tempers; so that it may well be doubted, whether it be possible to indulge in a segregation from society, and from the social principle towards our species, without much impairment of the noble qualities of the mind, and the best affections of the heart. And I have ever been forced to think that these *solitaries*, though they may have been once among the most *élite* of an extensive and brilliant society, had then taken to their bosom a serpent, which their new habits could scarce fail to nourish; and which, in time, would poison unto death, their newly sought happiness.

Even such as from worldly motives, *partially*

retire; and, in the midst of a populous city, seek to be *exclusives*, are sure to reap an abundant harvest of jealousies, of crude prejudices, and of acerb feelings, destructive of that serenity which springs from peace, and from generous relations with all around us. By this, however, I would by no means inculcate the impracticable notion that society can, or should be *one;* and that the man of virtue, of intelligence, and of refinement, is not to be permitted to steer his course, if easily he may, from the vicious, the ignorant, and the vulgar; and towards those with whom he can assimilate.

Society truly has its various and distinctive elements; which, by a law of affinities, settle down, as unerringly, into separate classes, as do the natural elements, by their various chemical attractions, into distinct bodies. All, then, that I do mean is that, whenever these *exclusives* become desirous to study these moral affinities with an over-nice exactitude, they introduce thereby into their affections, an anti-social principle, that will infallibly diminish their happiness; and further, that all who, from any cause, prefer seclusion to such an indulgence of society as springs from the most generous feelings towards the human family, will, soon or late, find the amaranthine verdure of life parched up; its clear skies often overcast; and its pure and limpid waters mostly bitter and turbid.

All ages, conditions, tempers, and pursuits of life have, indeed, their own and appropriate society; and, in the autumn, or winter of life, nature, as well as God, admonishes us of the nearness, even

to the door, of other scenes of far greater interest, as they are eternal in the heavens! But this is no reason why the whole of life is so to be regarded. In one sense, truly, every one from the *cradle* to the *grave*, should live as if these extremes were separated by no interval of time—that is, he should be ever pious: but the most sublimated piety, as we think, is far from inculcating that the *active* exercise of our affections is to be invariably the same through life—a notion contradicted by all the analogies of nature, and of every feeling both of soul and body.

The dictate of true wisdom, then, is to live every where and under all circumstances, as a *social* being; to enjoy society in such degrees and kinds, as shall banish all moroseness, all local and individual prejudices; and so to live in the world as to reap its fruits, and to use them without stint, and yet without excess. Were this more generally the case, the gossiping portion of our species, whether in, or out of society, would greatly diminish; and solitude would only be occasionally sought (as it ever should be) as a season of relaxation from mental or bodily excitements, and as an appropriate time for that sober and calm reflection, which every mortal needs. But, when retirement is carried beyond this salutary limit, it tends to evil, by giving to the ever vigilant enemy of human happiness, far better opportunities for overwhelming temptation, than he ordinarily possesses over well regulated minds in society.

The foregoing thoughts flitted through my mind,

after remembering how much the lovely MARCIA depreciated in solitude! During twenty years, she never talked as much scandal, nor displayed half as much severity in her comments on men and things, as she has done in the year or two of her partial retirement from the world, and from her accustomed circle! And, also, how the accomplished NICANOR, once the best dressed man of his time, sensible and temperate withal, is no longer either! for, after being *rusticated* only a few years, Nicanor suffers his hair to hang in all imaginable rude luxuriance, more like an Indian than any civilized man—has become *outré* in his habiliments—talks an infinite deal of vulgar county-politics, and consumes nearly as much of those besotting, potent, and cheap distillations, of domestic origin, as he formerly did of those lighter, more sparkling, and expensive potations of foreign procurement! And such, in some degree, seems to be the course of *deterioration*, often found among those who, from almost any cause, forsaking their accustomed sphere, would rather brood in sickly retirement, than live familiarly, and innocently, as well they might, in the genial sunshine, and under the occasional clouds, which the world affords.

NOTE IV.—THE YOUNG INEBRIATE.

THE moon shone into my windows with a flood of silvery light—all nature was hushed into profound silence—no air disturbed even the pensile foliage, that from many trees, and shrubs, and

flowers, in rich luxuriance, environed the inn, situate in one of nature's most beautiful valleys, in the 'Old Dominion'—a land, as is well known, of traditional hospitality, of generous feelings, exalted talents, and—of bad habits.

The little wooden clock of mine host had struck twelve before I retired to rest, but not to sleep. The monotonous ticking of my watch, suspended near my pillow, alone reminded me that any thing with motion existed in nature; all was in deep repose, save my own busy thoughts, and these were fast subsiding into those gentle half-slumbers that must soon have ended in sleep, exhausted as I then was with my arduous day's journey. But a tremendous shriek from the adjoining room, struck a momentary horror through my inmost heart. This was instantly followed by a most unnatural laugh—then by horrid imprecations—then by cries of 'murder,' 'fire,' 'landlord, I am dying, sinking into hell!'—'Oh, I am lost, water, water, I am burning up!' I naturally supposed that the landlord would have been instantly there—but he came not; and, as there was no intermission to the shocking cries of the unhappy being, I soon appeared at his chamber door, but was much astonished to find it locked on the outside with a padlock! The paroxysms, growing still more intense and long-continued, and finding no hope of sleep that night, already far advanced, it seemed but reasonable I should have an associate in my anxious vigils; and at length, I resolved to seek companionship with my *maitre d'hotel*, who had left on my mind

a very favourable impression, during the half-hour spent with him before retiring to my chamber. The moon kindly aided me through a few narrow passages to his door, which promptly yielded to my tap.

'Sir, can you solve this mystery for me?—you seem to have a maniac in your house—a strange alliance this, of hospital and hotel—have you no means of silencing him, so that I may yet obtain a little sleep? Who, and what is he?'

'I hoped, for your sake, as well as his,' replied the landlord, 'he would have been silent *this* night; but poor youth, he cannot last many nights more—this is the longest and severest fit I have yet known him to have; it has lasted, with but few intermissions, these four days, and as many nights—he is a young gentleman of our neighbourhood, of education, wealth, and high family—has not been from college more than two years—his excellent, and wretched parents, can do nothing with him; he is now under my care; and all this comes, sir, from drink! His disease is called *mania a potu*. As he slept so little for some nights and days, I thought him so much exhausted before you came, that he would have sunk to sleep, and not have disturbed you; so I judged it better to say nothing to you about him.'

The noises still continued—moanings that sickened the heart, shrieks that chilled the blood, laughter of no mortal sounds, oaths that demons alone could fashion, all followed in quick succession, wearying the ears, and exhausting the feelings.

'There is no relief for him,' said mine host, 'I dread to give him what he most craves—liquor; it is but fuel to the fire that rages within him; water he asks for, but will none of it—and medicine can only be forced upon him, which now seems to be cruel, as the doctor says he cannot live, and that all his remedies have failed.'

'Poor human, or rather poor *beastly* nature,' said I, angrily, following my remark, a moment after, with a deep sigh, and more than half-ashamed, too, that I should feel angry, and use such a word towards a fellow-being in such a state of hopelessness. 'Poor, unhappy youth,' added I, 'would that I could bring thee one moment of relief; may God, who alone knoweth the cause of thy great infirmity, find for thee a door of escape! but, if that must not be, have mercy on thee beyond the grave!'

'Oh, dear sir,' replied the landlord, 'I have known many persons far more wicked than he; for I may truly say, he is very amiable, and charitable, and sensible, when sober—nearly all his faults proceed from intoxication. He was to have been married before this time, to a lovely young woman hard-by; and could Mary Summers see him, even now, she would break her heart with weeping; for she yet tenderly loves him. He still wears a locket of her hair, suspended by a black ribbon round his neck, which he would not part with even for liquor; and yet it seems he would coin his body and soul, too, for a dram, but not that locket!'

Some hours passed in these sympathetic colloquies on his melancholy condition; but wearied nature made them more and more sluggish and forced, until, after having wrung all the changes on the miseries of the wretched inebriate, the vices and horrors of drunkenness, the mental agonies of his amiable parents, sisters, and brothers, and the deep seated and inexhaustible love of Mary Summers, we were mutually silent. But the groans, and hysterical laughs, and dreadful imprecations from the *pandemonium* chamber, no way diminished; fortunately for us, they had lost much of their force on our worn-out feelings, and I fell asleep on my chair, in the very act of forcing out a brief reply to an equally laconic question of my good-natured companion.

I slept soundly—maybe a couple of hours—when, from the hum of domestic arrangements, the glare of broad daylight, the occasional tramping over the uncarpeted floor of the faithful house-dog, and the easily recognized sounds from the adjustment of the breakfast furniture, on a table set out at a short distance from me—I awoke. At that instant the landlord gently descended the steps into the room, and whispered to me, 'friend, it is all over with the youth; he has departed to his long home!'

'Oh, it cannot be,' I involuntarily exclaimed—the big tear springing into my eyes, 'is he then relieved for ever from his agony, or, oh God! is death but the beginning of a never-ending life,—and, if so, is it but a prolongation, with super-

added horrors of this life? As the tree falls, so it lies; but yet to spring up an eternal tree of the same nature, bearing none but its peculiar fruits; there can then, be no tilling, no melioration, no change for the better, dreadful, overwhelming thought! But, landlord, we must now indulge no farther in such matters.'

We hastened to the sad chamber; and never did eye rest upon a sight more heart-rending, more loathing. We beheld a youth of fine proportions, and once of manly beauty, now an emaciated corpse, a miserable wreck of what he had been, stretched upon the floor, with an empty bottle in one hand, and a fragment of a chair in the other, both held, apparently, with the same muscular force with which they had been seized, perhaps but a few moments before the vital spark had fled. His fine hazel eyes were protruded from their livid sockets —his thin blue lips and distorted features showed how his vexed spirit had struggled with the grim monarch—his glossy brown hair hung in short ringlets, and were beautifully contrasted with the fair complexion of his exposed neck and shoulders, over which also hung the hair-locket of Mary Summers! In hastily casting my eye over the room, I found that every thing within his reach had been broken; and his bruised and lacerated body also showed that the unhappy youth had waged war against a thousand imaginary enemies, among which were his own tender limbs. We promptly removed him to another chamber, and bestowed on his remains every attention that

might, as far as possible, remove from the eye of affection, soon to visit him, the tokens of his miserable end. It was a sad scene, in a few hours after, to see his aged parents kissing his forehead and lips; his lovely sisters, with deep affection and involuntary horror blended, embracing his lifeless corpse. Some of the sad tale of the preceding night had been related to them by the host, and I was urgently invited by the afflicted parents to their house, and that I should extend my kindness still further, by witnessing the interment. The heart, in such a case, needs not the ties of blood, nor yet of acquaintance, to feel for the dead, or warmly to sympathize with the living; and, in a short time after, I found myself domesticated in the comfortable mansion of a Virginian gentleman of the old school. Here, all that met my eye, at once told me that it had long been the home of an intelligent and worthy family; one of an extended hospitality, but whose progenitors had probably seen brighter and more prosperous days than had shone on its present owners, for some time past at least.

I retired to my chamber, and slept soundly for some hours, till the dinner-bell sounded, and a pretty little coloured boy softly tapped at my door, and summoned me out.

I entered the dining-room much refreshed, but with little appetite; a death-like silence reigned there, interrupted only by those occasional subdued, but heart-felt kindnesses which sprung from the newly kindled affection towards me, blended with

the habitual and noble politeness which characterizes manners in the 'mother state.'

As we approached the table, covered with the savoury products of the surrounding manor, the old gentleman placed his hands in mine: 'I fear my friend, we must dine to-day without the ladies, but George and James will accompany us, and we shall do better, I hope, in a few days.' Then pausing for a moment, he added, 'my wife and daughters were nearly prevailed on to join us; but, poor Mary Summers has just arrived, and their wounded hearts are now all bleeding afresh.'

'It is better so,' I gently replied, 'their tender souls need the solace of weeping, and I am happy they can weep.'

'Dear Mary does not weep,' rejoined the afflicted father, '*we* have been, in some measure, prepared for the sad event—not so with Mary Summers, to whom we never ventured to communicate all that took place with our afflicted son.'

We dined in sadness; the day and night passed off, and the hour of four in the afternoon of the following day, was appointed for the interment.

At breakfast, all were present, except the eldest daughter and Mary Summers. So much had been said to me by the landlord, as also by the younger sons, whom I have named, in praise of Mary, that I felt, for a moment, greatly disappointed at her absence; but how soon were all my feelings the other way, when selfishness gave room, on a moment's reflection, to far better sentiments.—'Sweet sufferer!' said I mentally, 'I value thee greatly

more for thy absence; for, surely, retirement and silence better harmonize with thy affliction, than the ruddy light of day, and the unavoidable courtesies of life.' But rousing myself from this reverie, I inquired, 'how is Miss Summers,—how did she pass the night?'

Julia, a blue-eyed girl of seventeen, as beautiful as a fresh May morning, garnished with dewy flowers, and redolent with their sweets, replied to my question: 'I fear, sir, she did not sleep at all; she neither weeps, nor speaks, but only moans continually. I think her heart will break!'

At this moment, Eliza, the eldest daughter, rushed into the room, and exclaimed—'Miss Summers is very ill—I fear past hope!'

All were in her chamber in an instant, and I found myself also there, a witness of the melancholy scene. Dear Mary Summers was then expiring, and my first acquaintance with her was made in performing the sad office of closing her eyes for ever.

'Oh! thou great and unsearchable Being,' said I inwardly, 'how unfathomable are thy ways? She was young, and beautiful, and, as all say, full of angelic virtues,—and yet this fair and lovely creature dies a martyr to love, for a man who abandoned himself, his God, his loving parents, his affectionate and beautiful sisters, the luxuries of his home, the respect of his friends, and, finally, even his betrothed—all, all, for a nauseous sickening, poisonous draught! But what can conquer woman's chaste love!—it is as fathomless as the

deep, deep sea, as high as heaven, as expansive and pervading as the atmosphere.' And there was poor Mary's lifeless body, a faithful witness of the truth of this rush of thought, that for a moment occupied me in this chamber of death and of agonizing grief!

Charles' funeral was of course, postponed for a couple of days more, to prepare for the joint obsequies of the youthful lovers.

During this interval, I occasionally sought relief in the library, which occupied a very retired part of the venerable old building, the windows of which were shaded by honeysuckle and eglantine profusely blended, and which, as I reposed with my book in a deep armed chair, saluted me with their delicious fragrance, and excluded the garish day, now become almost offensive to me.

I had not been long in the library before my eye rested on a musty volume entitled 'Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh,' which I eagerly seized, with the full assurance of finding therein much good sense—and, strange coincidence! the first page my eye lit on, painted in living colours the vice of DRUNKENNESS. The passages I allude to, so harmonized with my feelings then, and ever, that I copied them into my diary, and here they now are for the benefit of all who avail themselves of the privilege of looking into such portions of my Note Book as I have chosen to reveal; and especially for any one who hesitates whether he will become a man or a beast—whether he will enjoy life's blessings with wife, children, and friends, or

its poisons, through absence of them all; for any one, in fine, who may hesitate whether he will murder himself and his betrothed, or live in health respected by the world, and wed the object of his first love. But, why should I moralize when we have the eloquent wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh!

'Take especial care,' says he, 'that you delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, bringeth a man's stomach to an artificial burning, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice, than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth, the more shall he be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut.'

'Take heed therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such an one was their

father. Anacharsis saith—*the first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness;* but in *youth* there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat. And therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time has decayed thy natural heat, and the sooner thou beginnest to *help nature*, the sooner will *she forsake thee*, and thou trust *altogether to art.*'

The day at length arrived for the interment of Charles and of Mary. The hair-locket rested on his bosom; and the beautiful Mary Summers was placed in her tomb, with every memento that Charles had given to her of his affection.

It was on a lovely November afternoon, in the year 18—, that a long procession of weeping relations of both the families, with their numerous friends and acquaintances from a populous neighbourhood, together with an equally long train of faithful slaves, who loved their young master and mistress, might have been seen slowly walking towards the family grave yard.

It was situate in a deep shaded dell, about a quarter of a mile from the mansion. The rude but substantial fence that encompassed it, was entirely covered with vines and creepers of various sorts, and in each corner of the square was planted an evergreen, that seemed to have been there very many years. Though this sacred spot was the

receptacle of many graves, it contained but few tombstones, which were to be seen, here and there, raising their white tops above the luxuriant grass and wild flowers, distinguishing the more prominent members of an ancient family, and of its numerous alliances, who, in the course of nearly two centuries had been there deposited.

As we entered the ample gate, the sublime and well known words, '*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die;*'—were uttered in heavenly tones by a very aged pastor, whose snowy locks seemed to admonish us that temperance and serenity of mind are good securities for ripe old age—and that intemperance in man, and excessive feeling in woman, had brought the deceased to untimous graves. A short, but tender and appropriate discourse was delivered by the venerable old man, which bathed all eyes in tears, and among the rest, those of Jack Hodgson, a middle aged man, clothed in rags, and who, I observed, had approached unusually close to the graves, and held before his eyes the miserable fragments of what had once been a hat, removing them occasionally, and looking into the graves, evidently with no idle curiosity, but with a most intense interest! I afterwards learned that Hodgson was notorious in the neighbourhood for *rare scholarship, wit, obscenity, oaths, and drunkenness;* and had, occasionally claimed fellowship with Charles on the score of some distant rela-

tionship; but mainly, of late, from the community of their tastes and pursuits. Charles' terrible death had made much impression in the neighbourhood, and had so softened the heart even of Jack Hodgson, that he presented himself sober that afternoon, and with a decency so unusual for him, gazed on the scene that closed for ever from his sight, a manifest victim to a habit that had brought Hodgson to his then degraded state.

As Hodgson, in profound thought, retired from the grave, and was slowly following at the heel of the main procession, and near the head of the coloured people, a very aged negro, whose short and crisped hair had become almost snowy white, approached Jack, whose long, gray hair was hanging profusely over his shoulders.

'Ah, massa Jack!' said the venerable negro, 'you be almost a boy along side o' me; but your hair be jist as white as mine! Wad's the reason, massa Jack, o' that? Shall poor nigger tell you, massa?—nigger drink water all his libe, work hard ebbery day, go to bed arly, get up arly; but massa Jack Hodgson drink nothing but poison water—nebber work at all any day—frolic all de blessed night—and I tell you, massa Jack, you be no long for dis world. I tell you, you die in a few monds!' With this the old man, dropping Hodgson's hand, and was soon out of sight.

A few years have passed since the events I have thus noted. A neat tomb now jointly records the loves, and the nearly synchronous deaths of

Charles and of Mary. Poor Jack Hodgson, who only lived the year out, lies buried in an obscure corner of the same grave yard, but with no slab to record his name, and with scarcely a mound to distinguish the spot desecrated by his ashes, from the virgin soil that surrounds it. Old Dembo, however, still lives to point it out, and from present appearances, will continue so to do for a long time to come. Since his warning voice to Hodgson was so accurately verified by his speedy death, Dembo regards himself as no little of a prophet; and it is fortunate, also, for some of the youths of the surrounding country, that they esteem him somewhat in the same light; for when religion, morals, and education have been found to yield to the fascinations of the Circean bowl, the superstitious threatenings from the lips of the hoary-headed negro have proved of more avail.

CHAPTER II.

V. THE SCHOOLMEN.—VI. E PLURIBUS UNUM.—VII. THE PHILOSOPHICAL EATER.—VIII. A CURIOUS PROPOSITION.

NOTE V.—THE SCHOOLMEN.

'You must really promise me to read the works of *St. Thomas Aquinas*,' said an eminent Jesuit at Rome, as he was exhibiting to me, with infinite *bonhomie*, the extensive and beautiful establishment over which he presided, and specially calling my attention to the *curiosa* of his well arranged library. 'Worthy father,' replied I, 'you do me too much honour to bring to my poor notice the elaborate works of so distinguished a saint; for, if I mistake not, his learning is said to have been as immense, as his piety was exemplary. Was he not called the *angel of the schools—the fifth doctor of the church*, and was not his tomb, after his canonization, the scene of many miracles?' 'True, my dear friend,' answered the pious follower of St. Ignatius, 'these titles were most worthily bestowed upon St. Aquinas, whose writings are as eloquent as they are rich in wisdom, and in the soundest logic of the schools. He, of all others, best understood that prince of philosophers, Aristotle; and hence he has ever been the admiration of popes,'

and of sovereigns: but I must not fail to mention that his works are a special favourite with one of your own most eminent scholars and illustrious statesmen—the Ex-President A.—who, as I have heard, owes much of the discipline of his high reasoning powers, to the writings of this saint.'

The profound sincerity of the good father, I was in no ways disposed to doubt; but I had some previous acquaintance with the class of writers to which the idolized saint belongs; and the old saying, *noscitur a sociis*, too promptly occurred to my mind, to permit the *padre's* eulogy to affect me much.

In looking around, moreover, I found nothing to remind me of that blessed '*march of the mind*,' so essential to the very life-current of American thought. All that met the eye were relics of by-gone times—no representative of the age we live in was there to be found—every thing wore the monastic complexion of many past centuries, that had been dyed in the gloomiest superstitions, and marked by the cruelest persecutions for opinion's sake. These associations rushed into my mind; and, as we passed through the numerous and ample apartments and corridors, my soul involuntarily dwelt upon the intensely interesting, but sickening events, which these walls must have witnessed, when the disciples of the military saint ruled the destinies of the civilized world; and when the degraded and fettered mind dared not to wander beyond a narrow and incomprehensible creed—a jargon of mystical and metaphysical religion, in

which it seemed as if the rivulets of christianity flowed sluggishly and fearfully, into an ocean of Aristotelian and Platonic refinements!

But the good father, as we parted, warmly shook my hand, and repeated his injunction respecting his favourite author: whilst I, with that fleeting and extorted sincerity, which too often yields to politeness, an assentation of the lips, promised him *con molti ringraziamenti*, to be a willing, and, I trusted, an apt scholar of St. Thomas Aquinas! And so I passed the threshold, with a made up mind to procure some of his works, and with more than half a mind to study them.

Alas! how true is it that *cœlum et animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;* for, I soon found that the 'angelic doctor,' in his seventeen folio volumes,* had quite too much subtle logic, and recondite philosophy and metaphysics, for me to redeem my promise; and I have since been not loath to remember, withal, that although made to as honest a man as breathes, he was still a Jesuit; and that it had been made with some, perhaps infectious, mental reservations at the time, that may save me from a mortal sin, should I content myself with but an occasional turning over these musty pages.

But still, may it not be true, nay, is it not so, that the '*Summa Theologia*,' at least, of this 'Eagle of Divines'—this canonized doctor, is replete with the deepest thought, and with much that is quite

* Vide T. Aquinatis Opera omnia, 17 vols. fol. Romæ, 1570—aut a Nicolai, Paris, 1660, 19 vols. fol.

worthy the attention of our scholars and theologians? It is admitted to be the best among his numerous works; and it is probable that were the entire class to which it belongs, possessed of only the tithe of its merits, the name of Aristotle, and of the schoolmen, might have shone, even to this day, with a bright and steady light.

The schoolmen, however, not only over-leaped the boundaries assigned to the researches of reason, and thus involved themselves in many idle controversies, and incomprehensible enigmas, but they also sullied the illustrious name of their master, and became themselves the very incarnation of absurdity. Their mysteries, constantly 'chyming into quibbles,' and clothed in the crudest fustian, tended as much to establish the worst models of composition, as they undoubtedly often did, to corrupt the purest sources of christianity, and of legitimate reasoning. Fortunately, the spell which so long bound the human mind to the mere authority of names, has been entirely dissolved among classes, at least: men no longer think by proxy only—even the pope and his church are not infallible—and *Aquinas*, *Bauney*, *Escobar*, and *Pontius*, with the whole fraternity of pseudo-Aristotelians, remain as little known, and less appreciated, than almost any one of the many thousand writers that are annually ushered into notice, by the peculiar facilities of our age!

Were Aristotle, though no longer 'a sort of divinity,' to rise from his grave, how delighted would he now be, to find himself relieved fr[illegible]

the host of *obnubilators* who darkened his brilliant pages, by attempting to unravel mysteries, and hidden meanings in them, never dreamt of in his philosophy, but which are alone to be found in the phrenzied imaginings of his numerous misguided commentators. Surely Aristotle, and the 'divine Plato,' would scarce have recognized their own works among the scolia of Avverhoes, of Boetius, of Albert, of Bonaventura, or even of that sage 'doctor irrefragabilis'—Alexander of Hales, and still less of his friend Duns Scotus, of famous memory! And, as I opine, it would not fare much better with my Roman friend's great favourite, Aquinas; for the character of our day is so eminently *practical*, that the small remains of the logical and metaphysical theology of the schoolmen are now, either equally 'in hands unholy,' or are consigned to the 'idle winds,' as dreamy and useless knowledge.

It is to be feared, however, that the UTILITARIANS, now on the ascendant, may not rest content with branding as the prince of learned blockheads, the once far famed Duns Scotus, and that the *ultraism* of our times will be more than a match for the whole learned fraternity of schoolmen, and all that emanated even from the long renowned Sarbonne! I doubt not that the Utilitarians of Europe, nay, that some of the university scholars of our own country, even when first emerging, with academic honours, into life, would on any day of the week, send forth an '*admirable Crichton*,'—some '*doctor resolutissimus*,' to contend for

the mastery with any of the schoolmen that may now remain! Not, indeed, with weapons like unto theirs, but with what they would call the *steam power of common sense!*

I worshipfully bow to the majesty and commanding power of common sense, and wish that all men were mainly guided by it; but, as before said, I fear no little mischief from the ultraism of their devotion to this too often most impudent utilitarian goddess; who, though frequently attired in the habiliments of modesty itself, is generally a radical and daring leveller, and a meddler in things she little understands!

We know that learning, without judgment, characterized the schoolmen; and we apprehend that common sense, without learning, will very soon characterize the utilitarians——and both are extremes, equally to be avoided. The torch which, like that of Omar, would consign all the learning, even of the schoolmen, to uncompromising destruction, under the hope that common sense, even in morals, would alone prove sufficient, could scarce fail soon to bring us back to vandal ignorance.

The follies, and even criminal waste of learning, which mark the course of scholastic philosophy, should nevertheless, be distinguished from the mines of pure ore that unquestionably are to be found in the writings of the middle, and after centuries; and whilst we shake off the trammels of idle knowledge, and the influences of mere *authority*, which, as Boyle justly observes, 'is a long bow, the effect of which should depend on the

strength of the arm which draws it,' we should not fail to remember, with him, the excellencies of sound learning, and that the 'cross-bow of *reason* has equal efficiency in the hands of the dwarf, and of the giant,'—but only when that reason is itself genuine, and without the least alloy of vanity and ultraism.

Utilitarianism, therefore, without due learning, is itself the grossest vanity and presumption; for it is equally true, that if research may be pushed too far, if learning may become too *esoteric*, so it may become degraded and impotent, by that overstrained and affected simplicity, and by that superficial plainness which aim at bringing it down to the level of the meanest capacity.

In seeking after *practicalness*, we may easily lose the substance, and scarce attain the shadow of knowledge; and this, as it seems to me, is becoming gradually, a too visible feature in the researches of our utilitarians; for though our age be eminent for useful knowledge, mainly derived from the *exoteric* spirit of the times, there is still room to apprehend that this, in turn, is becoming excessive; and that the next generation, if not the present, will not rest content until the whole circle of knowledge may be compressed in a library of a few hundred octavo volumes! The Germans, no doubt, will hold out the longest—but, as the fashion now leans so strongly towards *condensations*, *double distillations*, *democratic simplifications*, *practical expositions*, *tables of knowledge*, *outlines*, *diagrams*, *digests*, *abridgments*, *syllabusses*, *essays*,

coup d'œils, journals, and reviews, with a thousand other short-roads, by-cuts, and smooth-paths, all of of them aided, moreover, by cylinder and steam presses, by rough types, coarse paper and wood cuts—we fear that, whilst our so called learning becomes *dog cheap*, we shall find a proportionate diminution of true and 'ripe scholars;' and that such of our young misses as *graduate*, and can construe their Novum Testamentum, and talk flippantly out of Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Chemistry'—on 'Natural Philosophy'—and on 'Political Economy'—will shrink from the more elaborate works of Mrs. Somerville, and of Adam Smith! And it may be equally feared, that our young men may ultimately be brought to know little more of the classics, than what are to be found in the '*Græca Majora*,' and in the Latin, '*Excerpta*'—or more of Plato, of Aristotle, of Descartes, &c. than what may be gleaned from Watts' Logic, or from some of the chapters of Locke; and, perhaps, little more of physics, &c. than are condensely displayed in Jamieson's 'Universal Science,' or in that marvellous book, 'Sir Richard Phillips' Million of Facts,' each in one small volume!

In the approaching sunny days, that I anticipate, days of almost universal and co-equal knowledge, we may find our statesmen and politicians looking down, with felicitous contempt, on the folly of past times, and of German lore, and of German drudges! And, should there then be a few that still hang on the skirts of a Grotius, a Puffendorf,

a Domat, or a Coke, they will be regarded as so inveterately *book-mad*, as to be more worthy inmates of some *hotel des invalides*, than of a university; and as to the theologians, so far from their seeking occasionally for light, among even the best of the schoolmen, or even from the fathers of the church, they will have their *essentials* in translated excerpts—or possibly, in those labour-saving machines, the 'Penny Encyclopedias,' the 'Saturday Magazines,' and similar works!

How strange is it that the world *cannot* avoid extremes! and passing strange, that the *republic* of letters must degenerate into a vile democracy, and, possibly, into a still more ignoble mobocracy of letters! How admirable is the *juste milieu* in every thing! Extremes, though in very opposite directions, seem ever pregnant with like results. The learned jargon of the schoolmen withdrew from the cognizance of the vulgar many, the wholesome truths of knowledge—poisoned its fountains—and degraded it with many silly refinements, clothed in a most barbarous language; all of which, even among the élite and studious, greatly retarded the progress of genuine philosophy, and of sound morals. And so it may easily fall out with the utilitarians of our day, would they vainly attempt to reduce all knowledge to such primary elements that, by a species of moral homœpathic reduction and administration of the most recondite sciences and arts, all men are to become scholars, statesmen, philosophers, and what not!—and this, too, by receiving infinitesimal portions of knowledge,

(possibly even by *smelling* at them,) somewhat after the fashion of those charlatans, who would cure all diseases by a materia medica, so reduced to its ultimate elements, as to come within the cubic volume of a few inches, and through invisible portions taken into the system even by the olfactories! I confess myself a sceptic in all such extremes; and am as little inclined towards this hoped-for ubiquity, and co-equality of knowledge, as I should be to the restoration of those palmy days of the schoolmen, when a few *exclusives* were so idolized by the mass, as to think themselves allied *aut Deum aut Diabolum!*

It was this adulation of the supposed learning of the times, that rendered the schoolmen so very *mystical.* The classical purity of the Greek and Roman writers, ill-suited the rough materials which often composed their works; their authority was mainly derived from not being understood—and also from the necessary aristocracy of learning, when books were rare, and war was the vocation of the many.

Ignorance and superstition are natural allies; so that the scholars of those days, exercised a prodigious influence over all men and things around them; for we find that Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, Hales, Bonaventura, and others, were regarded with such an eye of respect, and even of awe, as can scarce be comprehended, at the present time. Pelligrino Antonio Orlandi, in his *Notizie degli Scrittori Bollognesi*, says of Achellini, one of these popular scholastics, 'Fu accutissimo argu-

mentore, onde ne circoli dove argumentava e non era conosciuto, passo in proverbio, qu'll aut *Diabolus*, aut *Achellinus*.'

The whole fraternity of these *Quodlibetarians*, (so called from the quodlibetical propositions of St. Thomas Aquinas,) plunged the human mind into such a state of learned ignorance, that the Alchemists and, even the Astrologers, found it no difficult task to palm their nonsense on the world, for several centuries; and, even when the schoolmen in a great degree had passed off, and when classical learning had revived, and pure letters and sound philosophy had gained some ascendency, these students of the metals, and of the starry influences, were found lingering on, almost down to our own day, leaving a mental diathesis very favourable to the reception of animal magnetism, and other similar *opprobria* of learning!—all of which, it must be admitted, flow from the absence of *a general and popular, though superficial, enlightenment.*

The true doctrine, then, of the whole matter would seem to be this—learning, when confined to a very few, degenerates into mysticism, into charlatanry, and into oppression of the people; the effects of which are further inflamed by the people's superstitions: learning, on the other hand, when attempted to be extended equally to all, degenerates into a contemptible superficialness, full of vanity and presumption in the many, and of hostility, on their part, against the few, who,

in spite of the times, become really learned. The true medium, then, is to aim at nothing ultra—at no universal philosophising of the mass; but so to enlighten them, as to protect them from the artifices of unprincipled scholars; whilst, in turn, the mass shall recognize the rights and legitimate powers of the learned; so that neither may encroach, or be inclined so to do, on the province of the other.

Sad, indeed, is the state of things, when the people are so ignorant that their scholars shall dare to teach them, for example, that all the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, and of the Incarnation, are to be found in the pages of Aristotle!—that the soul is certainly a *musical pipe!* these, and the like, being found in some of the scholia on Aristotle! But, unfortunately for the argument in relation to the soul, it was founded on a typographical error in the text, that had escaped the overlearned scholiast, in which ἀυλὸς, a flute, was used instead of the adjective ἄϋλος, *immaterial!* A like pedantry and wasteful display of curious knowledge, but in far more recent times, is seen in the too-learned German, who published a very elaborate essay to account, on physical principles, for a *golden* tooth, fabled to have made its appearance in the maxilary of a peasant boy! which proved, however, to be a hoax, only after the luckless author's labours of the pen had issued from the press! And I may also allude to the thrice too-learned archeologists, who recently gave to the world their essays to prove that certain

terra cotta urns, discovered in the vicinity of castle Gandolfo, in Italy, were certainly *antediluvian!* But, maugre many very ingenious arguments, they proved to be most certainly *Gothic!*—precisely similar urns having been found in Germany, Prussia, and Sweden, under circumstances that banished all doubt, and also without reposing under strata of *tufo* stone—that being the fact mainly relied on by the *antediluvians;* but which fact, was probably also a hoax!

It would seem, then, that aristocracy and democracy, in all matters of science and of learning, are equally evils. Learning, when plebeian or mobocratic, becomes as fatal to solid and enduring attainments, as when it is in the hands of only a few, in an age of surrounding darkness: for, if the useful and healthy plants of knowledge dwindle and die, amidst the noxious weeds that spring up from an over-refined cultivation, by the few, we have some cause to fear a like result, from so delicately and thinly turning up the soil, by the many, that neither the genial rays of the sun, nor the fructifying waters of the heavens, can exert their wonted influences. The whole error would seem to lie in, and the mischief to flow from, not properly distinguishing between that cheap, simple, and appropriate knowledge, which, when destined for youth, and for the people at large, must prove so useful—and that more expensive and recondite learning, in which it behooves scholars, and all having authority, to be deeply versed.

To mistake the former for the latter, or to suppose that a superficial enlightenment of the whole mass, will compensate for the absence of a thoroughly cultivated few; or, finally, to hope for wise laws, virtuously administered in any nation, where the people at large, (though seeking after moderate attainments for themselves) are still jealous of the more elevated acquirements in others, and would willingly reduce all to the same moderate level, is to impugn the irreversible laws of nature, and to go counter to the past experience of all ages, and of all nations.

Suffer me, then in conclusion, once more to repeat that in *letters*, no more than in *politics*, should republicanism be confounded with radicalism: in both they are essentially different things, leading to the widest possible results, and are equally fatal to their respective aims. Happy the nation, in which the people are so far enlightened, as to respect and love their *scholars!*—prosperous and useful are these scholars, when they carefully avoid *ultraism*, be it that of the schoolmen of former days, or that of the utilitarians of the present!

NOTE VI.—E PLURIBUS UNUM.

I KNOW not how it is, but this little aphorism has very often forced itself upon my attention, and has ever seemed to me, though few in letters and in words, so full of import as to be, in itself, almost a little volume! I never think of it without expe-

riencing a rush of ideas, which fills my mind with many historical, moral, and patriotic reminiscences and feelings. These flow from it, not only as being our national motto, but also as from a fountain abundant in the lessons of wisdom, all of which are so easily inculcated, and so united and enforced by it, as to illustrate its beauty and truth; whilst, at the same time, it is rendered as it were, visible by the apposite symbol which accompanies it, of a firm and solid fasciculus, made by the union of many slender and fragile reeds! The whole class, indeed, of aphorisms, of apothegms, and of fables, I have ever found to be a perennial source of intellectual and of moral gratification—they seem to demand immediate access, no less to the heart, than to the head, and give to wisdom its brightest and most enduring charms.

Æsop, to whom we are indebted for this, and many others, was truly a philosopher, as well as Solomon and Bacon; but his is the peculiar merit of being the sole architect of his good fortune, and enduring fame; for unlike them, and some other philosophers, he was neither a monarch, a statesman, nor a scholar; but an oppressed, deformed, poor, and sooty slave, born of obscure parents, in an almost unknown town, and deemed, at one time, so utterless worthless as to be sold for three half pence—his new master jocosely remarking, that '*for nothing he had bought nothing!*'

And yet, how truly did this outward apology for a man distinguish, when he mildly rejoined to this rude sarcasm, 'a philosopher should examine the

mind as well as the *body*,' for Æsop felt the immortality that was within him; and in this he judged rightly, as he shortly after became superior to his master, though a philosopher,—was regarded by the Samians as an oracle—became the deliverer of his adopted country—was borne in triumph and crowned with garlands! He disputed successfully with the sagest of the wise men of his own and of foreign lands—was courted as the favourite of kings, and by kings; and, at length, becoming too famous even for the oracular Delphians, he perished a distinguished martyr of their jealousy!

But the commanding wisdom of Nature's philosopher, caused the sages of Greece deeply to mourn his loss, and they erected to the memory of him, who once had been a poor and loathsome slave, a splendid monument, and continued to revere his name, and to follow his counsels, for many ages after. Such, then, was the signal triumph of the bright manifestations of mind, over the crude and forbidding aspect of matter. Now whence arose a fame so pervading, so imperishable—what raised so bright a halo around a form so odious—what transplanted one, whom the very dogs did bark at, into the courtly seats of princes?—nothing but his great aphoristic wisdom, the riches of his discourse, the graphic excellence of his apologues, so well adapted to teach moral and political truths in the most impressive manner:—and such is usually the train of my thoughts, whenever the author of our laconic national motto is presented to my mind.

It is contained in the beautiful fable, so naively told, of the 'OLD MAN AND HIS SONS;' which, though it be but a fable, known, possibly, more to our youth, than to after life, I shall not crave pardon for here transcribing—for, could we more often than we do, go back to the simple lessons of our youthful days, we should, as I opine, find more of the practical wisdom of philosophers, than is now usually met with.

The fable runs thus: 'An old man had many sons, who were often falling out with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means in order to reconcile them, and all to no purpose, at last he had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his sons to be called before him and a short bundle of sticks to be brought—and then commanded them, one by one, to try if, with all their might and strength, they could any one of them break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it. After this the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it: which, when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed himself to them to this effect—'O my sons, behold the power of unity! For if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly conjoined in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but, when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon do you fall to pieces, and

are liable to be violated by every injurious hand that assaults you!'

After contrasting the foregoing fable, and its various applications, with an elaborate argument in favour of Nullification and its cognate doctrines, I could not but still more admire the simple and beautiful wisdom displayed by the Greek slave, and wonder that, after the lapse of nearly twenty-four centuries, many of our philosophers should have manifested so little of that practical philosophy of politics and of morals, and so little of that honest-hearted wisdom of a well-regulated mind, which the fable just quoted so clearly sets forth.

The truth is that the lessons of the Greek fabulist are replete with sound morals, rich in deep and practical knowledge of the human heart; and so admirable in political, as well as in domestic prudence, that the volume which embraces them may well claim equality, at least, with any other human production, and assert its rank next to that of the Bible. How satisfying to the mind and how directly does the truth of this apologue go to the understanding and to the heart—and how tortuously, on the other hand, must the mind labour, when the lengthened columns of some American freeman and statesman, garishly and ingeniously set forth the elaborate argument for disunion and nullification! And why should the so called patriots of our land, forsaking the natural and genial truths of Æsop, coin their very brains for topics destructive of so holy a maxim—one that teaches the salutary truth that a power almost irresistible, will

necessarily flow from the harmonious union of even the weakest elements!—a truth revealed as well by the physical, as the moral world—a truth of which the very beasts that roam the forests, the dwellers of the watery deep, nay, the very animalcules that float in a drop, or wage their tiny wars on the, to them, broad expanse of a single fig seed, do most constantly practise—in fine, a truth which men and angels, and even the great Eternal loves to inculcate, as the bosom of their peace—the fortress of their security!

The same great and living principle we likewise find, in the account given us by Valerius Maximus, of SERTORIUS, who, when proscribed by Sylla, took the command of the Lusitani. His men being strongly inclined to give battle, at once, to the whole Roman forces, though greatly superior to them in number, their commander used every argument that interest, reason, and ingenuity could devise, to dissuade them from their rash purpose; but all in vain. At length, Sertorius had recourse to a different species of eloquence. He ordered two horses to be brought before him; at the tail of one of these he placed a young and vigorous soldier, and at that of the other a veteran, whose long experience had worn off much of his youthful ardour. These persons he commanded, respectively, to pull off the horse's tail! The young soldier began by pulling with his utmost force, the whole at once; whilst the old veteran very deliberately went to work by pulling it out, nearly hair by hair! The young man wholly failed; for what

he essayed to do demanded the strength of a Polyphemus, as the resistance offered arose from the *united strength* of myriads, each of which was but a feeble opponent. The veteran, on the other hand, effectually executed his task, guided, as he was, by the motto—'divide and conquer.' By this forcible appeal, made so visible, not only the *power* of union, but the essential *weakness* of division, became so manifest, that Sertorius had the happiness soon to find that the Lusitani were convinced of their error, and had now become strong again, through the obedience that produced union.

It cannot be doubted that were our jurists, our legislators, and our statesmen more generally addicted to the study of universal ethics—were they to search, with eagerness, after the precepts of a pure and manly wisdom, in the pages of holy writ, and in those of ancient and modern moralists, and were they to add to these the thousand lessons taught by the history of all nations and of all ages, they would repose with much less confidence than they now do, on the thousand experiments and crude fancies which characterize our age and country; and we should have less occasion to deplore the miseries that flow from erroneous views in government, laws and morals—and have much less of those radical and destructive doctrines, which, if persisted in, will as inevitably fritter away, and finally destroy every conservative principle of our government and union, as the horse's tail, under the gradual manipulation of the wily old veteran, slowly, though certainly disappeared.

NOTE VII.—THE PHILOSOPHICAL EATER.

In the preceding note the reader will find how great an admirer of Æsop I have ever been; and, also, how justly he ranks with the sagest philosophers of any age, maugre that little boys and boyish men are so apt to estimate him lightly, from their horn-book acquaintance with his name—but but not with the riches of his wisdom. It seems like one of nature's most sportive freaks, thus to have enshrined in so diminutive and ill-formed a body, a mind as capacious and beautiful, as fancy and philosophy united can well imagine! for all that is admirable in mere human morals, orthodox in general politics, and salutary in domestic economy, may be found either strongly set forth, and forcibly illustrated, or, at other times, shadowed in the life, conversations, and writings of this extraordinary man.

It so happened, a short time ago, that the popular wisdom of the Greek fabulist was strongly shown to me, in its influence in restraining the gastronomic propensities of our race, in one who thereafter became almost proverbial for philosophical and methodical abstemiousness. I dined, as it was said *d'une manière sociable*, with an Apician of no little note, and a few others, who loved good cheer. The table was slowly, gravely, methodically, and with admirable exactitude, varied by a succession of dishes, that gradually became more and more *recherché*, in the ratio that the waning appetite demanded stronger provocatives. All was

served up, with matchless concinnity, on a cloth, of the purest taste, and by domestics so admirably schooled, as not only to anticipate your every wish, but to suggest with peculiar and winning delicacy, many others that could scarce have occurred but to the most practised palates; and this, too, on the principle of producing striking results by the strongest possible contrasts—such, for example, as piping hot plumb-pudding, and flinty-frozen ice-cream; mustard and sweet jellies; strawberries and pepper; Roman punch with a sprinkling of cayenne!

The lord of the feast, however, as his evil genius on that day would have it, was obviously a lame duck as to appetite: for nothing that was present responded to his fitful cravings; most things were mal-concocted—some were but tasted, and others churlishly rejected.

Seated near me was a little gentleman in black, scarce an inch or two above five feet high, with a well-powdered semi-bald head, linen of perfect whiteness, relieved by an emerald of exquisite colour and water, evidently of large value, that had been found in a tomb of great antiquity in Persia, (for he proved to have been a great traveller.)

This gentleman in black, and of small bodily dimensions, but of large mental capacities, was to our host a total stranger, having been introduced there somewhat in a spirit of merriment by one of the guests, who counted that if the Apician were in high appetite, as was generally the case when

the company was select and small, they could scarce fail to be greatly amused with the strange conflicts likely to ensue between him and this very learned *magister of methodical eating;* since no two persons could have been better selected to contrast to the life, their several and very distinct modes of living. The travelling gentleman, during the numerous courses, preserved a marvellous taciturnity—ate with high relish and a natural appetite, yet, to the surprise of all, except his friend, he persisted in retaining, through all the services, the viand with which he had commenced, and with which the servants, understanding his humour, with perfect tact, instantly supplied him. In truth, he ate profoundly of the *one* dish, whilst the disabled Apician could of none.

The peculiarity of the little gentleman's tenacity to the mutton, excited no little merriment; when, towards the close of the dinner, and after the various wines had been freely circulated, it was remarked that he had selected pale sherry, and could not be induced even to taste of any other. Our hero, however, had now obtained the unlimited use of his tongue, which he applied in a more customary, and, to him, with a more legitimate purpose, than as an auxiliary in eating; and thereby soon approved himself a most delightful companion, a ripe and good scholar, and an amusing moralist withal. The Apician, at first chary of his stranger-looking guest, was not slow in perceiving, that his hidden treasures were not designed to be churlishly withheld, jocosely remarked, 'The gen-

tleman of the one viand and of the one wine, I clearly perceive has so long made use of his *mind* as a well arranged *cuisine*, where may be found the most varied and savory dishes, that he holds it unfair that one tenement should have two kitchens, and has therefore abandoned to us that which has charge of those which appertain to the *outer* man.' This *jeu d'esprit*, which was fair enough for the occasion, and considering from whom it came, was promptly responded to by the small man in black, who was becoming still more voluble! 'By no means,' said he, 'you mistake me greatly, if you suppose that I value mental fodder only; we all have a body as well as mind to nourish, and I hold in no disparagement the numerous preparations that emanate from the second *cuisine* to which you have alluded, and to which, this day, we are all so largely indebted—you all to the *many*, and I to the *one*. It must be admitted,' continued he, 'that the object of eating may justly be extended beyond the mere nourishing of the *corps physique*. I concede, that there are *delights* attendant on it which may be legitimately indulged, if the *mens sana in corpore sano* be ever kept in view. You, gentlemen, and I differ only as to the *modus in quo:* for whilst I acknowledge that this gratification is not limited to the naked object of sustaining the body, but may be rendered, in some degree, even intellectual, my plan differs from yours *toto cœlo*, in this important particular. Were I, like you, to taste every thing at one sitting, I should, probably, after

a while, have no taste at all; but, by restricting myself at each meal to one dish, and to one wine, I enjoy all that is known to the culinary art, and the wines, also, of every region, and my enjoyment is both fresh and enduring; hence it is, that I have so keenly relished to-day my mutton and sherry, with a slowly diminishing gusto—whilst you, gentlemen, have been obliged to resort to numerous provocatives; and as for mine host, with all his science, and the amiable jeers at the *oneness* of my *prandium*, he seems to have made but a slender repast on simples, amidst a profusion of the most artfully contrived delicacies!'

Here the laugh was fairly turned on the Apician, who bore it with the more grace, not only as being the assailant, but because of certain painful twitches, which for some hours past had rendered him no little curious to know of our philosopher, how it was that high health, a keen relish and accurate taste remained so long with him, when his own health, appetite, and taste, were as fitful as the inconstant moon. 'Do tell us,' said he, 'how it is that you first contracted the habit—and have been able to persist in it—of using but one dish and one wine, surrounded as you have been with the world of good cheer you must have met during your long and extensive travels?'

'You shall know the whole, with all my heart,' replied our travelling moralist, 'but only on condition that, when told, you'll not laugh at me unmercifully.' 'Do, do, the terms are freely accepted,' exclaimed they all; 'and we promise,

moreover, to be your devoted disciples, if you also impart to us youth, resolution, a palate, an appetite, and olfactories, even, that deal only with one instead of many, ha! ha! ha!' 'Hold, gentlemen, you have already broken your promise.' 'By no means,' said one of the company; 'our promise, you remember, was only, not to laugh at you, *after* your *experience* had been delivered; but, proceed, we are all attention.' Our philosopher, after eyeing those around him, and adjusting his tortoise shell spectacles, with due solemnity thus redeemed his promise.

'When a lad, at Eton, I was distinguished among my companions for two very dissimilar things—an almost ravenous and indiscriminate indulgence of my gastronomic propensities, and for the studious reading of all such works on practical morals, as were at all suited to my age. Among these was Æsop's fables—a special favourite with me, and to which I became so devoted, that the boys in derision used to call me their 'Phrygian Slave'—'Little Bow-legs'—'Sooty Stutterer'—'Crœsus' Favourite,' &c.; all in allusion to well known facts in Æsop's history.' But these good-natured taunts in no way diminished my regard for the cherished volume. The fables greatly pleased, not only my young imagination, but my heart and judgment. I delighted to commune with beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, and to drink in the purest counsels, from the lips of those whose endowment with the faculty of speech seemed once more to bring the whole of God's

creation into that universal and sweet communion, in which fancy or history finds them when they were all first created. The rationality with which Æsop has invested all nature, inanimate as well as animate, also brought my youthful imagination back to times of the earliest antiquity, and inspired me with an eager desire to trace not only man's degenerate history, but the manifestations of those instincts and habits of other animals, that supplied the place of reason after they, with man, felt the great shock and sad reverse that flowed from the sanctions of a first violated law. No other work of the purest fiction could have raised in my young and ardent mind, half the interest these fables did, as they seemed to invoke man to lay aside his false pride, and to receive, from his created inferiors, those oracles of wisdom he has so long neglected.

'Now, gentlemen, it so happened, that after a *montem* surfeit, indulged in with some of my companions, who on other days, also, than Whit-Tuesday, worshipped the god VENTER, to the exclusion of nearly all other gods, I was enduring the pains and penalties of our homage, when I had recourse to my favourite author; and, on opening it, the first fable that arrested my attention was that of the '*Ass eating Thistles.*'

'This poor beast, as you all know, was loaded with well balanced panniers, filled to repletion with all sorts of dainty provisions for his master and his retainers. Pursuing his way, the humble ass encountered on the road-side a fine large thistle;

and, not being out of appetite, he made on it a most delicious repast. Whilst so employed, he also thus philosophized: 'How many greedy epicures,' said he, 'would think themselves happy amidst such a variety of delicate viands as I now carry! but, to me, this bitter, prickly thistle is far more savory and relishing than the most exquisite and sumptuous banquet.'

'The ass, gentlemen, knew very well that the epicures that day, who were to dine with his master, would delight in the anticipation of each and all the viands; but, perhaps, he did not know the misery of a sated and exhausted stomach—one that having been wearied and diseased by a too much and a too *mixed* indulgence of the goods of the table, ends in the wreck of mental as well as of bodily health. The ass, I am sure, knew nothing of the *arthritic*—nothing of the pains that torture *'the toe of libertine excess'*—nothing of the famed six cogent arguments for the gentility, honour, and blessing of the gout, as given by one *Philander Misaurus*—and, finally, nothing that might well be said in reply to Master Misaurus. But, as for myself, my resolution was at once taken; and, with the fable in my hand, and with many pains in my head and stomach, consequent upon my recent surfeit, I mentally vowed, thenceforth and forever, to go with the ass in the simplicity—the *oneness* of my diet; and that, if I must gormandize, it should not be physically, but mentally; it should be the *helluatio librorum, sed*

non ciborum; and to this resolve have I ever since most tenaciously adhered.

'Nearly forty years have now passed, and I have enjoyed the most buoyant health, an unmitigated natural appetite, and, what may seem to you very strange, I am both practically and theoretically acquainted with the results of the culinary art, of nearly every region of the globe. And though I have dined to-day on mutton and sherry, you must not imagine that I have done the like through life: for it is quite probable, that were you to seek in the lives and works of famed eaters, or of those who record their exploits, from the times of the Grecian *Methecus*, *Epicurus*, *Glaucus*, *Egisippus* and others; in the writings of the Roman *Varro*, *Columella*, and *Apicius*, or, finally, in the more modern *Platini*, *Scappi*, *Von Rumohr*, *Kitchener*, the *Almanac des Gourmands*, *Ude*, and a host of others, you will scarce find one among the good livers, who ever ate or drank of a greater variety of exquisite dishes or wines, and yet with no pains of head, eyes, or venter, than myself—all of which was the happy result of a rigid avoidance of all *mixture at the same meal*, that is of more than one viand with its appropriate vegetable, and one wine.'

Here the loquacious *Mr. Cornaro* (for that was the *nom d'honneur* which the Apician afterwards conferred on him,) would have ended his singular narrative; but such was the interest, as well as curiosity, which our Æsopian sage had by this time excited, that he was not long permitted to remain silent. The wonder still continued how

he could possibly have become so *practically* familiar with all that is known in the French, German, Italian, and Asiatic *cuisine*, consistently with his alleged restriction. 'There is no difficulty here gentlemen, that needs much explanation, to vindicate my jeoparded veracity,' replied Mr. Cornaro, with some mixture of good humour and gravity; 'much may surely have been done in this way, during so many years, acting as I ever was on a uniform system. Nature, as I before stated, had given me strong propensities to good cheer; art was, therefore, to be invoked, after I had formed my resolution, so as to minister to this propensity as much of comfort as might consist with the faithful execution of my vow; and this was effected, by my enjoying the numerous goods of the table, in all countries, not as you have done, consociately, nor yet consecutively, but truly *separately*, by always leaving an interval for each of at least twenty-four hours. Now, my friends, we seem to have differed essentially, in our practice, only in two things; but these two produce all the difference. Unlike you, I have invariably shunned *mixture*, and have also rigidly *stopped eating* as soon as there was a clear manifestation that hunger had subsided: for I never ate any thing through the medium of a provocative, or for a mere *palatial* gratification.'

Here an involuntary smile, amounting to a subdued laugh, became visible on every countenance—for Mr. Cornaro was certainly an egregious pedant, at least in the use of language. But he proceeded. 'My variety, then, arose [redacted]

weekly, or monthly change of diet, or of the mode of preparing it; and though I indulged in this singleness at each meal, forty years are surely quite sufficient to exhaust every article to be found in the united bills of fare of Europe and of Asia. But, that I might perfect my plan, I kept with an exact care, what I called my *Index Expurgatorius*—for if any of the numerous articles disagreed with me twice, I recorded it there, and never touched it more. My extensive travels, moreover, rather harmonized with this mode of living. Nature seemed to have provided for man the means of a rich and various repast; all things were evidently created for his *use*, but it was equally clear to me, that the *abuse* consisted in the villanous mixtures, and in the oppressive quantities, so universally consumed at a single meal; still, my Etonian philosophy and resolution were not so *ultra* as to occlude any thing that nature, or a well-devised art had provided, so long as it proved to me a friend. *Mixture* and *excess* were the only enemies with which I had to combat; and if I occasionally discovered a foe among the many articles enrolled in the bills of fare, I bade it a willing and eternal farewell. How much was thereby saved to my purse—how little I had to commune with the sons of Esculapius—how much time has been economized, and how many incommodities, and pains of every kind, I have avoided, need not now be recounted. A catalogue of ingeniously contrived dishes, &c. under the heads of *Potages—Petits hors-d'œuvres—Poissons—Bœuf—Entrées*

de Patisserie—de Volaille—de Veau—the *Entremets de Legume—de Douceur*—the *Desserts*——as also the *Vins rouges*—the *Vins blancs les liqueurs, &c. &c.* never gave me the least alarm, as I partook of only a single viand from the long list, and on occasions of required temperance, dined at *Very's*, the *Grand Valet*, or at the *Rocher de Cancale*, in great comfort, on a *Charlotte russe*, (but never of course on an *omélette soufflé*,) with a glass of iced water, I found that, even after a few years, every article of every bill of fare, was perfectly familiar to me.

'I cast my eye over all animated nature, and found MAN to be the only *cooking animal!* Cooking, then, was evidently no deflexion from his nature, but of the very ordination of Him by whom he was created. Animals cook not, merely because they cannot; man cooks, as prompted thereto by reason and by knowledge; and even brute beasts are sometimes greatly benefitted in their food, by man's acquaintance with the chemical and other results of the culinary art.

'You see, then, gentlemen, that I am far from joining in a proscription against this useful science of cooking; which, if it hath killed its hundreds, it has also blessed and prolonged the lives of its millions. And though it was, perhaps, an exaggerated fancy in Voltaire to say, in his accustomed general way, *qu'un cuisinier est un mortal divin*, it is still a fact that the statistics of France show a manifest diminution of disease, and a consequent prolongation of human life, since the art of cook-

ing has assumed the form of a science; and I am quite satisfied that the preparation of dishes *à la Française, ou à l'Italian*, is more conducive to both results, than the raw and savage mode so usual in my native land. I have a particular fondness for the French entremet of *aspergîs aux petitis pois*, but have never since my return to England, now a full half year, been able, even by many threats and large bribery, to prevail on any cook to serve them more than half-boiled. This you know was a Roman fashion to a proverb—*asparago citius*—and Augustus used to say, when he desired to have his commands quickly executed, 'do it as speedily as asparagus boils.' But though it be thus ancient and imperial, it is a cruel fashion, and no where more savagely practised than in England.

'Your vegetables are only scalded, your viands are often but scorched, and your game comes to the table, more cooked by the *sceptic* process of nature, than by the fires of the *cuisine*. The *gravamen*, then, of which alone I have to complain, is not of cookery, in most of its modern forms, (and especially out of England,) but simply of the uses, or rather abuses, made of its luxurious results. The cook has generally performed his duty, and produced almost invariably, things edible and highly salutary; but his employers have rendered them almost poisonous, by blending so many of them at a single meal, and by an indulgence without stint, long after appetite has ceased, and after the powers of digestion have nearly terminated.

'The ancient cooks, you remember, were at one time the vilest of slaves; but, after a while, they rose in high estimation; and, leaving their kitchens, they came with triumph into the schools, among the philosophers. Their vile vocation became an honoured art, and lastly, even a lauded science:—for it is said that the Syracusian *Archestratus*, after travelling over the world in search of good cheer, composed an epic poem to illustrate its heroes; and that even Aristotle did not think the ars culinaria unworthy of his philosophic pen.

'I speak not here in commendation of that unmeaning luxury, and expensive gluttony, which marked the career of a Vitellius, a Heliogabalus, a Geta, a Lucullus, a Claudius, or a Gallienus. Magnificence, taste, and science, when carried to such excesses, lose all their charms, and sink into a degrading and disgusting fatuity. You remember, for instance, the emperor Geta was so refined an epicure, and had such an insatiate maw, withal, that his numerous dishes were brought in by divisions, and each alphabetically; and that his feeding would sometimes endure several days without intermission. We are likewise told that the emperor Vitellius was entertained, by his brother Lucius, with many thousand rare and expensive fishes, and with no less than seven thousand choice birds, each of peculiar value; and further, that luxury had attained such a mad height among the Romans, that the palate seemed to derive enjoyment from the combined consideration of the vast expense and shocking cruelties with which the

articles served up were procured. Hence was it, that the combs of living cocks, in vast numbers, were cut from their heads to form a single dish; the brains of thousands of peacocks occasioned vast slaughter, to satisfy the ideal taste of a beastly monarch; rare singing and talking birds, each of no small value, were collected on a large platter, and were then valued in what would now amount to nearly five thousand pounds of our money; lampreys were said to be rendered inexpressibly delicious, by being fed on human flesh; and even costly *pearls* were dissolved to swell up the expense of their bill of fare, and to make the combination of expense with cruelty, as perfect as possible.

'Well might the splendid Lucullus, in such an age, designate each of the various eating saloons of his palace, by the name of some deity, so that the steward of his banquets might know, at once, the intended expense and magnificence of a *cœna*, by his master's merely stating the name of the saloon in which he would have it take place. Well might the *cuisiniers* of those days collect, at untold prices, the crabs of Chios, the trouts of Pessinuntium, the cranes of Melos, the peacocks of Samos, the turkeys of Phrygia, the kids of Ambracia, the oysters of Tarento, and even of distant Albion, where we now happily are, and especially after the Trajan Apicius had discovered the important art of keeping them almost indefinitely fresh. Well might they do all this, and likewise go to Egypt for dates, to Iberia for chestnuts, and

also expend, as the Tiberian Apicius is said to have done, no less than a million sterling on his kitchen: for it is manifest, that the deity of the then world, was the god of every vitiated appetite of body and of soul; and that the Jupiter tonans should have taken the name of Jupiter edans!

'Very different, however, is the luxury and the refined aims of the culinary art of the present age; which, though sometimes carried to excess, and often abused by the mixtures and quantities in which we indulge, and which I have so carefully guarded against, is an art entitled to great commendation. The luxury of the ancients, often brutal, unmeaning, and foolishly extravagant, is widely removed from ours, which is far more subdued in every particular—has the utilities of life much more in view—is far more scientific and salutary;—and, were every one to adopt the plan suggested to me by my Montem surfeit, aided by the Æsopian fable I have mentioned, I see no reason to fear the decline of the culinary art. The entire system of European and of Asiatic cookery might remain, and become still more refined and improved: for my long experience has resulted in proscribing but few dishes, and still fewer among the wines and liqueurs; so that, after all, my *Index Expurgatorious* contains but a meagre list.

'I have sometimes thought, that the national cookery afforded me no little insight, *à priori*, into the national character of a people!—thus, in the fantastic and gossamer features of nearly all that is ushered from the French *cuisine*, in the various

colours, distillations, reductions, and refinements of their *entrées*, their *entremets de legumes, et de douceur*, and of their *desserts*, we find mirrored forth their ardent fancy—their devotion to things of taste and parade—their artificial worldly policy and speciousness—their indomitable vanity; and, above all, their want of genuine sentiment. So, likewise, in the substantial, honest, and perfectly undisguised dishes, so usual among the Germans, we perceive their national phlegm, their characteristic openness, their laborious habits, their indifference to mere physical refinements, and their pervading economy. So, in our own country, the simple boil, and still more primitive roast, and the almost total absence of all greasy appliances, suit the plain and unvarnished character of John Bull; and, finally, the hominy, roasting-ears, hasty-pudding, treacle, wild-game, succotash, and a hundred others, among the Americans, indicate their Indian associations—whilst their German, French, British, and various other dishes, manifest their extremely miscellaneous origin; and that the people have as little of *national cookery* as of *national character*. I admit, that in all nations the *élite* will depart from the general rule, and that gourmands may every where be found, seeking after the culinary *chef d'œuvres* of other lands. And the same remark, as to the influence of diet on character, applies to individuals—the emperor Charles V. not being much out of the way, when he said, 'I'll tell you what a man *thinks*, if you'll tell me what he *eats*.'

'In the use of wines, I have sometimes experienced a little difficulty, from the well-known practice among most nations, of introducing different wines, supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the several courses. In France, you know, the *vin ordinaire*, with its copious admixture of water, is made to flourish for a time, at their entertainments. The *vins d'entremets* prevail during the intervals between the courses; and it is often the case, that certain dishes demand the presence of particular wines. If, therefore, the *chablis* must accompany oysters, and *cillery* the roasts; if the *liqueurs*, or the highly dry wines cannot be taken out of their course, I had to make my selection, at each entertainment, of the wine destined for a known course, and to abstain, before and after, from all others.

'I should have experienced, however, insurmountable obstacles in all this, had the Athenian practice prevailed of drinking toasts, which demanded not only a bumper, but that the cup should be drained, in each case, of its contents; and to see this honestly done, officers were in attendance, clothed with the high powers of seeing that each man did his duty! No such amiably intended compulsion, thanks to Bacchus, ever visited me; but I have always been permitted to say, or nod my '*bene mihi bene tibi*,' with but a poorly replenished glass, and that, too, but only tasted.

'I have now, gentlemen, in compliance with your wishes, stated, perhaps, too fully, my views of the mode of rationally enjoying all the good

cheer, which a true Apician ought to covet: for the sum of my gratification must have been quite equal to that of any one of yours; and, moreover, I never expended, since I left Eton, a single pound on all the Esculapians of my own and of other lands; whereas, even among the friends and acquaintances, I have made in various parts of the world, I may truly say, with the Roman proverb, *plus gula quam gladius.*'

Here Mr. Cornaro removed his spectacles, called for a glass of water—and was silent.

'I confess,' said our host, 'you have argued your point with great ingenuity and ability; and if you could but subtract forty years from the sum I now count, and place me a youth at Eton school, and give me Æsop's fables for my daily study, and surfeit me with a Montem frolic—then, all that you have so charmingly detailed would scarce fail to make me a *practical* convert to your unquestionably sound philosophy: but, as it is, I greatly fear that, for the residue of my life, I shall be obliged to say, as king Agrippa said unto Paul, *almost thou persuadest me to be* thy disciple.'

With this, our company bade adieu to their host—all seemingly much pleased with so curious a specimen of an ancient philosopher, who, like the wandering Jew, was flourishing in modern times!

NOTE VIII.—A CURIOUS PROPOSITION.

I KNOW not where to refer for the exact terms of a proposition, said to have been made by a sage to a worldling, in illustration of the extreme folly of those who jeopard the riches of the life to come, for any pleasures the present one can afford; but I remember, it struck me with great force; and was somewhat after this fashion:—Suppose the whole earth were a mass of distinct globules of sand, and that every globule represented a thousand years, and that during the aggregate of the years, so represented by the entire mass, you were permitted to enjoy, not merely such an unalloyed happiness as you could contrive, or even imagine, but such as with the aid of the gods could be devised! would you at once seal a bond with Deity, to relinquish all of even your present *feeble hopes* of eternal happiness *thereafter*, for the *certain* enjoyment of the myriads of years that this world of globules would thus afford you?—to which, as the story goes, the unhesitating reply to the sage was—No.

And this, probably, would be the response of almost any mind, capable of the least reflection. Why then, it may well be asked, does man so constantly jeopard his eternal happiness, for the *uncertain* enjoyment of the extremely miscellaneous, and ever alloyed pleasures, he can snatch from time, during the few years allotted to him in this world? Strange infatuation! wonderful inconsistency! that a rational mind should, in *theory*,

earnestly reject such a proposition, and yet, in *practice*, daily commit a folly *infinitely* greater than would have been involved in its acceptance. The truth is that man, however correct in his theoretical views, seldom *acts* on any very defined principle (if he acts at all) in opposition to his passions. He is eminently a creature of circumstances—of impulses—and is, in many things, a mere bundle of habits! He seeks for present enjoyment, and seldom graduates his conduct in reference to a remote future.

The foregoing proposition reminds me of a pertinent, and beautiful illustration of the same matter, found in that meritorious and curious old work, entitled 'GESTA ROMANORUM,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in the sixteenth century; which I extract, with some alteration, however, of the orthography.

In the fifth of the GESTA, or stories of these Roman emperors, we find the following:

'Sometime their reigned in the city of Rome, a mighty emperor, and wise, named Frederick, which had only one son, whom he loved much. This emperor, when he lay in the point of death, called unto him his son, and said, dear son, I have a ball of gold, which I give thee, upon my blessing, that thou anon, after my death, shall give it to the *most fool* that thou mayest find! Then said his son, my lord, without doubt, thy will shall be fulfilled. Anon, this young lord, after the death of his father, went and sought in many realms, and found many fools richless; and be-

cause he would satisfy his father's will, he laboured further, till he came into a realm, where the law was such, that every year a new king should be chosen there, and this king had only the guiding of that realm but to a year's end, and shall then be deposed and put into exile in an island, where he should wretchedly finish his life! When the emperor's son came into this realm, the new king was chosen with great honour; and all manner of minstrelsy went afore him, and brought him with great reverence and worship unto his regal seat: and when the emperor's son saw that, he came unto him, and saluted him reverently, and said,—my lord, lo I give thee this ball of gold, on my father's behalf. Then said the king, I pray thee tell me the cause why thou givest *me* this ball? Then answered the young lord, and said thus: My father charged me, O king, in his death bed, under pain of his blessing, that I should give this ball to the most fool that I could find; wherefore I have sought many realms, and have found many fools,—nevertheless, a more fool than thou art, found I never; and therefore this is the reason. It is not unknown to thee that thou shalt reign but a year, and at the year's end, that thou shalt be exiled into such a place, where thou shalt die a mischievous death;—wherefore I hold *thee* for the most fool that ever I found, that, for the *lordship of a year*, thou wouldst so wilfully lease thyself! and therefore, before all others, I have given *thee* this ball of gold.

'Then said the king, without doubt, thou sayest

the truth; and, therefore, when I am in full power of this realm, I shall send before me great treasure and riches, wherewith I may live, and relieve myself from mischievous death, when that I shall be exiled and put down. Wherefore, at the year's end, he was exiled, and lived there in peace, upon such goods as he had sent before; and he died afterwards a good death!——Dear friends, this Emperor is the FATHER OF HEAVEN.'

And the story might, perhaps, have added that this son was JESUS CHRIST, and the foolish king, who afterwards became wise, and followed the sage admonition given him, is every son of man who takes counsel from the gospel, and who, in disregard of the temporary fascinations of the world, lays up his treasures in heaven. Well would it be, if every one, when so admonished, and having, perhaps, an equally temporary *lease* of life, that this king had of his realm, would do as he did—prepare, now, for a never-ending *fee-simple* of bliss, beyond the grave.

CHAPTER III.

IX. ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.—X. WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME?—XI. DR. WATSON AND THE STUART PAPERS.—XII. TAKING HEAVEN BY STORM.

NOTE IX.—ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

LADY MORGAN has given great offence to the Romanists, and not without cause, as I admit, by a passage in her 'Italy,' respecting the genuineness of this far-famed relic of the Vatican church. The matter and the manner of the attack are certainly far from admirable, and, as it seems to me, are barren of all courtesy—dogmatical, flippant, false, and wholly uncalled for. The short narrative given by her is, in substance, that the French, during their occupation of the holy city, forcibly removed the magnificent bronze casement that for some centuries has enshrined from the public gaze the venerable chair, brought it from darkness and cobwebs into full light, and then made the important discovery that it bore a nearly obliterated Arabic inscription, containing the well known Mahometan confession of faith—'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!'—and, moreover, that this chair came to the church among the spoils of the crusaders, when the times were too ignorant to

decypher the inscription—and finally, that the truth being since suppressed by the church, the chair has maintained its wonted honours—the people been deceived—and none but the unhallowed and audacious at Rome, either know the fact, or venture on repeating it!

In this account we find a discourteous spirit; it is likewise dogmatical, because it contains mere assertion, without even the feeblest attempt at argument, or authority—it is flippant and false, as it reposes on an idle tale, so extremely silly on its face, as to make no impression on any reflecting mind; and lastly, it was wholly gratuitous, and inconsequential, as this relic, perhaps, of all others known to the catholic church, is the least obnoxious to censure, is among the best authenticated, (at least as being a chair of the times of the Saint) and finally, because it is one, which if ever seen by Lady Morgan, could have been but superficially, and which, as is equally probable, had never been more critically examined by any one with whom she was likely to have confidentially communed. How strange is it that protestant zeal, and more often an unmeaning spirit of infidelity as to the genuineness of ancient remains, prompts us to disregard the laws of evidence, the philosophy of probabilities, and thus recklessly to close our mental vision against the light of truth! It is, indeed, an undeniable fact that the Roman church has very many false relics, and some of them so shamefully absurd, as to raise, in thin and undiscriminating minds, doubts as to them all. But it

is the province of wisdom to have caution without scepticism, liberality without credulity, and calmness in the examination and weighing of evidences in every separate case, without confounding them with others; and this, as we think, has not been always done by the opponents of catholic beliefs, and certainly not by Lady Morgan, in the present instance; for she has evidently applied some extremely vague accounts respecting the but little esteemed, and only vulgarly so called chair of St. Peter at Venice, to the greatly valued one of Rome, which has been long accredited as such by men of distinguished learning and piety, and the authenticity of which, during very many centuries, is as well maintained, historically and traditionally as that of any one of the various relics to be found in most of the English cathedrals and castles, and concerning which we hear of few, if any doubts, and of no illiberal and ill-natured attacks.

The chair, in question, may not be the veritable one in which St. Peter reposed; but this has never been disproved, and it has tradition to that effect on its side—it may, also, not be a Roman curule chair, but it is certainly not a Mahometan monument, nor has it any Arabic, or other inscription that proves the falsity of its claims—it may never have been within the walls of the Senator Pudens' house, nor have been presented by him to the Saint, but it is still, in every respect, just such a chair as might have been in Rome at that time, and most worthy of being thus presented to the distinguished apostle, if he were ever there: to

receive it at the hands of his alleged host and proselyte; and it differs, moreover, from the known curule chairs, only as a variety may deviate from one of its species.

Rome has numerous relics still more ancient than the era imputed to this chair, and most of them are even more feebly verified; and yet in regard to these, antiquarians presume to speak with no little confidence and display of learning; whereas this chair of the pope's, to a protestant mind, seems to be at once severed from all antiquarian research, and is pronounced, by mere 'lookers-on in Venice,' either as a comparatively modern fabric, or as one of any other region, or origin, than Roman! And why all this?—merely, forsooth, because some people vaguely and idly imagine that if St. Peter ever sat in this famous chair, it must have been in Rome, if in Rome, then as Pope, and if as pope, then as the successor of Christ and the apostles, and if such, then that the catholic church is the one, and only one to which was said, '*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram adificabo Ecclesiam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum!*' Now, the whole of this, as it seemeth to me, is verily such a congeries of *non sequiturs*, as Lady Morgan, and all who so think, should deeply blush at. Hath not Luther's great Reformation a surer basis, a more enduring fulcrum to rest upon, than the negation of such a consecutive series of idle inferences? Would even the clearest proofs that this beautiful relic of ancient art, with its fine embellishments of ivory and gold, had never been

seen by the great 'apostle of the circumcision,' and that the whole tradition was a 'pious fraud' of far more recent days, abate one jot or tittle the claims of popery, whatever they may be? I think not. Does protestantism suffer an iota of loss, on the other hand, by the clearest proofs, not only that this was his chair, but that he long resided at Rome, and there suffered martyrdom? Clearly not,—all this, and all the other particulars respecting the chair, might well be conceded, and yet St. Peter never have been pope of Rome, never have been even bishop thereof; and finally, never have claimed, nor exercised any *official* superiority over the other apostles. The laboured researches, then, of the Romanists to prove the genuineness of this chair, and the testy jealousy of protestants in respect to it, and particularly as to the point of the saint's long residence, and martyrdom at Rome, seem to me to be what lawyers would denominate an immaterial issue, or a departure in the pleadings, whenever these researches, on either side, are in any degree connected with the question—'which is the true church?'

Dr. Wiseman, of the Roman University, however, in his short but eloquent reply to Lady Morgan's slander, shows himself a *wiser* catholic than many of his brethren, who have written on the claims of the chair; for his brief argument is not that of an elaborate antiquarian, but of an honest and zealous mind in pursuit of truth, indignantly refuting, in a common sense way, a fabulous narra-

tive of an accomplished popular writer, who, in connection with her subject, had charged the whole body of the catholic clergy with perpetuating a gross deception, after a clear discovery of the spuriousness of the relic—a charge in no degree sustained in the present instance, whatever may be the fact in respect to some others, not yet repudiated, though it be scarce possible, at least for a protestant mind, to conceive a credulity in regard to them so gross and benighted, as still to retain them in the *canon of their relics!*

But, to revert for a moment, to the champions, and to the repudiators of this chair—what do the dissertations of *Fabei*, of *Bonnani*, of *Wiseman*, and others, on the one side, and of *Velcinus*, of *Calvin*, of *Sebastian*, of *Oxen*, and others on the other, either prove, or disprove? Surely, little more than the great antiquity of the chair in question—its long connection with the name of St. Peter—that in the primitive church it was customary for teachers of distinction to occupy, by way of eminence, a *sedes—cathedra—throne* or *chair*, and which, in after times, was often carefully preserved as an interesting relic—that Eusebius mentions the chair of *St. James*, as being extant in his time—that *St. Mark's* chair was long preserved with a like veneration at Alexandria—that Tertullian speaks in still more general terms, of the 'very chairs of the apostles as yet in their places'—that St. Optatus, in the fourth century, alluded to the chair of *St. Peter*, as one that Macrobius of Rome had never occupied—that Ennodius of Pavia,

early in the sixth century, when lamenting the state of the church, adverts to the fact that the *chair* is now despised, and afterwards speaks of the *portable* chair of the apostle's confession (or tomb,)—all of which combined would seem to bring this chair somewhat authentically as imputed to St. Peter, as far back as to A. D. 503—but alas! here all *tradition*, even, ends. Yet, as the matter thus far stands, the claims of the chair are fully redeemed from the aspersions cast upon it by Lady Morgan and others. Now, though in the second place, her ladyship, and other cognate writers have sufficiently established that the Romanists have failed in obtaining *certain proof* that this chair ever was St. Peter's, it ought to be remembered that the Romanists themselves have spared these very writers the necessity of establishing this fact—since all Catholics have unhesitatingly admitted the absence of any such *clear proof* that it ever was his; and have only reposed on the probabilities which they deduced from the facts I have just stated.

The whole subject is, perhaps, of little moment, in the abstract; and would not have been dwelt on, had not many Catholics, on the one hand, supposed that its genuineness forms an important link in the chain of their proofs of apostolic supremacy! and had not Protestants, on the other, been weak enough to regard it somewhat in the same light! Entertaining, as I do, quite a different opinion, and believing that neither church would gain or lose by the decision of the controversy either way, I am

disposed to treat this relic as I would those of Shakspeare at Stratford—those of the redoubtable Guy, at Warwick castle—those of Luther, of Wickliff, of some of the early kings of England, or of Scotland—or, in fine, any other remains of unrecorded times, that may have come down to us attended by little of clear proof—but which are still sustained by a long tradition, and by those *probabilities* which arise out of the laws of circumstantial evidence judiciously applied. And, with this, I now take my leave of the long venerated chair ensconced in the Tribune of St. Peter's basilika at Rome.

NOTE X.—WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME?

THIS question is gravely put by many, and variously answered, as if it were one on which the fate of popery or of protestantism is to be ultimately decided!

Yes, say the catholics—St. Peter first arrived there in the second year of the Emperor Claudius, and resided in the house of the Senator Pudens for seven years, the saint having previously converted him to the new faith, together with his two daughters, Pudentiana and Prassade, and his two sons, Novatus and Timothy. In consequence of an edict against the Jews, the saint retired from Rome, leaving with his host a portrait of our Saviour, now preserved in the church of St. Prassade, which was erected in honour of the senator's daughter! During St. Peter's absence

from the imperial city, he assisted St. Mark in the preparation of his gospel, but returned, with St. Paul to Rome, about the thirty-second year after the crucifixion, and again took up his residence with the senator, who then presented to him the splendid chair of ivory and gold, (the subject of my previous note,) and which is now preserved in the Tribune of St. Peter's church, enshrined in a magnificent bronze case, and is annually exhibited, on the eighteenth of January, to the eager gaze of an admiring multitude!

The Romanists further say that in the year 164, the church of St. Pudentiana was erected in honour of the Senator Pudens' other daughter, on the very spot where his house had stood, and that the chapel to the right of the choir, now contains the altar on which St. Peter used to celebrate the mass—some of the books say, 'dove *credesi* che S. Pietro celebrava la massa.' This church also contains the well in which Saint Pudentiana cast the blood of three thousand martyrs, whose remains are there deposited, and to which a daily visit through life, entitles those making it to an *indulgence* of three thousand years, from the pains of purgatory, and a remission of a moiety of their sins!

According to these Roman authorities, St. Peter resided in Rome twenty-five years, enduring many alternations of prosperity and adversity. He was confined in the Tullian, or Mamertine prison, which still remains, though erected by Ancus Martius; and the pillar to which the saint was fastened, a-

also the small spring or well of water with which he was miraculously supplied for the baptism of the two gaolers, and his forty-seven companions are now likewise to be seen!

It is farther asserted that St. Peter suffered martyrdom by crucifixion, A. D. 67—in the twelfth year of the Emperor Nero, on the Janiculum, now called the Golden Hill, or *Montorio*, in sacred allusion, as some say, to the event—or, more probably, as others supposed, from the yellow or gold-like sand of the hill. Near the place of the crucifixion, Constantine the Great erected the church of *S. Pietro in Montrorio;* and on the precise spot was erected by Ferdinand IV. of Spain, a small temple of singular beauty, consisting of a rotunda sustained by sixteen doric columns, after the design of Bramante, which is still in perfect preservation. Although the precise spot of the saint's crucifixion has been questioned by some catholics, (maugre the erection of the aforesaid church and temple,) yet they all agree that it certainly took place near the Vatican, and consequently near to where tradition has assigned it, and where Constantine founded the church, and where Ferdinand established the temple, now so much admired by travellers.

The place of the saint's *interment*, according to Eusebius, has always been pointed out by tradition, as on the Vatican hill; and further accounts state it to have been in a cemetery, over which Pope Anacletus, early in the second century, erected a chapel, and enclosed the body in a

marble urn,—that this chapel and urn were superseded by the old, and subsequently by the present church, or rather *basilika* of St. Peter, (as being a sacred temple erected in honour of a martyr) and finally, that the remains, then hermetically enshrined in brass and copper, have never since been seen, but the holy spot is beneath the present high altar, adjoining to which is the Confessional of the Shrine, the descent to which is by a double flight of steps, surrounded by more than a hundred lamps, burning in perpetual honour of the sacred spot.

St. Peter, according to Eusebius, went to Rome to oppose the pernicious tenets of Simon Magus, whose preaching is said greatly to have pleased Nero, especially after it had been given out that Magus would fly to heaven in the emperor's presence; and he was seen to fly assisted by demons, until St. Peter brought him so rapidly to the earth as to fracture both his legs, in consequence of which he soon after died! In addition to all these proofs of St. Peter's residence at Rome, the Catholics also refer to the saints' miraculous liberation of Rome from the attack and fury of Attila—to the statue of the saint now in the Vatican Basilika, which was made by the order of St. Leo, out of the bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus—to the marble statue of St. Peter, formerly on the outside of the *old church*, and now to be seen in the *Grotte Vaticane*—to the church of *St. Pietro in Vincoli*, which was erected by Eudoxia, in the year 442, for the preservation of the *chains* that bound him

when in prison at Jerusalem! These manacles were sent from the holy city of Judea, by Eudocia to her daughter Eudoxia, wife of the emperor Valentinian, and shortly after their arrival at Rome, they miraculously associated themselves with the chain that had bound St. Paul at Rome!

Catholics still further refer, in proof of their point, to the relics of St. Peter, now preserved at Rome, in the church of St. Cecilia, viz: two of his teeth, and seven rings of the chain by which he had been bound! The foregoing, with many others that might have been mentioned, are the materials that compose the argument of the Romanists in favour of St. Peter's residence at Rome, his persecutions there in establishing the new faith, his martyrdom there—and finally, his claims to be regarded as the founder of the church, the first Pope, and as the rock on which Christ himself promised that his church should be built.

The Protestants, on the other hand, have either wholly denied his presence in the eternal city—or his alleged extended residence there, and establishment by him there of the church; or lastly, they contend that if all the facts stated by Catholics be true, still, that they confer no *official* superiority whatever of this saint over St. Paul, or over any other of the apostles—that they confer no claims beyond that of mere bishop, and in no way sustain the Romish doctrine of papal power, even to any limited extent of ecclesiastical authority over other bishops. Had Protestants seen fit to adhere to this last simple view of the matter, they would

easily have perceived where the substantial truth of the controversy was really to be found; they would readily have separated the idle legends from plausible traditions, and from the credible histories of early times; and, in so doing, would unhesitatingly have admitted that the weight of evidence deduced from both, sufficiently established the fact that *Saint Peter was at Rome on two several occasions*, and was there crucified during the first persecution of the church, under Nero. This being admitted, would, as I apprehend, in no degree have weakened the lawfulness and necessity of the Reformation, nor the justice of the denial to the Pope of Rome of every particular in which the two churches differ.

But, without my now, or at any time, entering into such considerations, or in any way urging the comparative merits of either church, what have the Protestants been accustomed to urge, in reply to the naked fact of St. Peter's visit, or extended residence in Rome? They have carped much, though unnecessarily and yet with truth, at the idle fictions respecting some of the relics—as the chains, and the links of chains that bound St. Peter, and which ran, 'in osculation sweet,' to associate with those of St. Paul!—the pillar to which he had been manacled!—the miraculous springing up of the water in the Tullian prison!—the impression made of his likeness in the solid stone, now exhibited on the side wall, as you descend the prison steps!—the Saint's two teeth, so carefully preserved in the church of St. Cecilia!—the le

gend of Simon Magus!—and such like fancies, all of which might well be dismissed with mixed pity and surprise that, in a church so full of piety, zeal, learning, and worldly tact; in days, too, of so much enlightenment as the present, the merest figments of primitive ignorance and superstition, should still be retained! Why not establish a *canon of relics?*—why not winnow the pure grain from the chaff; and, if there be genuine and indubitable relics, why not repose upon them exclusively, and give the rest to oblivion, and once more, to the darkness in which they may have originated?

If, however, our Catholic brethren will not do this; if they will persist in marring the many real and substantial beauties and merits of their mother church, Protestants surely have no occasion, on their part, to disregard both history and tradition in respect to St. Peter, from any well grounded apprehension that legends or relics can, in any way, affect the argument for or against the views of Catholics and of Protestants—the question would still remain, and be a mere point of fact, 'Was St. Peter ever at Rome?' No! say many Protestants, for such a fact would have been somewhere recorded, or alluded to, in the acts of the apostles, in the gospels, in the epistles; whereas, not a word of the kind is any where to be found in them!

The saint's residence in Rome for twenty-five years, as stated by Eusebius, is, say they, an interpolation, not to be found in various editions of his

work that have been published out of Rome! and Origen, who lived considerably before Eusebius, refers St. Peter's visit to the *close* of his life: which, according to these protestant arguers, shows such a vague and contradictory account of the matter, as to cast the whole into doubt! His first visit, said to commence with the second year of Claudius, and nine years after the crucifixion, could not have endured for *seven* years; nor could his second visit have lasted *eighteen* years; nor could the first have been eighteen, and the second seven years, consistently with the narrative contained in the acts of the apostles?

And many over zealous Protestants further think that had St. Peter been at Rome, at any time during which St. Paul wrote from that city, or to the Romans, he must have made some mention of his co-laborator, which he does not; and hence, if he were not there during either of these times, it is difficult to find any such periods between the crucifixion of our Saviour, and the alleged date of St. Peter's martyrdom, since it would require even more than the *whole* of this intervening period to satisfy the residence claimed for him at Rome, by those who rely on the account of Eusebius, and others.

Now, I confess, these views are to me quite sufficient to disprove the alleged *extent* of St. Peter's residence during the two combined visits; and many catholics have had the candour to abandon that altogether. But still, the extent of the residence contended for may well be erroneous, and

the substance of the controversy be yet entitled to an affirmative answer.

Dr. Campbell, in his brief notice of this question, has involved himself, as it seems to me, in at least an apparent contradiction, when he asserts that St. Peter's ever being at Rome rests solely on *tradition*, and such a tradition as is very suspicious, accompanied as it is by such a number of legendary stories, as are totally unworthy of regard; and because the scriptures, and all of the apostolic fathers are entirely silent on the subject;—and yet he adds that Clement of Rome, in the second century, mentions Peter's martyrdom as a known fact, without specifying, however, the place, but which, says the Doctor, 'I am inclined to think *must have been at Rome*, both because it is agreeable to the unanimous voice of antiquity, and because the sufferings of so great an apostle could not fail to be a matter of such notoriety in the church, as to preclude the possibility of an imposition in regard to the place.'* And he afterwards states that the silence of scripture on the subject can only be reconciled by admitting that St. Peter's journey to Rome was not only posterior to the historical period embraced by the acts of the apostles, but to that embraced by Paul's epistles.

Now, if Doctor Campbell's concessions be taken, how do they consist with his allegation that the fact rests exclusively on a tradition, itself entitled to little weight *because* associated with legendary

*Eccle. Hist. p. 191.

stories? for, if the fact be conceded, it cannot be impaired by the circumstance of its connection with mere tradition and legends; but, on his own showing, it seems to repose on something further than tradition and idle stories, else the concession would not have been made. As the matter, however, stands upon the view thus taken of it by Dr. Campbell, it is, as it seems to me, all that the question *really* demands, unless, indeed, the point be at the same time connected with such a length of residence as would of itself make St. Peter the first propagator of christianity, and the first source of all christian authority, at Rome. But this has at no time been asserted by the Romanists, and need not have been, if their previous opinion be also correct, that St. Peter's presidency in the sacred college of the apostles, conferred on him by Christ, necessarily conferred on him an *official* superiority over the other apostles, which, however, is contradicted by the admitted fact that he sometimes acted in subordination to them, and they, in turn, seem never to have recognized any such official supremacy.

Nor can I well perceive how a tradition as to his martyrdom at Rome, is to be entitled to more credit, than a like tradition of his two visits—of his long residence with the Senator Pudens—or of such other matters as are not manifestly legendary. It would seem, then, to be more consectaneous with the laws of evidence that we should carefully separate all that tends to establish the naked fact of St. Peter's ever having been at Rome at all,

from such considerations as go merely to the point of the *authority* claimed by the Roman church to have been exercised by him—questions essentially distinct, but which the prejudice of party, or the intemperance of religious zeal, has too often confounded. St. Peter may have been often at Rome—may have been there martyred—may have received the far-famed chair from Pudens, his early convert—may have had there many churches and other monuments erected to his illustrious memory—the relics of him, moreover, may all be genuine, and his remains may now be enshrined in the venerable Vatican church—nay, he may even have the honour accorded to him of being the sole founder at Rome of the christian church, and take precedence therein of the Tuscan Linus, as bishop, and yet never have been Pope of Rome, or father over all churches in christendom; but have been merely, and at most, the first *bishop of Rome*, without the least authority beyond the original limits of that bishopric!

It is likewise to be remembered that St. Peter was the founder, also, of the church at Antioch, which being the *first* church ever established by him, the *popedom*, by rights, should have commenced there, rather than at Rome. Certain it is, that St. Paul, writing from Rome to the Gallatians, denominates St. Peter the apostle of the circumcision, and himself the apostle of the uncircumcision; and further states that when Peter was come to Antioch, he (St. Paul) 'withstood him to the face, because he (Peter) was to be

blamed!' And, a short time before his death, in writing to Timothy from Rome, the same apostle says that 'Eubulus and Pudens, and *Linus*, and Claudia greet thee, and all the brethren.' Now, as to this Linus, if he ever were pope, it must have been either before or after St. Peter's residence there, which, also, must have been before Paul's death; and yet his name is not mentioned with that respect for *precedency*, which must have been accorded to him, had Linus as the bishop of Rome, been *pope* over all christian churches!

It is likewise certain that Irenæus, near the close of the second century, makes no mention of St. Peter, as ever being even *bishop* of Rome, but speaks of *Linus* as the first bishop, and of Anacletus as the second. And who was Irenæus? Is not his authority as high as any that can be adduced? He was the pupil of Polycarp, a disciple of the apostle John, so that being but a single remove from the age of St. Peter, and being, moreover, as eminent for his learning, as he was for piety, must have been familiar with the primitive organization of the church. Now this Irenæus, when bishop of Lyons, wrote his celebrated work against the 'Heretics' of those days; and, in the third chapter of the third book of his work, he is so explicit on the subject of what is called apostolic succession, that all controversy about it would seem to be idle, especially as he is contradicted by no contemporaneous or antecedent authority, or by none, whatever, for several centuries after. The substance of his

remarks on this point is that—the apostles *founded* churches, and ordained bishops in them—that Peter and Paul founded the church at Rome, and ordained *Linus* to the charge of governing it—that Polycarp was ordained bishop of the church in Smyrna, and that he and Irenæus were intimately acquainted—that a minute enumeration of the successions *in all* of the churches would be unnecessary and tedious, but that he would select the succession of the one founded at Rome, as being eminent and well known, and that the succession of bishops, and the true faith as handed down from the time of the apostles to his own day (a little more than one hundred years only) was so perfectly familiar to him, that its mere statement would be sufficient to repel all idle conceits, and all perverse blindness of those opposed to truth—that *Linus* was the first bishop of Rome, then came Anacletus—the third from the apostles was Clement, who saw the apostles themselves and conversed with them—and, after enumerating several others in succession after Clement, he says, Sextus was ordained the *sixth* from the apostles; and, finally, coming to Eleutherus, he says, 'he is now in the episcopate, being the *twelfth* in succession from the apostles.' Irenæus then speaks of the church at Smyrna, of Polycarp as its first bishop, and says that as such he had always taught what he had learned from the apostles, and that to these things all the churches of Asia, and all the bishops from Polycarp till the time of his writing, gave testimony.

After a statement so pointed and clear, it would seem that the door ought to be closed as to the question who was first bishop of Rome—and whether St. Peter was ever pope, or even bishop of Rome.

The matter now in controversy, both as to the fact of St. Peter's visits to Rome, and the diverse inferences deduced from them by catholics and protestants, seems to have arisen long posterior to the age of Irenæus,—for it is not until the commencement of the fifth century that we perceive the first buddings of the since long vexed question, when Innocent I. conceived the thought of claiming for the episcopal see of Rome a superiority over other sees, in virtue of *St. Peter's foundership*, which as he thought was entitled to precedence over Antioch, and consequently all others, because St. Peter fully accomplished at Rome, what he had but commenced at Antioch!

As to the title of *pope*, it is an undeniable fact it was applied to bishops of other sees as well as that of Rome, and this too, long before papal supremacy was at all thought of. Now, although the word pope, *papa*, (probably from *pater patrum*) does, ex vi termini, import chief, or head—*father* of *fathers*, yet this does not import bishop of bishops—he may well have been father over all within the limits of his diocess, without claiming to exercise any extra territorial paternity or jurisdiction. And so the historical fact is—for the bishop of Rome, at first, claimed no superiority or precedence, this having arisen in after times,

not merely in respect to the see of Rome, but as to several others, they being all classed in the scale of precedence, more in reference to the then existing *temporal* power, and other influences of each, than to any spiritual considerations whatever;—and hence it was that the bishop of Rome, the first of cities in the empire, naturally took precedence of the bishop of Constantinople, which city was called '*New Rome;*' and, in like manner, Alexandria took precedence of even Antioch, the former being the superior city in every temporal respect. Had the superiority been accorded to '*old Rome,*' because St. Peter was considered the first pope, the council of Chalcedon, in the year 451, would never for a moment have thought of yielding the precedence to Rome over Constantinople, '*because it was the imperial city,*' which was the language used on the occasion: nor could the pope, in after times, have feared that the bishoprick of Constantinople '*scarce named in former ages, might with little ceremony, be raised above the Roman see,*' because *her temporal* power seemed to be so fast gaining the ascendancy over that of the Eternal City.

On the whole, then, the controversy respecting St. Peter's residence at Rome, seems to have been rather an unmeaning one, *on both sides.* The fact is clearly with the catholics—but the *inferences* of supposed importance, are, as clearly, with the protestants. The history of the Roman church since the apostolic age, is at this time, too well understood to cause just grounds of apprehension

for the stability of protestant, or of catholic claims: for such considerations as the long or short residence of St. Peter in the imperial city—the presence of his visible apostolic chair within the walls of the Vatican—the careful preservation at Rome of his martyred remains—or finally, from all the combined honours, so justly accorded by monuments, statues, and churches, to the memory of this chief of the apostles, and most venerated among saints—all such matters, as it seems to me, have but a feeble bearing on any question, either of church authority, or of church organization, and have been dwelt on, thus long in the present note, mainly to show how unnecessarily the learned and pious have, for ages, agitated their minds with immaterial facts, ingeniously blended with important inferences, with which, in truth, they have but an impotent connection!

Both the great parties, in such controversies, give to alleged facts an unmerited and factitious importance, instead of calmly inquiring, first as to their value, if true; and secondly, the proofs according to the philosophy of evidence on which they repose. Had these distinct objects been ever kept in view, the result, as I think, must have been that, in a *theological* point of view, the facts are of very minor importance, and that the catholics, though they have sufficiently established the verity of their principal facts, have wholly failed in many collateral matters, and in all of the inferences on which they have so zealously insisted.

NOTE XI.—DR. WATSON AND THE STUART PAPERS.

I HAVE long been curious to know, but have never yet been able to ascertain, what became of the Stuart Papers, discovered by Dr. Watson at Rome, some twenty or more years ago. It is well known that this clever Scotch gentleman went to Italy on a pilgrimage in search of valuable historical, political, and literary relics of the house of Stuart, then said to be at Rome in the hands of individuals, who set but little store by them; and that they were rescued by him from their oblivion, but in a strange and most despotic manner, were wrested from him! It is said that Dr. Watson, after a toilsome search, discovered that the executor of the Cardinal of York—or, if legitimacy be rigidly insisted on, then of Henry IX. still retained a very large collection of precious manuscripts, so little prized, however, by the executor, as to be found in a dusty and leaky garret, and which Dr. Watson purchased of him for no considerable sum, and removed them to his own apartments. These papers, when assorted, were found to consist of nearly half a million of distinct articles, more than one half of which were said to be extremely interesting and curious, forming in themselves materials for many volumes of great novelty. Among these remains, the accumulation of nearly a century, were letters from many crowned heads, from statesmen, noblemen, and scholars of the day. There were letters of Pope, of Swift, of Bolingbroke, and others, together with documents,

which, had they come to light shortly after they were penned, would have occasioned much excitement, and possibly important results. In them might be found the various schemes devised for the restoration of the exiled royal house of Stuart—the views of its partisans, the hopes, fears, and anticipated plans of its enemies—a revelation of names true to their king, but whom, from policy and other causes, were ranged ostensibly on the side of the existing powers—all of which interesting matters, though they related to transactions that were long past, and of individuals no longer living, and of families, perhaps now extinct, were still sufficiently attractive to bring crowds of visiters to Dr. Watson's house, which ended in so alarming the papal government, that the secretary of state was sent, first with overtures for the re-purchase of the papers, but which, soon after, eventuated in obtaining them by force, accompanied also by arrest of the patriotic Scot! The Pope then gave orders for the careful examination of the manuscripts, which were finally tendered to the British government, and a frigate was hastily despatched with them to England! Dr. Watson, as the tale goes, immediately thereafter was released from his durance vile, and as soon as possible appeared before the Regent at Carlton House, and there claimed as his own purchased property, the manuscripts; which, as he contended, could be regarded in no other light than as the private and individual property of a bona fide pur[redacted] and to which the crown, or reigning [redacted]

England, could have no hereditary claim, especially after a sale by a regularly constituted executor in a foreign land. But, where power is mostly on one side—where possession (said to be nine points of the law) was in a mighty prince, and where state policy might conflict with private views, either of utility or of emolument, the hope of a favourable decision for the return of the papers, could have been but slight. A commission, however, was constituted to investigate the claim, which, as I suppose, being found untenable, we hear no more of Dr. Watson; and the question now is, what has become of these Stuart Papers! for, although two large quarto volumes have been given to the world, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, which are said to have been published by the command of the Prince Regent, from original Stuart manuscripts, discovered since the death of the last of the Stuarts; there seems to be some confusion in regard to the batch of papers from which these volumes are compiled; and whether they embrace any of those purchased by Dr. Watson! It is said, indeed, that the whole tale of Dr. Watson's discovery at Rome, is untrue, and that a valuable collection was purchased by him at Paris, from a priest, who, faithless to the trust reposed in him by the pope's auditor, sold them, and for a trifle; and though shortly after regained by the auditor, they never reached Carlton House! This, however, is, in turn, probably a great mistake; but the two volumes issued by the prince's command, (if no others have been since published) seem not to contain those em-

braced by Dr. Watson's collection. It is said that Atterbury's letter giving a plan of invasion—another from the Duke of Leeds to the admiral then in command of the fleet, offering him an immense sum, and a peerage, as a tempting guerdon for his defection, and also many private letters of friendship, which passed between the royal exiles, their relatives and secret adherents, as also for their companions in misfortune, all of which were full of interest, formed a part of the extensive collection, once in Dr. Watson's possession.

I confess, I am never drawn to the sad fate of the first Charles, without emotion, and a deep sympathy, for the downfall of his house—but then, how soon am I compelled to remember what an arrant knave and *petit maitre* was the second Charles, and what a *pauvre diable* was the second James! and further, how illustrious has been the nation's glory, under the house of Brunswick; and how glowing and radiant are the hopes of this truly great people, under their present very promising, though youthful, Queen Victoria! The unhappy Charles during his gloomy imprisonment at Carisbrooke castle, is then nearly forgotten—and even the dreadful scene of his execution becomes in some degree veiled from my view—and the wanderings of the Pretender, Charles Edward, and the long, pious, and unpretending life of Henry—the last of the Stuarts, all pass in review before me, with nothing beyond those fleeting, and mere *historical* sympathies, which leave no shadow of regret on one's mind, that their throne has been so long occupied,

destined for ever so to be, by those of other blood; and that when Henry, Cardinal d'York, in 1807, was consigned to his tomb in the church at Frascati, that event made an end for ever of this long, long line of noble and of royal blood, that counted from the Norman Fitz Alan, through a period of eight centuries! And yet, when my eye ran rapidly over the poor little monument erected to his memory, as also that to his brother prince Charles Edward, who died in 1787, I could not but feel as if I should have been better pleased, had the great British nation, in this one instance at least, have manifested a more generous feeling towards this last of an unfortunate family, and for ever have recorded by a splendid mausoleum, and an apt inscription, not only their own oblivion of the errors that deprived the Stuarts of their throne, but the nation's enduring horror at the act that consigned the most amiable of that family to imprisonment, and to a most unmerited death. There is likewise a monument in St. Peter's at Rome, to the memory of James III. and of his sons, Charles and Henry—the genii, with their inverted torches, beautifully and mournfully tell us, the royal line of these titular kings is now extinct. It is a delightful work, by Canova—by whom, or at whose instance erected, I do not remember.

The character of Henry, bishop of Frascati, seems to be but little known, and indeed, little has been ever said or written of him. I was happy, therefore, to meet in the chaste and veracious Forsyth, with the following notice of the king—

Cardinal, which, I trust, will need no apology for its insertion here.—'At the *Rocca* I was introduced to Cardinal York, and felt some emotion on seeing the last withered branch of that unfortunate family which had reigned in my country so many ages. The Cardinal appeared to me an hospitable, warm-hearted, testy old man, and discovered, even at his own table, something of that peremptory manner which, being supported by long seniority and illustrious birth, gave him, I understood, an ascendency in the sacred college, over minds superior to his own. When my name and country were announced, he said he had heard of *second sight* in Scotland, but never of *Foresight*, and this poor joke drew a laugh from all that understood English, which the Cardinal talks pretty well for a foreigner. When my friend told him that my grandfather fell in the Stuart cause, the recollection of that cause drew a tear into his eye, an emotion to which he is very subject. His face is handsome, smooth, ruddy, without wrinkle, except on the forehead. He stoops much and walks with difficulty. His dress was an alternation of red and black; a scarlet coif; a black coat lined with scarlet silk; a black silk mantle, a scarlet waistcoat, black velvet breeches, scarlet stockings, black shoes, scarlet heels, purple coat laced with gold, and a plain episcopal cross on his breast. I could perceive at dinner a residue of royal state. There was a space between him and us sufficient for another cover—after a pause in conversation, none began till he spoke. He

had a salt-cellar for himself, but it was *stone-ware!* the others were of silver: he had his own soup in a porringer! and ours was in a tureen. On his carriage he has the regal crown under the Cardinal's hat: but he never assumed, like his brother, the title of majesty.'——Will the human heart ever lose its interest, even in such little matters, when they relate to those who have, or who might have been, at the head of human power and greatness? Truly no. And yet it would be difficult to resolve this feeling into its primary elements, so as to show us clearly, why it is so! When Napoleon fell, the world rejoiced; when in exile on a desert rock, the world sympathized; and that sympathy seemed to grow deeper, and deeper, not merely as the fallen emperor became more and more oppressed, but as the proofs grew stronger and stronger of the solid blessings the world was enjoying, in consequence of his exile! How wonderful are the human heart and mind!—what a medley of inconsistencies and of contradictions is it!—who, but that great Being, to whom nothing is dark, can unravel it!

NOTE XII.—TAKING HEAVEN BY STORM.

'BETTER LATE THAN NEVER' is an old saw that every one likes—it savours of existing hope, or of positive acquisition, which, though long deferred, still comes with 'healing on its wings,' to gladden the heart, and to compensate for many anxious expectations.

The saying is eminently true, though seldom so applied, as to REPENTANCE, which, come when it may, even in the article of death, is never too late, if it be that deep remorse for sin, that unmixed reliance on the Saviour, and that thorough resolution to avoid a relapse, which springs from a love towards heaven, and not from a mere dread of hell. The doctrine to which I allude, in any of its forms, and however true it may be, is still environed with many dangers; and, if ever adopted as a rule of action, or permitted, in any degree to influence our conduct when in health, will be very apt to stand us in the poorest stead, when we come to the last hour.

He is, indeed, a reckless calculator, who could for a moment voluntarily defer the day of amendment, that he may intermediately sin, until inclination, or ability so to do, shall cease, and then be followed by the hoped for saving repentance! The truth is that, perhaps, nearly all men love repentance *in the abstract;* but, present enjoyments, engrossing miseries, or sheer thoughtlessness, shut out reflection; or, if that sometimes

comes, they lack the moral courage—the firmness of purpose, either to make, or to execute any pious resolution. Many do *mentally* assent to the beauty of the virtues, and to the necessity of a change of life; but they shrink from *action*, or vainly hope for some instantaneous and, as it were, compulsory transformation, that may plant them safely on the shore of unalloyed spiritual enjoyment, without resort to any of the pains and denials of an active seeking after its goods.

Now, as it seems to me, it is this very sluggishness, this *passive* willingness *to be changed*, and the absence of all *active* willingness *to change themselves*, that occasion men to cling so tenaciously to the hope, and to the efficacy of a deathbed repentance. When in health, the mind indulging this hope, transfers itself, in imagination, to the moment when all necessity for *action* is gone, and when life, then about to end, can no longer have any charms. Such an imagination demands no present, and active willingness, no instant sacrifice, no actual change of condition—and hence may be full of that passive willingness, which deceives ourselves, assumes the show of religion, and makes a present merit of a possible future deathbed repentance!

But even this shadow of anticipated religion, this curious blending and compounding of passive with active willingness, this mere fiction and contrivance of the deceitful and subtle enemy of man, wholly vanishes, the moment any appeal is made to such persons to show at once the verity of their

wishes and their hopes, by even some partial relinquishment of a besetting sin. It is on such an occasion that the mind begins to plead its own infirmities, to ponder over the world's pleasures, cares, and temptations, and to at first silently postpone, and then openly and willingly banish all further reflection—until a more convenient season!

Connected with the mental state first mentioned, is the great alacrity with which one listens to, and the confidence he reposes in, nearly every idle tale of the happy, nay triumphant exit, even from the scaffold, of some notorious robber, pirate, or murderer! That mankind have this strange proclivity, that some indulge it to a great extent, and that its solution is ever to be found in the principle I have stated, there seems to be no reason to doubt: and though the clergy be specially called on by their holy vocation, to use their zealous endeavors in behalf of those destined to forfeit life for their crimes, it seems to me specially unwise, as well in regard to public policy, as to salutary religion, to blazon forth their successes, as has been so often done in this, and in other countries; and to place such violators of divine and human laws among the *saints*, as objects of a lively sympathy, and to pass them, as it were, from the scene of execution, to one of unmingled triumph! The clergy, in common with all good men, ought to be happy at such changes; but let there be no open parade of *such conversions*, lest we greatly augment the number of those, already very great, who would 'begin to live, only when ready to die,

and then, after a *foe's desert*, come to claim of God a *friend's entertainment!*'

It is indeed true and a great solace that there 'is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men, that need no repentance'—but such repentances as we now speak of, and even of those who die in their beds, and who have no capital sins to mourn over, should ever be regarded as belonging to so humble a class of converts, as to have no just claim to be vaunted of, but should be permitted, in all humility, after the interesting fact is adverted to, to remain among those unsought and little known to mortal eye, so far as regards their destiny in the world beyond the grave: for these last-hour repentances, are matters between them and their Creator, to be spoken of with a marked humility, surrounded as they usually are, by so many dangers and doubts, and being in themselves, so liable to be false and insidious counterfeits, and plausible contrivances of the arch-enemy of human souls, and so often extorted, during the agonizing moments of mental and of bodily pain, as to render the criterions of genuine faith, far from sure to human scrutiny. Be this, however, as it may, I am quite certain that, although the solaces of hope should never be withdrawn, it is the supremest of follies to value on a supine or voluntary postponement of reformation to some future day, which may be not only suddenly cut off by any one of a thousand accidents, but be rendered wholly unavailing by bodily pains, that banish the possibility of a sober and

thorough repentance. But, in respect to *storming heaven*, as it were, by the sudden appeals of those who, in a few short days are to expiate their crimes on a scaffold, and to deal with them so triumphantly, as is sometimes the case, seems to me signally unwise, both as respects the wicked and the good—all that such cases seem to justify is a silent, unobtrusive thankfulness for the rich manifestation of God's grace; and not such triumphant processions to the scaffold, as are sometimes witnessed, confounding the *tried saints* with those who, almost *in articulo mortis* have been *tried sinners!*

This reminds me of a quaint, but very pertinent remark of Sir Walter Raleigh, who saith, 'there be some persons who think to snatch heaven in a moment, which the *best* can scarce attain unto even in the maintenance of very many years; and when they have glutted themselves with wordly delights, (or crimes of the darkest dye) would jump from Dives' fare, to Lazarus' crown—from the service of Satan, to the solace of a saint!'

Now, to such persons would I respond in the language of this same wise, but unfortunate man, who thus discourseth on the point in hand—'But be ye well assured, that God is not so penurious of *friends*, as to hold himself and his kingdom saleable for the refuse and reversion of *their* lives, who have sacrificed the principal part thereof to his *enemies*, and to their own brutish lusts—then ceasing to offend, only when the ability of offending is taken from them.'

In an article entitled '*The Dutiful Advice of a loving Son to his aged Father*,' by the same interesting philosopher, there are some pertinent observations on my subject; which being so full of just thought, nervously expressed, are transferred to my Note Book, to be often read by me, and for my profit, withal, who am no longer a '*son*,' but a somewhat '*aged father*.'

'If you were now laid upon your departing bed,' (saith the son to the father) 'burthened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting and prick of a festered conscience; if you felt the cramp of death wresting your heart-strings, and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul; if you lay panting for breath, and swimming in cold and pale sweat, wearied with struggling against your deadly pangs, oh what would you not give for an hour's repentance!—at what a rate would you value a day's contrition! Then worlds would be worthless in respect of a little respite—a short truce would seem more precious than the treasures of an empire—nothing would be so much esteemed as a short time of truce, which now by days, and months, and years, is most lavishly mis-spent!'—Again, 'it is a strange piece of art, and a very exorbitant course, when the ship is bound, the pilot well, the mariners strong, the gale favourable, and the sea calm, to lie idly in the road, during so seasonable weather: and when the ship leaketh, the pilot sick, the mariners faint, the storms boisterous, and the

seas a turmoil of outrageous surges, then to launch forth, hoist up sail, and set out for a long voyage into a far country!—And yet such is the skill of these evening repenters, who though in the soundness of their health, and perfect use of their reason, they cannot resolve to cut the cables, and weigh anchor that withholds them from God.'—'Nevertheless, they feed themselves with a strong persuasion, that when they are astonied, their wits distracted, their understanding dusked, and their bodies and souls racked and tormented with the throbs and gripes of a mortal sickness—then, forsooth, they begin to think of their weightiest matters, and become *sudden saints*, when they are scarce able to behave themselves like reasonable creatures.'—'No, no; if neither the canon, civil, nor common law will allow a man, perished in judgment, to make any testament of his temporal substance; how can he, who is animated with inward garboils of an unsettled conscience, distrained with the wringing fits of his expiring body, maimed in all his ability, and circled on every side, with many and strange incumbrances, be thought of *due discretion* to dispose of his chiefest jewel—his soul? and to despatch *eternity*, and all the treasures of *heaven*, in so short a spurt!—No, no; they that will loiter in seed-time, and begin to sow when others reap; they that will riot out their health, and begin to cast their accounts, when they are scarce able to speak; they that will slumber out the day, and enter upon their journey when the light doth fail them, must blame

their own folly, if they die in debt, and be eternal beggars.'

The foregoing passages from Sir Walter Raleigh, seem to me most worthy of being printed in *letters of gold*, and to form a little *vade mecum*, to be suspended round the neck, close to the heart, of every son and daughter of Adam—that they may be reminded, constantly, how poor the dependence is of those who would flatter themselves that, at some remote day, they may *take heaven by storm!* And, I feel almost ashamed of my own previous remarks, when placed in such close connection with his,—for Raleigh's thoughts, like the diamond, are brilliant in proportion to their solidity—other men's are made to shine in the lustre of language, in proportion as solidity fails them.

But, in conclusion, let me add what *Quarles* hath said of repentance.

> 'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit;
> And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
> He that bewails and not forsakes them too,
> Confesses rather what he means to do.'

In now parting with my subject, I would only say, that an attempt to take heaven by storm, is still an homage to the Most High, and is far better than that sullen despair which the following lines of Joanna Baillie would seem to inculcate:—

> 'Priest! spare thy words—I add not to my sins
> That of presumption, in pretending now
> To offer up to heaven the forc'd repentance
> Of some short moments, for a life of crimes.'

CHAPTER IV.

XIII. THE TRAVELLING ETYMOLOGIST. — XIV. BENVENUTO CELLENI.—XV. PUBLIC CEMETERIES.—XVI. EVENTS HOW RELATED TO REMOTE CIRCUMSTANCES.

NOTE XIII.—THE TRAVELLING ETYMOLOGIST.

One hardly knows whether to be more amused than vexed, with the idle fancies and studied display of vain and curious learning, in which some college-bred gentlemen, of thin minds, love to indulge. When we permit our thoughts to dwell more on words, than on ideas; when such things as accident, quantity, etymology, nomenclature, and the like auxiliaries and mere ladders to science, are allowed to take the place of the very essence of knowledge, you may be quite sure that the individual so affected, though abounding in all the heaped-up accumulations of learning, has more of memory, than of judgment,—is charged to overflowing with facts,—and is yet devoid of the powers of analysis, and of justly applying them; and that, with much voluble and plausible display of knowledge, he has still a very tiny mind, and but little of that philosophical practicalness which comes from the fountain of common sense.

I am reminded of this species of character by a remarkable conversation between a curious Englishman and myself, at Rome, which was strangely brought about. A more kind-hearted, wordy, amusing, and pedantic gentleman of books, seldom issued from Oxford or Cambridge. When in a foreign land, Englishmen are proverbially anti-social; and the traveller, from whatever land, scarce ventures to address one of them, without some special authority so to do; and thus it was, at first, between us; and our centrifugal relations might for ever have continued, had not the Briton's etymological passion, eventually triumphed over national character—and opened his mouth.

During nearly three hours, we had both been solitary and silent explorers, as it turned out, of the same interesting point—the true course and limits of the *Via Sacra!* We met first, near the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, every part of which was curiously examined by us—we then traced the progress of the sacred way through the Forum, passed with it under the Arch of Titus, examined many patches, here and there visible, of some ancient road, either that, or the *Via Triumphalis!*—stopped under the Arch, through which, it is said, Jews never pass, and inspected, with minuteness, this very early, if not the earliest specimen of the composite order,—noted its deeply interesting bas-reliefs, so learnedly illustrated by Reland—eyed each other an hundred times—stood in close contact under the Arch, and with intense curiosity, scanned its yet perfect remains, which

sculpture to the eye the very forms of the sacred vessels used in the Temple of Jerusalem—then passed again into the Forum—reached the Temple of Peace, or rather the Basilka of Constantine—looked with wonder at its enormous arches—on the remains of its stuccoed ceilings, its broken shafts and capitals—and pondered over the numerous fragments, which indicated a truly mammoth building;—and leaving these, we were conducted, under the guidance of a bright moon, near an hour after sun-set, to the base of the *Mamertine Prisons*—and (would you credit it gentle reader!) all this was done without our exchanging a single word, though we had given each other many very significant, and apparently yearning looks, the result, possibly, of that irresistible sympathy which springs from the social principle, and especially from a community of pursuit!

My patience, I confess, had been nearly exhausted; and had he hailed from any other land, I should most certainly have disturbed his taciturnity. The noble hospitality, the great good sense, the elegant refinement of Englishmen, which I had seen and experienced, when sojourning for a time in England, flashed across my mind, and mitigated the severity of judgment, I should otherwise have passed upon him. For a moment, I was disposed to leave him abruptly; and pursue my way, alone and solitary to my lodgings, quite remote from where we then were. But, as we ascended the long flight of steps which led into the Capitoline Piazza, my surprise was extreme,

when the silent gentleman suddenly started upon me a series of etymological questions, doubts, and solutions—some of which will be here recorded.

As he looked upon the broad expanse of the Mamertine prison, here, flooded with light from the clear moon, and there, cast into shade; and as we were slowly ascending towards its base, he abruptly said, '*Unde derivatur*—whence comes this word *mamertine?* do you know, it puzzles me greatly—is it likely that Pancirolli is correct? he, you know, derives it from *Mamercus*, who, you know, was one of the sons of Numa, and the founder of the Mamercian family—the name Mamercus is said to have passed, as words, you know, often do, into Mamertinus.' Without yielding me the least chance to respond to his question, he proceeded to unfold the contents of his etymological budget, whilst we tacitly agreed to wend our way home, much more like social beings, than had been our previous relation. 'I confess,' continued he, 'Pancirolli's account of the matter is not at all to my mind. Ancus Martius, you know, was its founder; it is quite probable, then, that this prison takes its name from him,—for Martius was anciently written *Mamertius*, and this agrees, you know, with the Oscan language, in which the word Mamers is equivalent to Mars, which is but a contraction of Mamers or Martius—do you not think so?'

I at once, as I thought, saw into the strange vein of my new acquaintance, with whom etymology was evidently a mania; and, as he had some-

what incommoded me by his three hours' hermetical taciturnity, I was now disposed, innocently to provoke him to 'much talk,' by somewhat conflicting with his opinions. My reply, therefore, a little disturbed him, but was the source of many subsequent etymological colloquies, as we happened to meet in our antiquarian rambles. 'I confess,' said I, 'that etymology has ever seemed to me among the most fallible of guides to truth of any kind; and that it should be appealed to, only in the *dernier resort.* I would not reject it absolutely; but, as there is so broad a latitude in it for the merest fancies, and as so many absurd refinements have ever attended it, I cannot but view it with extreme suspicion, and seldom place any reliance on it, unless where the radix, its corruptions, transitions, additions, &c. are very palpable—or where some collateral evidence comes to my aid.'

'I differ with you *toto cœlo*,' rejoined my companion; 'etymology is the surest key to unlock very many doubts and difficulties; it has great utility, great certainty, and embraces an immense variety of subjects.' 'I willingly consent to all you say, provided it *be* etymology lawfully used—but what you have said, even in respect to the word mamertine, seems to me sheer and mere *conjecture;* for, on your own showing, it may be derived either from Mamertia, the son of Numa, or from Mamers, an equivalent Oscan word for Martius—or it may, as I think I could show, come from several other sources.' 'Not at all, sir, not at all,' harshly replied the Englishman, 'see

how obviously the transitions and contractions bring you up to the Oscan root—and Ancus Martius being the admitted founder, furnishes the collateral evidence you have demanded, showing that *martius* and *mamertinus* are evidently equivalent words.' 'You doubtless know,' said I with affected gravity, 'the old account about the word *mango*, how it is derived from a certain Mr. Jeremiah King—by the accustomed resort to transitions, contractions, and corruptions, somewhat in this wise—*Jeremiah King—Jerry King—Jerking—Girken—Cucumber—Mango!*'

'This you know,' rejoined the etymologist, 'was manufactured, and originally uttered in derision of etymology; and, perhaps, you would now so apply it—but ridicule can never be the test of truth; and the very case you put, establishes my position, for even your extreme case might well have happened—*mango* might have gone through these and many more changes, for what I know, and have had for its progenitor Mr. Jeremiah King!—all etymology proves this, I mean the *principle*, as might be abundantly proved by instances of transition, quite as curious as the one you have so disparagingly cited.'

'And I, in turn, could state a thousand still more tortured and far-fetched, than that of *mango*, which you seem not utterly to repudiate! What do you think of Fabian's derivation of Constantinople from Constantinus nobilis—Constantine the noble! and how, upon his principle, would he derive Adrianople, and is not *ple* a corruption of

polis—that is, Constantinoi-polis, the city of Constantine? But, passing by Fabian, who evidently made a signal blunder—what do you think of the word Lollardy from *lolium*—tares!—a convenient etymological argument this, for awarding the writ *de comburendo heretico* against all Lollards, as but tares, meritorious of a fiery destruction! Or further, what do you think of the etymon of *Mercury* who, as the tale goes, was hated by the other gods, as a fantastic fellow that was ever striving to ingratiate himself with those whom he wished to cheat, and was then dubbed by them a *mere curry!* In like manner the word *Gazette* hath puzzled the etymologists—what do you think of its derivation from the fact that *quidnuncs*, eager after news, anxiously *gaze at* these convenient vehicles!—or, of *King Pepin*, as derived from some Greek word for *diaper;* and hence, by your favourite transition process, napkin—nipkin—pipkin—pippin king—King Pipin! The word *decrepitude* has imputed to it a somewhat fanciful origin, though certainly a possible one—the ancients, as it is said, never extinguished their lamps, but permitted them to expire by the *last crackle!* Hence a lamp was said *decrepitare*, that is, to cease to crackle—and, by comparing our life to the exhaustion of a lamp, we now say, by way of metaphor, that persons verging on the grave, are *decrepit.* Now, I confess, I like this derivation well enough, it's *classical*, 'you know,' (using his favourite expression.) But, I will call your attention to one more; how do you like the cockney derivation of

our ejaculation 'heigh-ho!' for, when molested by the troublesome pipstaff, they would each mentally say 'I owe,' which when spoken out, by adding their accustomed aspirates, would make '*hI—howe*'—and hence, by augmentation and contraction, we have *heigh-ho!*'

'You are certainly quite sportive,' replied the English gentleman, with a great deal of gravity; 'but, I repeat, ridicule is no test of truth—what, suffer me to ask, that is useful and admirable, may not be rendered, for a moment, extremely ridiculous, by the ingenious application of unmitigated ridicule? I cannot consent to abandon an old friend, merely because he happens to be clad, for a time, in tattered, amusing and unworthy habiliments cast upon him by others!—Etymology certainly merits deep attention—in languages, it is inestimable, in history, it is a bright torch—it illustrates the fine arts, settles questions of doubtful chronology, reveals the disputed origin and uses of very many things.—Thus, for example, when we find the name of Italy derived from *Italos*—virtulus—a calf, we ascertain the fact that the ancient Italians were great herdsmen, or raisers of cattle; so, likewise, there is surely some utility, as well as satisfaction, in being able, as we are, to derive the word *capitol* from caput Toli—the head of Tolus, or, as Arnobius, with still more veresimilitude, gives the name, Olus, and hence caput—Olus—caputol—capitol. Now, as the head of this Tolus, or Olus, at the very time of digging for the foundations, was discovered with the face entire, it

was held to give thereby a presage of Rome's future greatness; and that Rome would be the head of the empire of the world—hence this great temple took the name of the capitol, as the head of Tolus presaged, that on that spot, Rome should be made the head of all empire, military, civil, and ecclesiastical! Again, we see the *Caryatides*, in every form, and almost every where. We are curious to know the origin, no less of the name, than of the curiously fashioned pillar; and how beautiful, and natural is its etymological history! how admirably does the figure itself of this pillar, harmonize with the tale of its imputed origin! These caryatides, as you know, uniformly represent the upper part of a female body, sustaining on its head, the incumbent weight. Now the citizens of *Carya* united with the Persians against the Greeks, who proving victorious, put all the males to the sword, and subjected the females to slavery, who were compelled to march in the victor's triumphal procession, clad in graceful flowing robes, and supporting burthens on their heads, as indicative of their captivity and future servitude. The architects of those days, availing themselves of this transaction, both to perpetuate its memory, and to add another graceful and appropriate order to their art, contrived these pillars, hence called caryatides, which represent the head and shoulders of a female on the top of the shaft, with the entablature resting on the head. You have been pleased,' continued the etymologist, 'to be very sportive with what you call our transitions, contractions, &c. and yet, to give you

other examples, can any one doubt but that the renowned *Punch* has gone through all of these? Is it not manifest that the word is derived from Pulliceno—Pullicinella—Punchenello, and, for short, Punch? We have high authority for this, were any really needed. And, in like manner, one cannot doubt but that the name of the town of Gensano is derived from Cynthianum, the fane of Cynthia—and hence Gensanum—Gensano. So also, Horace mentions the *gelidus Digentia rivus;* now, this Digentia is evidently found in the modern *Licenza*, which is the present name of the poet's Sabine farm; and I may likewise advert to Catullus' villa, which now, by corruption, is called *Truglia*, and with equal certainty is derived from Catulli.

'So, the church we examined a few hours ago, called *S. Maria in Dominica*, is evidently so called by corruptions and transitions from Domitiani-Mica; for you know, Domitius' Cenaculum, called the *Mica Aurea*, was built upon the site of the present church—no part of the Mica remains; but the church we saw, was dedicated to the *Madonna*, and originally was called the Santa Maria in Domica, to perpetuate the fact that its foundations were laid upon the site of Domitian's Mica—and this through various transitions may still be traced, as we find that it was first in Do-mica, then in Domnica, and now *in Dominica:* for, Dominica has no meaning; but Do-mica, is itself obviously a contraction for Domitiani-mica.

'And, in like manner, how well doth an early traveller, whose name I now forget, but who came to Italy in the fifteenth century, explain the origin of the word Venice!—There is, says he, a little church there, called Santo Jacobo, which is the ancientest church in all Venice; and on that spot was the first house built, and the city was named at that time *venete qua*, in English, 'come hither,' for it was free for every man to build there; and, from that phrase, 'venete qua,' it is now turned into 'Venetia.'

'Your faith in etymology,' rejoined I, 'seems to me very great; it may afford you much amusement; but may it not also lead you into many errors? I agree with you as to the strong probability concerning the church now called *Dominica;* but, as to *veneta qua*, I am a sceptic. You remember Dean Swift's argument for the antiquity of our own language, in that '*Alexander the Great*' was so manifestly derived from a passage in the conqueror's biography, in which the exclamation '*all eggs under the grate*,' came to be on a certain occasion, often and emphatically repeated! I would further remind you of the derivation that hath been given to our well known word *breeches*—in that, when they were first worn, it was by the *poveri* of a country, who being *bare of riches*, usually bore all their riches in their breeches, that is, in this their curtailed nether garment! But, to be more serious, you have given to the word Italy a derivation that would make early Italians raisers of cattle; but you must also bear in mind that oth[illegible]

have given to this word a very different origin; as for example, from one *Italus*, a Sicilian chieftain—or from the Oscan word *Viteliu*, which, by dropping certain letters, and taking up others, became Italia!

'Your etymon, likewise, of *Caryatides* differs from that of Lessing, who derives it from the fact that Diana had a temple at Caryatis, and that virgins danced in honour of her in the festive processions. The architects, ever in search of graceful forms, ornamented their temples with colonnades, somewhat after the fashion of virgins in procession at the feast of Caryatis, perhaps, too, with baskets of flowers, &c. on their heads! Now, between the two etymons, who is to decide? and, if decided, perhaps I might ask, *cui bono*?'

'Your objection,' said the champion of verbal derivations, 'certainly proves too much, since the absence of absolute certainty would utterly extinguish nearly all etymology.' 'I should regret that result,' said I, 'all that I protest against is that ultraism, which seeks in far-fetched and fantastic roots, and in extremely remote resemblances, the origin of names, and then builds thereon equally fanciful conclusions and theories, which they would call learning and knowledge! whereas the whole may consist of the veriest imaginings that cost no little research, which had much better have been employed in things more profitable.'

'I fear you and I are destined never to agree on my favourite subject,' said the Englishman, with infinite *bonhomie*, 'but I have found great

amusement, and equal profit, in this pursuit; and few things are more delightful to me than to look, for instance, over the map of England; and, as Master Nash saith, with much brain-tossing, and skull-breaking, resolve the names therein found, by the rules of etymology, and the lights of history. Thus, for example, our Yarmouth, of 'Lenten Stuff' memory, is said to be derived from the river *Ierus*, at whose *mouth* it is situate—hence Iernmouth, which by the natural change of *i* into y, and *e* into *a*, becomes Yarmouth.'

'This may be, as your Master Nash hath said,' rejoined I, 'but you will remember that Florence is derived, by some, from *florentia*, as being situate in a very *flowery* vale, and by others from *Florentinus*, its Roman founder! And, 'who shall decide when doctors disagree?'

'And yet, I would by no means proscribe etymology; it smacks highly of scholarship, and, indeed, is such, being really useful, curious, and eminently entertaining, when wholly stripped of fancy, and guided alone by judgment and well authenticated facts—thus, I cannot object to such an etymon as is given to the word *mustard*. The original name of the plant, you know, is *sinapis*, the pulverized seeds of which the Arabians were accustomed to mix with their juice of the grape, but more frequently, perhaps, with their arrack or rice wine. In after times, when the Italians did the same thing, in order to impart a stronger pungency to their light wines, they called the new compound *mosto-ardo*—burning must;

as the sinapis itself, was a foreign plant, but little known among them, they transferred the name of the compound drink to the substance which they added to the *must* of their grapes; and hence our word mustard, from mosto-ardo. So, likewise, it is not at all improbable that our word ebriety—*ebrietas*, comes from *bria*, the name of a well known drinking-cup among the Greeks; and not, as Dr. Johnson supposes, from the Greek word which signifies to moisten. It is quite probable, also, that *currants* are so called from their having greatly abounded at *Corinth;* and the word *buckwheat* may be a corruption of *beach-wheat!*—and, in fine, the French word *poltron*, probably enough, comes from *pollux truncatus*, owing to the fact that some of the people of that country, during the feudal ages, preferred to cut off their thumbs, to serving in the wars—and hence poltron and coward are now synonomous words!'

'I am most happy,' said the etymological traveller, 'to find our conversation seems to be gradually unveiling to you the beauties and utilities of my favourite study,'—and hereupon our colloquy terminated, for this time, as we had then reached the *Piazza di Spagna;* and he retired to his lodgings there, I to mine, in the *Via di Condotti.*

NOTE XIV.—BENVENUTO CELLINI.

'BENVENUTO CELLINI!' said I, musingly, as I contemplated his statue of Perseus and Medusa, in the *Piazza del Granduca* of Florence,—'the jeweller, engraver, musician, poet, soldier, sculptor, and lover; and in all so truly admirable!' But what I then thought, and mentally said, though now repeated, need not be received, but with some allowance—as Italian skies, and the wonders of nature and of art, which every where abound in this enchanting country, are too apt to overcharge the mind with delusive feelings, to admit at once of sound and unmixed reflections.

Cellini was undoubtedly a rare and brilliant genius; and no *one* life, with which I am acquainted, is so rich as his in the finest materials of interest and instruction. And we find them so recorded: for he has proved himself the prince of autobiographers. How spirited and glowing is his narrative, how winning and faith-inspiring his candour and veracity, and how truly charming is the variety of incidents which chequered his remarkable life, from infancy to old age! It is rare, indeed, to find the oft-repeated corruscations of exalted genius so constantly followed, as in him, by useful and efficient results; and it is equally so to meet the most flattering successes, alternating so strangely with the most signal misfortunes. But Cellini's destiny, in early life, seemed to take its rise from two very trivial causes, and affords another among a thousand proofs, that a king or

a cobler, a hero or a hermit, a palace or a prison, are often as much the offspring of accident, as of meritorious exertion, and that the same genius which takes one to the scaffold, may, under circumstances, place another on the seat of power. It seems that Cellini's performances on the *flute* were so admirable as to command the strongest praises of Pope Clement VII. who summoned him into his service; and that afterwards a *dream* decided the controversy which Cellini had with himself then; and his faith in dreams gave him the first start into life—and how intimately it was connected with all that followed may be found in his very interesting memoirs.

But to return to the statue of Perseus. The author of this beautiful piece of sculpture was likewise a jeweller, a fine musician, a poet, a brave soldier, and an adventurous lover. And, as I gazed on the statue, methought I could easily trace the impressions of all these soul-stirring arts. The jeweller of those days, it may here be remarked, needed a much more exquisite taste, fertility of invention, and accuracy of design, than those who now bear that name. A cardinal's seal, the gold covering of a missal, a crucifix for noble hands, the rich devices on a princess' girdle, a magnificent chalice for papal processions, the button of a pontificial cope, the gorgeous settings of a pope's jewels, and the fashioning of his triple diadem, were, each and all, matters of such high import in those palmy days of 'Holy Mother Church,' as to command the highest order of talent the world then knew. The

artificer of such graceful ornaments, in which loveliness of form, and exquisiteness of workmanship were ever to be present, found in sculpture a cognate art, and one which could not then claim that decided superiority accorded to it in earlier times, and which it has since reclaimed. Cellini, moreover, was doubtless a better sculptor from being among the first of flutists, and which he could not have been without much music in his soul, and a peculiar delicacy of touch, which, when transferred from the flute to the block of marble, rendered his manipulations so successful. In like manner his poetical vein refined his imagination, and imparted to his sculpture superadded charms. The chivalry and courage of a true soldier also brought their offerings to him, and pointed his chissel with that matchless daring, freedom, and yet caution in the details, which the statue of Perseus so clearly manifests; and the passion of the devoted lover gave likewise to this great work that glow and vitality of expression which we see distinctly marked in the victorious sons of Danàè. Such indeed is the almost indissoluble connection between all the liberal arts and sciences, and such their dependence on most of the passions and affections of the mind, that the muses have ever been truly represented as dancing in chorus, and are held to be the offspring of a common parent, and the most affectionate of lovely sisters.

It was no idle fancy then, generated by soft Italian skies, and the profusion of beauties every where salute the eye in that

which caused me to see in the Perseus, and in the works, generally, of this great artist, the lineaments of his diversified education and accomplishments, and of the various passions that moved the inner man. It is well, however, for the traveller, when in the privacy of his study in after times, to chasten his judgment and guard against the control of those extraneous and factitious influences, that circumstances may create in Italy. In the soberness of the closet, he may correct those hasty opinions, which the crowd of so much loveliness of nature and of art is so apt to occasion: for how many latent and refined beauties, (discoverable alone to the eye of taste,) are spread over this land of the clear blue empyrean—over this land of mountain snows and flowery vales—this land of the vine, the orange, the fig, and the olive! How much is the soul excited in this dominion of lavas and of subterranean fires, in this land of ancient ruins and of modern luxury, of priestly superstitions, and of classical and moral associations,—the land of painters, of poets, of musicians, of architects, and of sculptors—the land of the witcheries of fancy, and the sublimities of varied genius—a land full of cascades, of grottoes, of the reminiscences of sybils, of dryads, and of nymphs—the region of the 'fell Charybdis and the howling Scylla'—a land where the sunbeams repose on the distant hills, reflecting their varied and gorgeous lights from the windows of a thousand habitations, fantastically perched on almost inaccessible cliffs, and where the twilight lingers on among the green

valleys, as if reluctant to part with so much beauty, or to cloud them in the shades of night!

'Fair Italy,
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree,
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other clime's fertility;
Thy wreck of glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.'

Let no philosophic cynic, however, scowl on the fancies, so often indulged in by those who are fresh from Italy, since it is peculiarly a land of fancy; and, perhaps, no stranger has ever maintained there, an undisturbed and sober judgment. The classical Eustace certainly indited many false conceptions, and some nonsense; and even the chaste, accomplished, terse, and thoughtful Forsyth, is not without some vain imaginings. If, then, I have seen in the productions of Cellini, traces of his peculiar education,—if the sculptor has shown to my mind the nice manipulations of the jeweller, the chaste touches of the engraver, the soul of the musician, the fancy of the poet, the glow of the lover, the chivalry and courage of the soldier, blended with all the peculiar excellences that belong to the chissel, suffer me to enjoy my fancy, if it be one. Time and absence can, alone, cure such aberrations of the judgment. In the exact sciences, in morals, and in all [illegible] which essentially affect our happin[illegible] principles, criticism can scarce be [illegible] but in matters of mere taste, I wo[illegible]

narian, and permit every one to express with freedom, even his most random feelings, his wildest opinions—for *cui malo*? If one admires Carlo Dolci more than Raphael, and the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo more than the Communion of Domenichino, whom does it injure? Let each give the best reason he can for the faith that is in him; and if it fail to convince, it has done no harm; and if it produce conviction, it can never be on the many, if it be really erroneous, so that the standard of taste remains unshaken.

But, to return for a moment to Cellini. The bronze group of Perseus and Medusa, with the admirable basso-relievo on the pedestal, has always been considered his *chef d'œuvre*. In his left hand, Perseus firmly holds the snaky head of Medusa, reeking with blood; and under his head lies the agonized body, the hands and feet of which are entwined in each other, the breasts swelling into high relief, and the neck, from which the head had just been severed, is pouring out its vital current. The right arm, in demi-repose, holds the victorious sword, and the whole figure is naked except the head, which bears an appropriate and beautiful helmet; and the feet, which have the winged sandals of Mercury. The two faces are strikingly contrasted with each other. That of the Gorgon with its horrid serpent locks, is distilling blood, and is full of the contortions of pain; the other is instinct with the high soul we look for in the son of Jupiter and Danàè, in the moment, too, of his triumph over the formidable race of Medusa! The outline

of the whole group is extremely graceful and tranchant—but, if the merest amateur may venture to find any fault, I should unhesitatingly condemn, as in extreme bad taste, the attempted representation of the flow of blood from Medusa's head, grasped by Perseus, and from the neck of the body on which he tramples! The gush of blood is not only excessive in the particular instance, but is essentially *dehors* the art of sculpture, and belongs exclusively to the painter, or to the poet. It is not possible to represent in bronze, or even in marble, a 'flowing current of the purple life;' nor was there the least occasion for it. The drops of blood from which Pegasus and Chrysaor are fabled to have sprung, might have been sufficiently represented, and truthfully, too, but in a manner far more subdued, and better suited to the powers of the art; for no imagination can realize, in the solid and colourless mass of bronze or marble, a flowing stream from veins and arteries! and where would be the essential difference, were a sculptor to peril his reputation in an attempt to present in such materials, the falls of Tirni or of Tivoli! Nor is it within the province of sculpture to copy nature; but merely so to represent the contours of loveliness, of grace, of deformity, and of sublimity; and so to depict by lines, such lights and shades, [illegible] reveal the feelings and passions of the [illegible] produce in the mind a state generati[illegible] and, through the medium of imagi[illegible] ment, to fill up, as it were, the [illegible]

Illusion is to be effected by t[illegible]

neither by a copy, nor yet even by such an imitation, as aims at the *realities* of life; the impression to be produced is an *abstraction* only, not an accurate imitation, else would it be in taste to colour statues, to give them draperies of various hues, to insert eyes of glass, or other materials, true to the life; but all these have been condemned of genuine taste. In fine, sculpture, be it in wood, marble, or bronze, can recognize but a single material, but a single colour—and all gilded appliances, all metallic ornaments, all attempts at copying the works of nature or of art, in her colourings, and minute details, are foreign, wholly, to the sculptor's province. And though Cellini has not attempted either, he has still violated, as I think, a cognate law, in his vain endeavour to imitate the blood flowing *en masse*, from the neck and head of Medusa—an instance of false taste that mars the perfect harmony of the rest; and which, in the pictorial art, or in the more humble one of the worker in wax, would have proved a faithful copy of the reality.

Cellini's autobiography, as I have stated, is one of incessant interest, and of truly admirable execution. Never was there a more *naive* and faithful history of individual life. His own great genius, his enthusiasm, his brilliant successes, his sad misfortunes, and the freaks of his own indomitable temper, are all most graphically portrayed—nor is he at all sparing in his delineation of those little great men, whose envy and malignity, or whose narrow minds so often marred, and sometimes

proved fatal, to his happiness. His intercourse with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, (his unworthy patron,) the gilded but miserable slavery in which he was there held, his numerous vexations and disappointed hopes, the charlatan deportment of several of his patrons, their ample promises, flattering words, and slender performances, are all told with evident truth, and with rare felicity.

But, all these matters were detailed in too unvarnished a manner for poor Cellini's safety, had he published his memoirs during his life! And even after his death, the manuscript remained in dusty oblivion for nearly two centuries! We are now fully informed of the many base and mean contrivances practised on Cellini by those who desired to profit by the labours of his genius, without any adequate consideration; and the noble successors of the Grand Duke Cosmo, now in power, can scarce read Cellini's pages, as we should hope, without a deep blush for the ignoble treatment which so great a master had received at the hands of their progenitor, and countryman, and without a lively zeal to perpetuate the lustre of the artist's fame, and even to honour and enrich his descendants, if there be any now worthy of being so called.

The narrative which Cellini gives of the commencement, progress and completion of his Perseus and Medusa, and of his patron's base tergiversation respecting the *honorarium* to be given for it, which ended in a curiously devised subtraction of a portion even of the admitted paltry sum of thirty-five hundred crowns, to which, from ten thou[redacted]

it had been gradually reduced, presents, no doubt, a faithful picture, not only of his patron, but of the genius of the times, in which magnificence and meanness, lavish promises, and curtailed performances, flattery and threats, were united to bring poor artists into the toils of their nominally noble patrons.

To the lovers of genius and the fine arts, it may be consolatory to know that Cellini, after a life of the most romantic adventures, charged with the sports of evil and of good fortune, in which he was often an object of the bitterest persecution, or the most malignant jealousies, and in which he endured attempts at poisoning, and other assassinations, and suffered a most savage imprisonment in the very castle of St. Angelo, which he had so valiantly defended—died in a ripe old age, and was buried with much funeral pomp, in the church of the Annunziata, at Florence; and further, that a funeral oration in praise of his life, his moral and intellectual qualities, and his great works, was pronounced in the presence of an assembled multitude, accompanied by the whole body of academicians, and the company of sculptors—all of whom, with eager ears took in, and with willing hearts responded to, the many kind things that were said of Benvenuto Cellini—*now that he reposed with the illustrious dead!*

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.'

NOTE XV.—PUBLIC CEMETERIES.

FEW subjects are of more intense interest than those which relate to the various modes of interment adopted in all nations and ages—the rites and ceremonials which often accompanied them—the holy and sometimes fantastic superstitions which, from time to time, arose—and, above all, the sublime images and beautiful fancies of the priests, of the poets, the painters and the sculptors, when Death, the Grave, and the Resurrection were the themes of their deepest and most solitary thoughts.

How much of philosophy and solemn reflection, what varied and brilliant imaginations, what holy and touching sentiments, what fearful forebodings, what fascinating hopes, what sweet repose, what thrilling terror hover around the things of death and the grave! Would we be fully persuaded of man's constant and ardent panting after even *terrene* immortality, we have but to visit the splendid mausoleums—the sepulchral cities under ground—the towering and ever enduring pyramids—the cenotaphs and gorgeous sarcophagi—the chapels—the chambers of repose—the campo santos, and the modern but no less beautiful cemeteries of *Pere la Chaise*, of *Liverpool*, of *Mount Auburn*, near Boston, and of *Laurel Hill*, in the vicinity of Philadelphia; these, all speak to us in language never to be mistaken,—in a tongue comprehended by nations, and lineages, and tribes, of all times, and of all creeds; for, be they Pa[illegible]

Jews, or Christians, learned or illiterate, MAN is ever the same in his dread of annihilation—in his abhorrence of oblivion—in his desire to be remembered, or in some way known in after times—and finally, in his hopes of earthly as well as of heavenly perpetuity. A feeling so universal, so indomitable, so truly natural, can scarce be wrong; and, like many of our most noble sentiments and principles of action, becomes so, only by the perversion of ambition, or the abuse of riches. The grateful living should respect the virtuous dead—and the virtuous dying should have the hope of being gratefully remembered: and though the vicious and the ignoble are sometimes entombed in richly sculptured marbles, and repose along side the more humble slabs which cover the remains of their virtuous superiors, still, the congregated members in these cities of the dead, are not wanting in the means of our justly distinguishing the meritorious; whilst they afford to those, of meek and forgiving temper, fit occasions for the holy ejaculations—*requiescat in pace—sit illa terra levis!* Well may we say with Sir Thomas Brown—'*Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave—solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, and not omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.*'

It were indeed, a vain hope, by strong walls, and the most solid monuments, to preserve intact from the all-consuming influences of time, either the remains or the memories, of even the most illustrious of our dead. Families, and tribes, and

dynasties, and nations, are ultimately and surely lost in the depths of this great invisible ocean, which is without limits; and when even Egyptian ingenuity, with its pyramids, and subterranean masonry—its well cemented sarcophagi, and bodies embalmed in numerous cerements and 'sweet consistencies,'—in many aromatic and desiccative preparations, has almost wholly failed to perpetuate either the one or the other, all that *we* can reasonably look for in our similar endeavours to confound eternity with time, is such a preservation of their memory as shall probably outlive all generations with whom we can claim even an ideal interest or sympathy:—for, when 'Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the dog-star,' what boots it to talk of monuments, or to hope for a patent from oblivion? And here again, hath the same Sir Thomas Brown beautifully said, '*all is vanity, feeding the wind, and folly: for the Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses, or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy hath become merchandise, Misraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!*'

And though these are truths which time hath revealed in a thousand ways, and assuring us *so must it for ever remain*— yet is not the obligation in the least diminished, to pay such respect to the remains and memories of our departed relatives, friends, patriots, and illustrious citizens, as shall testify our own love and gratitude, and veneration— whilst it may afford to many future generations, the chance of reaping from it whatever of instruction, to heart and mind, can be thus conveyed.

I always think better of that man's heart, who in the midst of life contemplates its close, and who turns from the toil of worldly strife, to provide a secure resting place for the bodies of those he loves, when their spirits have sought, or shall seek their higher abodes—it is a thoughtful provision, well adapted calmly to seduce the mind from present enjoyments, to the contemplation of the far greater riches of eternity. Is it not a setting up, upon the great highway of life, a visible and enduring beacon, pointing us to the country we approach,—a country of assembled nations, the land, not only of our forefathers, but of all the sons of men; and admonishing us, not only of its reality, but of the certainty and rapidity with which we are all coming to it?

How appropriate is it in the father of a family, who, to the establishment which it is the labour of his life to afford his children, is equally mindful to add that last gift which seems to make his provision so complete!—In time, such a homage from the living has not only the gracefulness which ever attends the performance of a duty, but it carries with it a silent invitation so to use the rest of life's goods, that this last may not be unhonoured. Every one, moreover, is extremely apt to look more kindly on this *post mortem* providence of others, from a lurking desire that his own mortal remains should repose in decent and unmolested quietude.

For myself I confess, I have none of that vaunted stoicism which inculcates entire insensibility to the fate of the body after death; nor

would I claim association with those who desire to advance science, by affecting to know no difference between the quiet of the grave, and the rude assaults of resurrectionists, or the subsequent manipulations in an anatomical theatre!

A life adorned in its course by the practice of christian virtues, and prolonged through many living generations of affectionate relatives, to a vigorous old age—a death-bed, free from bodily pain and sustained by the *mens conscia recti*—a peaceful sepulture, without ostentation, but suited in all respects to the character and station in life—and finally, a tomb sacred and for ever undisturbed, seem to fill up the measure of man's just hopes—the design of existence on this side of eternity. Indifference, therefore, to respectful and enduring interment, ought to shock our sensibilities; whilst the contemplation of those desecrations of the grave occasioned by the encroachments of cities, the opening of new streets, the cold and calculating exercise of corporate or municipal power, and the disgusting venal offerings to the dissecting tables; or, in fine, any other cause that brings us to a second intimacy with the remains of the inhumed, is so strongly revolting to every feeling and well-ordered mind, that *secured cemeteries* are destined, as we think, soon to become among the most favoured and prominent features in the civilization of the present age.

To me, then, it is very agreeable to see my fellow mortals, (with the thoughtfulness of men who are born to die, and the courage of men who

have so lived as to banish the fear of death,) prepare their own sepulchres, and those for such as are most dear to them—and, in so doing, assemble about the hallowed spot, all those appropriate ornaments and emblems of *mortality and of immortality*, best suited to awaken and cherish mournful feelings in regard to the former, and the brightest hopes as to the latter.

The refined nations of antiquity paid great honours to their dead. The expensive embalming, the eternal pyramids, gorgeous mausoleums, and deeply carved sarcophagi of the Egyptians and Greeks—the many chaste tombs that line the Roman ways, as those of Cecilia Metella, of Scipio, Caius Cestius, Augustus, and of Hadrian, which in part remain; as also those recently revealed, in perfect integrity, in the streets of Pompeii, and the numerous beautiful chapels, and extensive catacombs, and chambers of repose of the early christians, and the proud sepulchres erected in the primitive churches, are striking proofs of their deep veneration for those mortal tenements, once instinct with the souls of heroes, of scholars, and of those whom they best loved.

It is, however, not a little remarkable how many ancient tombs, and even monuments to perpetuate other more important events than the death of individuals, are wholly destitute of inscription! How many thousand *sarcophagi* are there, of marble, granite, or alabaster, with their five sides perfect, and adorned with much laborious and goodly sculpture, and yet no inscription to tell us that this

is Hector's, that Priam's, this Homer's and that Alexander's! The urns, moreover, which contained their ashes, and the tombs which received them, are often equally silent as to whose remains they honoured and preserved—the tradition being presumed to be co-extensive with the endurance of the solid marble; and, as one Forimondus saith, 'sepulchrorum nunquam intermoritur memoria'—the memory of the matter to be perpetuated by the tombstones, continues for ever. It is quite probable moreover, that but for this omission, many monuments and tombs would have been more carefully preserved; we might now have the monument of stones which Joshua commanded the Israelites to erect, as a memorial unto their children for ever; and also that mentioned by Eusebius, as raised by the pious and grateful woman whom our Saviour cured of the bloody issue; and, perhaps, a hundred others, which, being without inscription, could not be preserved by vague traditions, and became especially liable to destruction, after the traditions themselves were gone. The Romans, in this respect, were generally more careful, though some of the tombs of Pompeii are (as well as I remember) without a name.

Public cemeteries were established by the ancients, and were no less magnificent than extensive. That on the border of the lake Acherusia, in Egypt, is celebrated for its tribunal composed of forty-two judges, who passed sentence on the life and character of the deceased—which, if unfavorable, excluded them from interment in the

cemetery beyond the lake, and consigned them to an ignominious grave in Tartarus! and, in like manner, the Greeks had their Acheron, or Elisout, and their Tartarus. But, among the numerous cemeteries of more modern days, and of our own time, we have no other barrier to interment within their walls, than that which denies all christian burial, viz: self-murder—and, sometimes, execution for an infamous crime.

The Catholics, however, in their cemeteries, go a step further, and occlude all who have not died within the pale of their church; and hence it is that, in many of the continental Catholic countries, there are public cemeteries dedicated to those who are strangers to their faith. The *Campo-Santos*, so usual in Europe, are among the most interesting objects that arrest a traveller's attention—some are public, others appertain to certain monastic establishments; but wherever found, they manifest the respect the living would pay to the dead. In the cloistered cemetery at Pisa, besides its gothic splendour, its sculptures, and its venerable frescoes, piety sought to give additional interest to the place, by earth brought by the crusaders from Jerusalem; and this holy soil, though nine feet deep, is still preserved with great care from petty transportations. It is computed that not less than nine hundred vessels, such as were used in the thirteenth century, must have been required for the conveyance of these two acres of 'sanctified mould!'

In the Carthusian Monastery, of the Certosa, near Bologna, there is also a cemetery, which, though not large, is of singular beauty. The entrance is by an appropriate portal, on the piers of which are placed a colossal statue of grief. The walls are shelved, and on these are deposited numerous skulls of the Carthusians, who have died in the monastery during, perhaps, many centuries. These are labelled with the name of the individuals to whom they belonged. The whole establishment is filled with flowers, with orange, citron, and myrtle trees; and more resembles an odoriferous conservatory of nature's most beautiful shrubs and flowers, than a sepulchre, or repository for man's mortal remains! Beautiful thought! thus to blend with the mementoes of death the fairest and freshest of Flora's garniture,—verdant and flowery canopies impending over tombs, with their mouldering and perishing relics!

Another mode of preserving the memory of the dead, and one a good deal practised in Europe, consists in a careful preparation of the bones, and arranging them in a variety of fantastic forms, as lamps, chandeliers, pyramids, wreathes, &c., and decorating therewith the walls of some gloomy crypt, or subterraneous cemetery! I remember my mixed sensations of astonishment, horror, and gratification at these ingenious and curious fancies, on entering the catacomb of the Capuchin Monastery at Rome. My belted, shorn, and sandalled guide recognized the bones of some friend, [redacted] many of these devices! and, in cert[redacted]

cuous corners, were the perfect skeletons, perhaps, of some more holy father of the church. As well as I could learn, there were four progressive stages to which each body was subjected—first, an ordinary interment, for a year or more—secondly, interment under *holy earth*, brought from Jerusalem by the crusaders—thirdly, the entire skeleton, duly cleansed and prepared, and then placed for some years, in an appropriate part of the crypt; and lastly, an arrangement of the bones in innumerable forms, to grace the walls, and to admonish all comers in, that,

> 'When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
> The glory of one fair and virtuous action
> Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
> Or silken banners over us.'

I have been led to the foregoing reflections by a recent visit to Laurel Hill Cemetery, a noble and most praiseworthy enterprise by a few of the living, in behalf of the many who are dead, or to die.

Not all the marble magnificence of the proud city in whose environs it is situate, her Banks and her Exchanges,—nor yet the splendor of her ornate Churches, nor yet those monuments of her benevolence—her Colleges, and her Hospitals, nor her far-famed Water-works, could fill my mind with half the admiration, or enlarge my soul with a tythe of the salutary train of thoughts, as the moral beauty, the classic embellishments, and the sacred purposes of this delightful Repository of the Dead! This spot is forever dedicated

to the uses of a public Cemetery, in which are to repose the wise, the good and the powerful—and possibly the simple-headed, the mere worldling, the recluse, and the half-forgotten, who are living—to be born—and to die in this now powerful and growing metropolis. It consists of an enclosed space of about thirty acres, comprising every variety of scenery, elevated in situation, and, in all respects of a proper soil. It is distant some three miles from the city, upon a wide avenue, known as the Ridge road; and in approaching it the visiter passes the Girard College, and, by a slight deflection may stop at Fairmount, the Prison, &c. &c.

The entrance to the cemetery is by an arched portal, passing through a building of great architectural beauty, and which at once strikes the beholder as peculiarly appropriate in style and embellishment. In the front it presents an imposing colonnade of eight columns of the Roman Doric order, surmounted by a correspondent entablature; this, again, supports a ballustrade, and the whole is finished by placing immediately over the gateway a funeral urn, appropriate in its design, and beautiful as an ornament. In the portico, upon each side of the gateway, is a niche for the reception of emblematic statuary, and the whole effect of the entrance-building is made still more grand and imposing, by a continuation upon each flank of a series of lesser columns, forming a colonnade in the same general style as the building itself, and which apparently much magnifies its extent.

Once inducted through this chaste and imposing portal, and pursuing his walk but a few steps, the visiter finds himself in the midst of a scene of surpassing natural beauty. Lawns of velvet turf, gravel walks stretching off every where, seemingly into the entanglements of a labyrinth; deep and impenetrable shades from lofty oaks; the tristful grace of bending willows; the perfumes of many flowers; and the melody of birds, all unite in forming a scene as truly delightful to the senses, as it is genial to those sweet tempers of the mind, which are so apt to manifest themselves in these abodes of the lamented and honoured dead.

Upon the west side of the enclosure the scene becomes indescribably beautiful. The spectator approaches over grounds nearly level, until he stands upon a bank whose precipitous sides are covered with massive rocks, time-worn and moss-grown; whilst, here and there, are seen some hardy evergreens which have thrust their roots within the clefts, and drawing thence their slender sustenance, expand above in shady trees, or in more humble shrubs. Here the kalmia delights to expand its showy blossoms, and the hemlocks, pines and spruces blend their foliages with the broader leaves of numerous other trees—whilst every little tuft of earth hanging loosely on the rocks, is garnished with flowers of various hues.

At the foot of the precipice glides the placid Schuylkill, here widened to the dimensions of a lake, whose unruffled bosom sends back to the

eye of the beholder, the reflected image of the beauties which encompass him. The whole is expressive of deep repose, rather heightened than dispelled, by the distant view of commercial activity on the opposite banks, where the passage to and fro of the canal boats gives animation to the landscapes, whilst intervening distance 'lends enchantment to the view,' by taking from the busy stir its noise and grossness. It is this rocky hill side with its trees, its shrubbery, its numerous flowers, vines and tendrils—all of nature's own planting, that to me was the most enchanting—there, on a tiny peninsula, jutting somewhat into the river, I mused for a while, and thought that even a grave, nestled in so recluse a spot, had many charms: this, of all the rest, seemed to me the most attractive for a burial place; and indeed the whole hill-side seems destined, at no remote day, to be the favourite spot—and, like the banks of the Nile, will spread its monuments and tombs from the water's edge to the very summits of these rocks.

The improvement of the property, with referrence to its uses, appears to have been most judiciously attended to. There are spacious carriage houses for shelter from inclement weather; here, also, are receiving-vaults for the temporary deposite of bodies, from any cause, not prepared for formal interment—a neat gothic chapel for the performance of funeral service when desired—commodious rooms for the retirement of relatives and mourning friends, with other apartments for

the reception of those attendants at the obsequies, not so closely connected with the deceased—and, finally, various superintendents and competent agents are ever present to provide for, and conduct the business and solemn duty of interment.

Such pious and tasteful manifestations of respect from the living to the dead, must originate and be sustained, in our country, by individual enterprise. We have no imperial treasures, no rich ecclesiastical revenues, no conventual fraternities for such works of splendour and munificence; but, with us, every citizen who has a heart, who loves his wife, children, and friends; all who have refined sentiments, and who would do honour to the memory of the sage, the statesman, the warrior and the patriot, lend a willing aid to the consecration of repositories, in which are to lie the venerated remains of their distinguished countrymen, of their matrons, their sons, and their lovely daughters.

NOTE XVI. — EVENTS, HOW RELATED TO REMOTE CIRCUMSTANCES.

'Do not talk to me of *chance*,' said PAMPHILUS, 'sound philosophy knows of no such thing; for, if by chance you simply mean an *unknown cause*, I agree with you—but if you use the word, as Mr. Hume has done, to denote the *absence of any cause*, it is obviously absurd.' In this I could not but concur with Pamphilus, as every event must have its cause, however inscrutable that may be.

But he proceeded: 'So far from nature tolerating such a thing as chance, I agree with Leibnitz, and believe that all causes and all events that ever existed, or that ever shall exist, are allied; and, therefore is it that I insist upon my previous remark which seems so much to have surprised you, that had *dancing* been wholly unknown, John the Baptist would never have been beheaded! in reply to this you have merely spoken of chances!—but, is it not manifest that the dancing of Herodias' daughter Salome, caused pleasure to Herod—which pleasure caused his promise to the niece—which promise, (after the fashion of the times,) caused the oath—which oath affected the Tetrarch's conscience, and which conscience occasioned the beheading of the Baptist, when it was demanded of Herod, in execution of his promise? and here, as you find, are all the links united, from the dancing down to the death!'

I had often heard Pamphilus discourse thus upon his favourite notion of the '*Law of Continuity*,' derived from the German philosopher whom he had just named. 'The dancing of Herodias' daughter, no doubt,' replied I, 'was a fact connected with the death *in point of circumstance*; and all events must have their circumstances—but whether every circumstance be a cause, and whether sound philosophy directs us to connect them all, *ad infinitum* as links in a chain of causes essential to produce a given effect, is the question between us. You should also bear in mind the Tetrarch's anger against John—his unlawful love

for Herodias—her desire to be avenged on the Baptist, who had opposed the union—that John was then in prison at her instance—that Herod sought the death, but feared the multitude, as they regarded John as a prophet—and that, when the request was made by the niece of her uncle, at Herodias' solicitation, that the Baptist's head should be given in a charger, the *dancing* was a mere collateral circumstance, which set all the antecedent causes into active operation.

'But, under your Law of Continuity, to say that had dancing been unknown, the Baptist would have lived, is to make the whole universe a mere machine—for you should also remember that Herodias might not have made the murderous suggestion—her daughter might have refused the cruel agency, if made—Herod's conscience might have insisted that the request was altogether without the limits of the promise—and yet the Baptist might have met the same fate from an hundred other causes.' 'What you have said,' rejoined Pamphilus, 'is very true, if you look merely at the surface of things,—but no one of your *potentials* did happen, and I insist that not one of them *could* have happened; what *has* happened is the only thing that ever could have happened; all circumstances are causes, for or against an event, and every event must have happened—an anticipated event that has not happened, *could* not have happened; and these positions are all proved by Leibnitz's '*Principle of the Sufficient Reason*,' by his doctrine of '*Pre-established Harmony*,' and his

great '*Law of Continuity*'—all of which clearly establish three things, *first*, that nothing can happen without a reason why it should be so, rather than the contrary; *secondly*, that there is a fixed series of thoughts, desires, emotions, volitions, &c. each with correspondent actions of the body, so admirably suited to each other, that they all *seem* to be the combinations of mere cause and effect; and, *thirdly*, the crowning law of continuity gives the like fixed concatenation as between all other existences, events, and truths; so that every thing, moral as well as physical, that exists, ever did exist, or which ever shall exist, is thus connected.

'Be not surprised, then, when I say that, as chance is unknown in nature, as, indeed, you have admitted, I seek for what the world calls *causes* of any event, in every circumstance, in all time, that can be in any way connected with it. In the whole universe there is not the least *saltus*—no chasm; and if the death of the Baptist be ascribed by me to the invention of dancing, this 'poetry of motion' is itself connected with myriads of other things, up to the first creation of all things; and the beheading of the Baptist, on the other hand, is in like manner allied to innumerable other things, down to the present hour, and so will be to the end of time!'

As it has been my good and ill fortune, to have argued with sensible and learned men, as well as with blockheads, a thousand times, and never yet met with a solitary instance of a victory being conceded by either party, to either class of arguers,

I found myself but little stimulated to further exertion. The pride of opinion, the fascinations of sophistry, the impatience of contradiction, the mortification at being out-argued, and the tenacity with which a theory is ever maintained, are, each and all, quite too powerful to give the least hope of an admitted '*Io triumphans*' to either party—so that I declined all further discussion with my 'learned Theban,' further than, somewhat jocosely to ask him a few questions. 'Had you been a Roman,' said I, 'would you have charged upon Scipio the crime of all those disturbances, and seditions raised by the Gracchi? For, you know, had not this Scipio married his daughter to Tiberius Gracchus, whose offspring were these two famous brothers, there would have been no Gracchi, and consequently, no seditions—*ergo*, on your principle, Scipio is criminal; for, if circumstances are causes, and causes produce effects, and effects produce mischief, how do you get rid of *imputability*?*

'Again, would you reward those unnatural brothers of Eudoxia for having turned her off upon the world, whereupon the Emperor Theodosius married her—since, unless she had been driven from her home, she had never seen Constantinople, and never have been raised to such honours? And further, upon your argument, how much thanks must have been really due by Joseph to his brethren, for that cruelty, which, as you know, made him governor over all Egypt! Joseph, indeed, forgave his brethren, and lavished

* Vide Cidro de Juvent.

kindnesses upon them, but surely, these were gratuitous; and yet your system requires one of two things as inevitable, either that there is no such thing as merit and demerit, and consequently, no just reward or punishment; *or*, secondly, that all who have in any way remotely caused evil or good, and even those who have caused evil out of good, or good out of evil, merit in the one case punishment, in the other two cases, reward! Eudoxia, then, and Joseph, were bound to reward their brothers, as, in both cases, their cruelty was the cause, under your doctrine, of their signal success in life, making the one an empress, the other a powerful governor!

'And still further, do you really suppose, Pamphilus, that Henry IV. of France was murdered by Ravillac, merely because two thousand years before that event some geese had cackled in the capitol?*—and yet these geese cackled at the very time the capitol was assaulted by the Gauls, and thus saved Rome! The subsequent ascendency of the empire enabled it to foster the christian religion—France became christianized—and Ravillac hence became inspired with those mistaken motives concerning that religion, which induced him to become a regicide! Nay, Pamphilus, your gracious self would never have been born, and certainly not as an American, nor would there have been any American Revolution, had not a Dutch ship from Guinea, with some natives of that country, visited our shores! Your own ingé-

* Vide Bentham's Principles of Morals.

nuity in *this kind of work*, will enable you at once to supply all the intermediate circumstances, and thus complete your argument! And I also, have to thank your theory, for letting me know why I am here myself—for, I now clearly perceive how my own birth in this happy land, is connected with a cause that dates back at least two centuries ago, in that M. d'Aubigné was then a distinguished Huguenot leader in France!!'

'How is that,' exclaimed Pamphilus, with involuntary surprise. 'Oh, nothing more simple; for, had not one Francoise d'Aubigné, his granddaughter, (afterwads the Marchioness de Maintenon) been born in a prison, and in 1651, when quite young, been married to the famous Scarron, then aged, infirm, and deformed, and afterwards to Louis XIV.—the revocation of the edict of Nantes by that monarch, in 1685, would never have taken place—and it was that very revocation which brought *my grandfather* to these shores; and thus, as you perceive, every link in the chain is complete; I have to thank the D'Aubigné's for now conversing with you! My good Pamphilus, your argument proves quite too much, and I always vehemently suspect any mode of reasoning that seems so compliantly to prove almost any thing. And yet, I frankly admit, the subject we are on is highly curious, and not without its difficulties—but I trust a sober and well regulated mind will be able to detect the fallacies of your theory, especially as it leads to the gloomiest of all philosophy—to the most rigid fatalism the world

has ever known; for it binds equally all intelligences in heaven and upon earth; nay, even Deity himself, in a mechanical system of existence, as repugnant to common sense, as it is certainly shocking to every sound feeling of the heart.'—And so our colloquy terminated.

But, as I have since thought somewhat of the matter, I will note a few additional remarks, as the subject, to some thin minds, has proved not a little mischievous!

There can be no doubt an argument on Pamphilus' principles, diminishes in value, and may become utterly worthless, when carried to its extremest point, as by invoking causes and principles so far-fetched as to prevent the mind from contemplating a thousand other causes that may equally, and even more, have operated. So also, on the other hand, it may be conceded that a very *trifling* matter may be the proximate cause of very extraordinary events:—but, in such cases, it is only the torch applied to the magazine, and is that last or finishing cause which, though in itself almost invisible, has set all the other antecedent causes into efficient actions. In this view of the matter a philosopher will not neglect causes very remote, nor pass by the last or proximate cause, however inconsiderable it may in itself be. And yet he should be certain that all are causes connected with the event. But the whole of them combined, though they ascend very high, and become extremely numerous and some of them equally trifling, can never justify the adoption of the fan-

ciful and wild theory of Leibintz, who, availing himself of the popular tendency to be carried away by *terse phrases* and *uncurrent terms*, threw around his theories the mystery and vagueness which so often result from names—and hence was it that his 'pre-established harmony,' and his 'law of continuity,' (phrases so easily pronounced) gave to his pernicious doctrines the charm of novelty, and a higher distinction than they would have attained, had they been set forth to the popular ear in all their naked absurdity. Among other things, I have heard it said that Louis XVI. would not have met his unhappy fate, had it not been for the suppression of the religious orders in 1782, by Joseph II. of Austria!

Now, in this and numerous like cases, a careful examination of all the intermediate links, may possibly reveal a connection, where at the first view, the matter may appear so remotely extravagant as to sound eminently ridiculous! This mode of speaking is, also, sometimes rather figurative, than designed to be offered as philosophically and historically accurate. Thus, it is certainly too peremptory for an historian (though not out of place for the orator) to say, that the blood of Lucretia put an end to kingly power at Rome; that its form of government was changed by a debtor's appearing before the people covered with wounds; that decemviral power was terminated at the sight of Virginia; that the presentation of the mangled body, and the bloody robes of Cæsar, enslaved Rome—and yet such round expressions seldom

produce any erroneous views on sensible minds, as the more general and antecedent causes will readily occur to them; and moreover, as there is here no design really to attribute such momentous effects to causes so inadequate to their production.

Whilst, therefore, I would differ from Pamphilus *toto cœlo*, in invoking the Leibnitzian absurdity, there can be no doubt that the chain of circumstances causative of an event, is sometimes longer than may at first be apparent; and also, that a proximate cause surprisingly small, may often be so connected with an important event, as to characterize it as the generative cause, and thus to produce on the mind a startling impression, similar in a degree, to that experienced from wit, which agreeably surprises by the sudden detection of points of resemblance, between things apparently very dissimilar.

Even so shrewd a commentator on Machiavel, as Frederick II. of Prussia, hesitated not to ascribe the change of Queen Anne's ministry, and the restoration of peace with Louis XIV. to some petty quarrel between her Majesty and the Duchess of Marlborough, about a pair of gloves! Another sage writer thinks Marlborough's ejection, and the peace of Utrecht, were occasioned by a basin of water being cast upon a lady's gown—another thinks that the triumphant battle of Rossbach must be ascribed to a jest upon Madame de Pompadour—and so again the downfall, during so many years, of the Bourbons, has been ascribed to a falling out between Maria Antoinette and the

Duke of Orleans—the wars of Louis XIV. to some offence taken by his minister at the king's complaint concerning a window! and so of an hundred others that might be named,—all of which trifles, without doubt, were connected with the great events mentioned, and may have even operated as proximate causes; and yet each must have been but the almost invisible occasional cause that set a thousand others, of infinitely greater weight, into actual operation; and, therefore, is to be regarded merely as a causative circumstance, by no means entitled to play so large a part, as is claimed for each, in the great drama of human life.

In connection with the topic in hand, I do not hesitate to note here a few remarks of the late Jeremy Bentham, not only because the volume containing them is so little known in this country—and, comparatively, but little read in his own, but likewise as he deals with a part of the subject in hand, with his characteristic shrewdness, and method.

'A *circumstance* may be related to an *event*, in point of casuality, in one of four ways—1st, in the way of *production;* 2d, in the way of *derivation;* 3d, in the way of *collateral connection;* and 4th, in the way of *conjunct influence*. The circumstance may be said to be related to the event in the way of *production*, when it is of the number of those circumstances which contribute to its causation, or existence: in the way of *derivation*, when it is of the number of the events, to the production of which that in question has been contributory:

in the way of *collateral connection*, when the circumstance in question, and the event in question, (without either of them being instrumental in the production of the other) are related each of them, to some common object which has been concerned in the production of them both: and in the way of *conjunct influence*, when, whether related in any other way or not, they have both of them concurred in the production of some common consequence. All of which may be illustrated by an example—In the year 1628, Villars, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite minister of Charles I. of England, received a wound and died. The man who gave it him was one *Felton*, who exasperated at the mal-administration of which that minister was accused, went down from London to Portsmouth, where Buckingham happened then to be—made his way into his anti-chamber, and finding him busily engaged in conversation with a number of people around him, got close to him, drew a knife, and stabbed him. In the effort, the assassin's hat fell off, which was found soon after, and, upon searching him, the bloody knife. In the crown of the hat were found scraps of paper, with sentences expressive of the purpose he was come upon.—Here then, suppose the event in question is the wound received by Buckingham: Felton's drawing out his knife, his making his way into the chamber, his going down to Portsmouth, his conceiving an indignation at the idea of Buckingham's administration, that administration itself, Charles' appointing such a minister, and so on, *higher* and

higher without end, are so many circumstances related to the event in the way of *causation or production*: the bloodiness of the knife is a circumstance related to the event in the way of *derivation:* the finding the hat upon the ground, the finding the sentences in the hat, and the writing them, are so many circumstances related to it in the way of *collateral connection:* and the situation and conversations of the people about Buckingham, were circumstances related to the circumstances of Felton's making his way into the room, going down to Portsmouth, and so higher and higher, in the way of *conjunct influence*, inasmuch as they contributed in common to the event of Buckingham's death, by preventing him from putting himself upon his guard upon the first appearance of the intruder.

'These several relations do not all of them attach upon an event with equal certainty. In the first place, it is plain, indeed, that *every* event must have some circumstances related to it in the way of *production.* It must of course have a still greater multitude of circumstances related to it in the way of *collateral connection;* but it does not appear necessary that every event should have circumstances related to it in the way of *derivation;* nor, therefore, that it should have any related to it in the way of *conjunct influence.* This division may be further illustrated and confirmed by the more simple and particular case of offspring—for, to production corresponds *paternity*—to derivation, *filiation*—to collateral connec-

tion, *collateral consanguinity*—to conjunct influence, *marriage* and *children*.'

The foregoing classification, though ingenious, and characterized by Mr. Bentham's customary regard to strict method, will appear to many, rather fanciful than useful; but, when more closely inspected, and applied to the infinite concerns of life, will be found by no means destitute of truth and utility. How much such an apparently artificial division of any subject tends to enable the mind to extract from it a latent and practical philosophy, is well known to those whose vocation calls them to accurate and deep inquiries. Where truth is to be extracted by a thorough analysis of facts, as is so often the duty of the lawyer, the judge, and the metaphysician, such methodical arrangements will be found of eminent advantage. Much of the force as well as beauty of forensic and judicial exercitations, is thereby promoted; and the cause of justice is revealed more clearly by the lights shed upon the entire subject from these numerous divisions, they becoming, as it were, so many radiant points of departure for new and illustrative researches. And so it is with every thing in life; truth is always made more clear, folly never, by such classifications; and the sophistry, however artificial and ingenious, of the class to which Pamphilus belongs, can never long mislead; for nothing is more true than that wisdom's counsels never appear so bright, as when folly attempts to illuminate her paths.

I have been also forcibly struck with some remarks of Mr. Villers, in his very sensible and learned Prize Essay, on the influences of Luther's Reformation. The magnitude of his subject seemed to appall him; and, on the outset, he inquires, 'Is not that great event, which I consider as a cause itself, the simple result of many other events that have preceded it?—and must I not on this account, refer to them, and not to it, which has only been an intermediate agent?' 'To the eye of the mind,' continues he, 'every event traced upwards, becomes a simple effect; every effect, traced downwards, becomes in its turn a cause. To mount up to a first cause subsisting by itself, is a demand on our intellectual nature which searches for an *absolute principle*, on which its speculations must terminate.' And he concludes with the following beautiful illustration. 'A man entirely unacquainted with the nature of a river, arriving on the banks of one, and observing it here to flow in an extensive plain, there confined in a narrow channel, in another place foaming by the agitation of a cataract,—such a man would regard the first turning of the stream, where it lies concealed from his eye, as the *origin* of the river—but should he ascend, the cataract would produce a similar illusion; and having reached the source at last, he would then consider the mountain from which it issues, as the primary cause of the river: he would soon however reflect, that the bowels of the mountain must shortly be exhausted by so constant a stream—he would then observe

the accumulation of clouds, and the rains, without which the drained mountain would yield no water—thus would the clouds become the primary cause! but those, again, are brought by the winds which sweep the great seas—and, still further, by the sun it is that they are raised from the sea! Whence, then, comes this power in the sun?'

But, enough has been said in this note, to unfold my meaning, which briefly is,—that whilst the *ultimate* cause, of almost any thing, is as much beyond the reach of the intellectual eye, as is the beginning of a circle, (the total disregard of which has generated many of the crudities of vain and ponderous learning)—yet, that contentment, in most cases, with the mere *proximate* cause, would fall far short of the legitimate limits of philosophical inquiry, and would generally end in meagre sciolism:—the *juste milieu*, therefore, in this, as in all other things, should be carefully observed by writers, be they metaphysicians, physicians, historians, poets, or what not.

CHAPTER V.

XVII. CATHEDRALIZING.—XVIII. AN OLLA-PODRIDA.—XIX. DREAMING.—XX. THOUGHTS ON A PLAY OR TWO.—XXI. THE ADVANTAGES OF IMPUDENCE.

NOTE XVII.—CATHEDRALIZING.

One of the occupations of a traveller in England, but especially on the Continent, may, not unappropriately be called *cathedralizing*, for the which I conceived no little passion, having been led to explore (at least under the genus church) perhaps, an hundred on the favoured island, and, possibly, ten times as many on the, continent! These temples raised to the God of christians, be they basilika, cathedral, church, or chapel, are often full of the visible chronicles of many centuries: they shadow forth the progress, mutations, decline, and revival of architecture—the growth and variations of the fine arts—the piety, follies, and superstitions of hierarchs, of monarchs, and of people—the rise, progress, and fall of religions, and of sects—the vandal outrages, and destructions of opposing bigots—the devastations of war, the reparations of peace—the memorials of family affection, pride, or arrogance in the perpetuation of the names of the great, the good, and the

wicked—the trophies of patriotism, or of a country's gratitude, preserved in connection with the warrior's mausoleum, or his more humble slab—the exquisite, or faulty taste of sculptors, painters, poets—and, in fine, these temples, perhaps better than any other species of building, are the faithful guardians, and permanent repositories of many of the *notabilia* in a nation's history.

I am, then, not ashamed of the many hours of many days, devoted to this pursuit, nor of the particularity manifested, even in this brief note, respecting one of these magnificent christian temples.

The descriptions and reflections of a tourist, charming as they sometimes are, have now become so trite and cur-cheap, that they pall upon the appetite; and the very name of tour, or of tourist, is fast approaching the fate of things that are common, or mawkishly odious! Now,

> 'As every fool describes in these bright days,
> His wonderous journey to some foreign court,'

I have long since *resolved* never to indite a book, nay, not even a chapter, of *travels!* And yet, no reason do I see why I should not indulge in a little harmless note in my diary, for my own amusement, and edification withal; for it is most pleasant to recall such things to one's memory—so that one may there resort at will, no one to chubb him for the trite, erroneous, or silly things he may have recorded, nor for the fashion in which they may be clothed—but never, oh never, should he permit one of them to meet the public eye!

for then, no plea of a private nature would avail as an excuse, nor could he haughtily say, in regard to the fashion thereof, '*C'est ma façon de parler, and a further reason I scorn to give*,' as well might be said when such notes are suffered to meet only his own eye, or that of some special friend.*

The PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVEL would be, indeed, a beautiful subject; but it has never yet been attempted, and, perhaps, never will be, as much from the want of an *author*, as, possibly, of sufficiently numerous *readers* were it written! The great work of the Abbe Barthélemy is scarce an exception to my remark—and yet that was the labour of thirty years, the production of an accomplished general scholar, orientalist, antiquarian, and industrious traveller; but it treats of matters and things he had never seen, it being the imaginary travels of the younger Anacharsis in Greece: whereas I allude to the philosophy of modern travel into various countries—not the result of extensive reading merely, but also of actual observation, and of deep research among the interesting and *recherché* things, as far as they are extant,

*The reader now perceives that the closing part of the author's *resolution*, like some lovers' vows, vanished into thin air, when he decided to give the public a peep into his note-book. As the matters were when first written, so do they now appear, with such occasional additions and variations only, as might impart to them something of a more popular form. But he fears he must still crave pardon even for this small note of travels, and for any others that appear in this little volume, so far forth as they may be clearly referred to the *head of travels*, which he very generally endeavoured to avoid.

of all ages, and of all countries; and, by an admirable classification, bringing them so together, that the wonders, excellencies, and defects of them all may be compared and contrasted! In such a work, governments, laws, institutions, habits, customs, arts, sciences, statistics, buildings, (ancient and modern) ruins, antiquities, things curious in nature and in art—and, in fine, all that could be reaped from extensive wanderings, and from minute observation, would be brought together, under a concentrated view; and thus exhibit, as it were, an almost universal *comparative travel*, with its whole intellectuality—so that, like *comparative anatomy*, with its physiology, it would exhibit the subject in all of its bearings, and in all of its varied, beautiful, and useful results! Such a book could be accomplished only by a MONTESQUIEU among travellers—by such a solitary emanation, as might suddenly dart upon the world only once, perhaps, in a decade of centuries! This by way of *episode*, and not of *preamble* to what is to follow.

But, having nearly lost the theme of my discourse, I must remind my reader that I was seeking for some apology for my present Note, seeing that a traveller's descriptions are now so apt to be eyed with little estimation, and often with some loathing; unless, perhaps, of scenes at either pole,—in central Africa—in the long forgotten regions of 'Araby the blest'—of Edom—or among 'Tadmor's marble wastes!' None of these have I, unhappily, to offer, and have therefore indulged

(although my topic be nothing more than an English Cathedral) in a little ideology about the philosophy of travel, to show that I had in my mind's eye, at least, the *beau ideal* of an interesting work on travels, possibly never to be executed by any one, but now feebly shadowed by me, that I might, if possible, conciliate some few towards the dull details of one who has never been in such *very* distant lands! Still, my cathedral may afford some interest and instruction to those not learned, and not over-fastidious in such matters. With this hope, and without further ado, I shall proceed.

In matters of taste, and of the science that may belong to them, there seems to me a certain *poetical justice*, so to speak, which should never be violated. Hence, when works of art, or of nature, have been traditionally over-praised, or under-praised, it affords us pleasure to use our mite of endeavour to bring them back to their merited position, and this remark, as it seems to me, is strictly applicable to the YORK MINSTER, the only subject of my Note, and of my cathedralizing tour in England, and on the continent, with which I shall trouble the reader.

The Minster is, indeed, a noble pile, full of the sources of interesting reminiscence, and adorned with many goodly evidences of the artist's skill—but, by age, misfortunes, and original defects, it is not, and never was meritorious of all the praises so lavishly bestowed. For centuries it hath been the fashion to laud this cathedral in unmeasured terms; and often to the disparagement of its fellows, both

in England, and on the continent: and the cathedralizer, after visiting those of Wells, Winchester, Ely, Salisbury, Peterborough, Westminster, Canterbury, Durham, Lincoln, Bristol, &c. is apt to continue in the same eulogistic strain of the Minster, because his predecessors have so said! He speaks of its great antiquity, of its vast size—of its mammoth 'East window' as the tenth marvel of the world—of its matchless stained glass—of the 'maiden sisters,' as far excelling all other windows in grace and beauty—of the 'mosaic pavement'—the screens, monuments, carvings, gildings, &c. as all so transcendant, that the Minster, like Aaron's rod, seems to swallow up all others!

Now, where there is actually much skill combined with beauty, it would seem an invidious task to note defects—but, is there not justice between things inanimate, and even vile, and shall there not be among cathedrals, which are among the worthiest of human works? I think so, and therefore do I say, though the world should laugh, that the Minster is, after all, a vast and most irregular, graceless pile, with numerous architectural defects and blemishes; that as a whole, and in the detail, it is obnoxious to much censure (as well as to much praise;) that, compared with some other sacred temples, of England and elsewhere, it falls far short, in many particulars characteristic of a truly great building—a *chef d'œuvre* of architectural genius. Let us then see what this cathedral is, and what it is not—but in as brief a discourse as may well be.

The Minster, *as it stands now*, is the work of different periods, beginning with the South Transept, in 1227; then came the North Transept, in 1260, the Nave, in 1291, the two Western Towers, in 1330, and the Choir, and Central Tower, in 1370. But the cathedral, on the same site, had its origin at a much remoter date, parts of which original building are to be found in the existing foundations, in the crypt; the old materials having been worked into the more modern structure; and, in the crypt may be found columns, with neatly carved capitals and bases; which, however, are extremely short, scarce more than six feet high, and some even much less. From this it would seem highly probable that these columns are not now in their original places, as component parts of a much earlier sacred building, as seems to be erroneously supposed by some.

The first church on the present site, was built in 627, by Edwin, king of the Northumbrians, who was one of the earliest of the petty monarchs of this island, that embraced christianity. This being destroyed by fire, was rebuilt in 1069, and again met the same fate, and was then rebuilt by archbishop Thomas, and again consumed in 1137, and once more rebuilt by A. B. Roger, in 1171. Thus it remained until reconstructed as it now stands, commencing with the year 1227, and ending in 1370, since which latter date no material alteration has taken place, except in that portion of it destroyed in 1827, by that mad incendiary, Jonathan Martin, who, conceiving he would be rendering

God a service, applied his sacrilegious torch, which consumed most of the choir, part of the nave, and considerably injured many, and destroyed some of the monuments. The damage, however, was not very great, and has been thoroughly repaired after the original models, and with an artistical skill, not only extremely creditable to the present age, but which shows that, if occasion demand, the proud and gorgeous cathedral of catholic times, can in our day be made to stand forth in all its varied, beautiful, massive, and expensive details!

After a careful examination of this much-famed temple, and an equally observant inspection of many of the most noted cathedrals of France, Italy, and of some other countries, I have not been able, as already remarked, to account for the extraordinary praises so constantly bestowed on this, and why it should have taken rank so highly above its associates, even in England: for, whether it be regarded in its integrity, or in its details, it could never, in its most palmy days, have been much superior to some others of the island, and falls short, in many respects, of some of the continental cathedrals.

If we attend to its dimensions, exterior form, ornaments and carvings; its interior outlines, traceries, filligranes, stained glass, the construction and material of its roof, its pavements, and its monuments, we shall find some deficiency in them all; and that in most of these particulars, other English cathedrals, and some of their chapels are

quite equal, and occasionally, in some of them, superior.

And 1st, of its *dimensions*. The Minster is 524½ feet in length, 222 in its transept, and 109 in its nave. *Winchester* cathedral is 556 feet in length, and 186 in its transept and nave. The Minster's towers are 234 feet in height, those of *Lincoln* are 270—of *St. Paul's* 356, and of *Salisbury* 387 feet. The Minster's choir is 131 feet in length, and 99 in height—that of St. Paul's is 165 in length, and 88 in height, and those of *Rochester*, *Canterbury*, *Peterborough*, *Winchester*, *Salisbury*, *Lincoln*, and *Westminster*, are all larger. In regard, therefore, to the effect arising from mere dimensions, no superiority can be claimed for the York building, at least none that is striking to the eye.

2d. As to its *exterior aspect and ornaments*, the entire Minster being formed apparently, as well as actually, of an aggregation of edifices, not very harmoniously and artfully associated, presents to the eye an extremely irregular outline, composed also, of five distinct species of Gothic architecture: this impresses the beholder with a sensation of laboured confusion, rather than of admirable vastness; for, the vision being broken into fragments, can no where rest upon the whole at once, so as to excite those sublime emotions, consequent upon the contemplation of great magnitude; nor are the towers of sufficient height to raise in us those delightful sensations. In respect, also, to the pleasure derived from the multiplicity and beauty of exterior decorations, the cathedrals of Wells, West-

minster, Winchester, Peterborough, and others, may justly claim the palm. The infinitely varied gothic traceries, tabernacle work, rosettes, statues, devices, &c. and, in fine, all of those rich embellishments that characterize the florid gothic, are, on the exterior of these buildings, superior to those of the Minster. The *locale*, also, of the York building is singularly bad for the display of its magnitude, its beauties, or its defects. It is encompassed almost on every side by narrow streets, and indifferent buildings, which so crowd upon it, as to intercept its full view from every point.

Externally, the Minster presents on its main front facing the west, two towers of equal height, each surmounted by eight crocketted pinnacles, united by a very low battlement. These towers, each pierced with three windows, are neither lofty, nor highly decorated; and yet they are still more embellished than the other exterior parts of the building. On this western façade are three doors, one piercing each tower; and the main one, in the centre, is a double arched door, with a rude statue of a Vavasor and a Percy, on the right and left. Immediately over this door is the great Western Window; and the front, generally, is relieved by niches, almost destitute, however, at this time, of images or other devices, so essential in the idea of gothic architecture. Leaving this western front, and following the line of the cathedral to the south, we find in the centre of the building a very large, but low square tower, with but little ornament, and in most respects unworthy of its place, as it har-

monizes but little, even with the plain gothic which, so generally, marks the exterior. At this point is the south entrance, which, though not so imposing as that on the west front, is not destitute of ornament. The courses of steps leading up to the south transept, the four octangular turrets, the great Marigold Window, and the little square turret just above it, give considerable variety to this façade, but no sublimity or grandeur whatever. In proceeding further towards the east front, nothing breaks the outline of this south side, and we arrive at the east façade with great expectations, as being remarkable, not only for a more chaste style than the other fronts, but for the much vaunted East Window, which is *seventy-five feet* in height, and is, undoubtedly, if that be a merit, the largest window in the world! This window, viewed from the exterior, is certainly very striking both from its magnitude, and graceful form; but the fame of its *stained glass*, if ever deserved, has long since departed from it; for it strikes the eye as a merely confused congeries of ill-sorted bits of glass, rudely blended with slips of lead, having no visible or comprehensive design, and as wholly destitute of beauty as can well be imagined. The mind in search of the evidences of contrivance and of beauty, adverts neither to the vastness of the opening, thus charged with lead and glass, nor to the vast expense of time and of money said to have been bestowed on it, nor yet to the skill and extraordinary patience of the artist, but solely to

those instantaneous sensations of delight which it is the province of beauty, or of sublimity to excite.

Now, I am free to confess, I am Goth enough to admit that, when casting my eye over this 'finest window in the world,' and which Drake says 'is justly called the wonder of the world, both for masonry and glazing.' I felt great disappointment, and found quite as much positive ugliness, as beauty; and though, after closely examining it from the interior, my *judgment* became satisfied that it originally must have cost both skill and unwearied patience, and that the artist had richly earned more than his daily pittance during the years occupied by him in its various combinations; yet, was I still more confirmed that it is, and ever was, a confused mass, as destitute of simplicity and of every element of taste and of beauty, as almost any other human labour that cost so much of time, expectation, and expense. This east end is somewhat impaired by the ravages of time; the niches have almost disappeared, and but few statues grace either them, or the buttresses. Proceeding towards the north side, and at the corner of the transept, we are met by the once splendid Chapter-House; which, though it somewhat mars the beauty of the outline, has ever been regarded as the pride of the whole Minster. Passing by this, for the present, we reach the north façade, which brings us once more to our starting point. This north front is yet in a plainer style than any of the others, though

graced with the celebrated windows known by the name of the 'Five Maiden Sisters.'

Having now passed hastily round the building, we are prepared to examine the glories within.

3d. *The interior aspect and ornaments.*—Much of the imposing effect on entering the Minster depends upon the portal by which you are admitted; which should be, especially on your *first* entrance, by the western door, and not into the south transept, as is so usual. By the former passage, your eye takes in, at once, the whole range of the nave, transept, and choir, of more than five hundred feet in length! A gallery sustained by arches, follows this long line of the nave, extending to the transept two hundred and sixty feet, and is decorated with the armorial bearings of the Minster's patrons. On the two side aisles, over their entrances, are some finely executed basso-relievoes, representing ancient rural sports; and these aisles are lighted by sixteen windows, fourteen of which are glazed with stained glass. Over the centre of the transept is the arch of the central tower, lighted by eight windows, and the ceiling of this, as also of the nave, and aisles, is of wood painted, and ornamented with traceries. In the central knot of the ceiling of the tower, are two figures of St. Peter and St. Paul; which, however, are too small to be seen with the least effect, the height being one hundred and eighty-eight feet from the pavement! At the north-east corner is the entrance into the Chapter House, and between the transept and the

choir is a magnificent stone screen, which separates to a certain height, the nave from the choir. This screen was surmounted before the late fire, by a magnificent organ, which contained 3,254 pipes, and 52 stops, and which has probably been replaced by a still larger one.

The Chapter House, an octagon building of about sixty-five feet in diameter, must have been, originally, by far the most magnificent part of the cathedral, but has now gone nearly to ruin. Sufficient remains, however, to indicate its former splendour. The massive doors covered with iron scrolls, the richly gilt and painted dome, the seven Gothic windows of stained glass, which nearly occupy the octagon, the forty-four stalls with rich canopies of curiously carved devices, the Virgin Mother treading on the serpent, the silver statues of the twelve apostles, on the low pedestals which still remain, the numerous slender and graceful columns, which pass on each side of the stalls, embellished with richly gilt capitals and many strangely grotesque figures and devices, designed to caricature the *secular* clergy of those times, and the exquisitely beautiful tracery-work with numerous other decorations, all in their primitive freshness, must have presented a gorgeous scene greatly heightened, too, when the forty-four church dignitaries in their richest vestments were seated in their respective stalls! At the entrance of the door which occupies the eighth side of the octagon, may still be seen in large gilt Saxon letters, the following lines in praise either of the

Minster at large, or of the Chapter House in particular, probably the former.

Ut Rosa phlos phlorum
Sic est Domus, ista domorum.

Which, in our vernacular, may be spread out thus—'As the rose is chiefest among flowers, so is this house among houses.'

Over this entrance are the niches for the apostles and virgin; but these splendid silver-gilt statues fell a prey to the rapacious Old Harry, of monastery-loving memory! The construction of the vaulted roof, supported neither by arch nor pillar, is said to be a master-piece of architectural skill. It is wholly of wood plastered, and was highly decorated—but its glories are now nearly extinct.

The screen, to which I have alluded as separating the nave from the choir, is certainly at this time the most beautiful and interesting object of the cathedral. It is in perfect preservation, and probably far exceeds the much admired screen of the Confessor in Westminster Abbey when perfect, but which is now a ruin. The splendour which once reigned in the Chapter House, was in a great degree the result of gilding and painting, but the stone screen is a work of matchless skill, of unwearied labour, of great fertility of design, and is altogether *a chef d'œuvre* that would probably put to shame, if not the taste, at least the ingenuity of the best artists and sculptors of our age. The massive stone has become instinct with life—has lost its solidity, is seen into deeply beyond its

surface, like the wonderfully elaborated work of the Chinese in ivory, still the marvel of many who remove the difficulty, only by insisting that the ivory has been softened, so that its delicate lace work becomes an ordinary manipulation, requiring little else than mechanical patience. But this cannot be said of the brittle material which composes the screen. No Papin's digester—no chemic art, can have softened this stone; and the screen presents to the eye a study for a week, composed of vines, and of delicately formed leaves, of insects, animals, and reptiles, done to the life, and many of them concealed as it were, under others, require some scrutiny to detect them, and when discovered, excite unmingled surprise and delight! The screen is further adorned with fifteen statues as large as life, of the English monarchs, from the Conqueror, to the sixth Henry inclusive; and when viewed, either in its integrity, or in the detail, is altogether one of the most attractive objects to be seen in this, or perhaps, in any other cathedral.

The choir is in admirable taste: the tabernacle work of the stalls and of their canopies, though recent restorations, are beautifully wrought. Some, however, affect to lament greatly the destruction of the old substantial and more deeply carved work; which, though confessedly inferior in execution to the modern, is said by them to have been vastly more effective, when viewed somewhat at a distance. The present cathedra, or archbishop's throne, and the pulpit, are truly admirable. The

choir, like the nave, has a gallery supported by arches; and is lighted by windows that rise nearly to the height of the roof—and it is here, likewise, that we find the famous east window, which becomes somewhat transparent but still remains a confused jargon, so to speak, of colours, void of pictorial design.

Having thus cursorily passed entirely round the interior, as well as the exterior of the building,—a few *particulars* may, perhaps, be indulged in, as necessary to a little further vindication of the disposition I have manifested, to differ in some degree from the unqualified praise so lavishly bestowed on it by others.

The *roof*, or rather the ceiling, as before remarked is of *wood*, painted in imitation of stone, and is ornamented in rather a crude and inelegant manner. It is, moreover, quite too low, (except that of the vault of the central tower) and comes actually in contact with the apex of each of the great windows! The material of the roof ill harmonizes with the general magnificence and solidity of the edifice, and is inferior to the ceilings of several other English cathedrals, and even chapels. How much does it fall short of the stone vaults of King's chapel, Cambridge, of St. George's chapel, at Windsor, and how immeasurably behind that of the Abbey at Westminster! These all, are of wonderful and exquisite workmanship; they suspend over your head solid and eternal masses of stone, exciting almost fearfully sublime emotions at their contemplation. These ponderous cano-

pies, the envy and almost the opprobium of modern architects, are sometimes perfectly flat or horizontal, and seem a wizzard work that baffles comprehension, suspended you know not how, and making the beholder involuntarily shrink, lest the vast and heavy masses, of some of their richly carved figures, of more than a ton's weight, should forsake their fastenings, and crush one to powder! And yet, these massive stones are often rendered so apparently light and airy by the sculptor's handy art, as to represent some gossamer covering—or rich drapery of lace, and ingenious needle work, embellished with golden appliances! Who then, would compare the wooden, though painted and gilded ceilings, of York Minster, even when in their original freshness, with the matchless magnificence, and architectural skill, that hangs over you, within the edifice just mentioned!

So, likewise, much has been unmeaningly said as to the *stained glass* which abounds in the Minster. In quantity, this cathedral certainly exceeds any other in that particular; but, in quality, and in pictorial design and effect, it seems to me extremely defective; and the eye of taste and of science would seem to be less gratified in this respect in the Minster, than in the chapels at Cambridge and Westminster, and in some of the halls and public buildings of other places. The '*maiden sisters*' of the Minster are certainly eminently graceful, and worthy of their name in this respect. They are larger than any of the windows in the chapels and halls adverted to, but do not

equal them in richness and beauty of colouring, nor in the distinctnes of pictorial design.

These remarks apply with still more justness to the stained glass of the East Window, which though seventy-five feet by thirty-two feet, is so divided into two hundred compartments, great and small, and subdivided by the painter almost indefinitely, as to give to no portion of it a clear and satisfactory effect! The designs are taken mainly from scriptural subjects, and the glazier, one John Thornton, is said to have been occupied, during many years, commencing in 1405, with the mere manipulation of inserting in the leads, the numerous pieces of glass of various colours, and designs, that compose the entire work! If the original, as it came from master Thornton's hands, did not almost wholly vary from what it now exhibits, (which can scarce be the case, as I have now before me Drake's ponderous folio, with his numerous engravings, which sufficiently unfold its state in palmy days,) it must ever have been a mass of confused devices! We are told, indeed, that the artist had in his mind's eye very many curious and distinct fancies, which embraced nearly the whole of Bible history; and the engravers, with much pains, have been able to delineate some crude outlines thereof; but no eye, as we think, can trace them with the *coup d'œil* a traveller must accord to it; and the painful attention of an artist who designs to commit the result to paper, is out of the question, as this would require some days, at least!

The Armorial, and the West Window, are far more satisfactory, as they are less complex, are more transparent, and yield the designs to the eye, with infinitely more clearness and certainty. The traditional praise, then, so uniformly accorded to this East Window, over all others, has probably resulted from regarding magnitude, variety, complexity, toil, and expense, as *per se* just sources of great commendation. It is the province and privilege, however, of every traveller, to look with his own eyes, and to judge with his own mind, regardless of time sanctioned praises.

The *new pavement*, also, which has been, not very inappropriately, called *mosaic*, has been greatly extolled, and with little justice. About a century ago, Lord Burlington prevailed on the dean and chapter to remove the old pavement, composed of innumerable grave stones, many of which, as the antiquarian Francis Drake informs us, 'formerly shone like embroidery, being enriched with images, &c. in brass, of bishops and of other ecclesiastics represented in proper habits.' This sacrilege was somewhat mitigated by the fact that all the old marble grave stones, though entirely robbed of their identity, were carefully wrought up, and used in the formation of the new pavement, thus having respect to economy, if not to taste, and to the memory of the honoured and lamented dead! And the act would have been still further expiated had the 'mosaic' fancy of my Lord Burlington been more worthy the noble pile it was designed to grace. But we have to quarrel with the new pave-

ment, not only for these reasons, but for the removal of the *eighty-eight circles* curiously wrought into the old one, as so many *stations* for the dignitaries of the church to stand in, during the pomp and circumstance attendant upon the installations, and on other solemn occasions! These ecclesiastics, 'habited according to their proper distinctions, and clad in their copes and vestments, must have made a glorious appearance,' says Drake—who gave to the world his massive folio, in the very year that this work of destruction by the tasteful Lord Burlington, was going on.

I have now given, tediously I fear, as is nearly unavoidable in such details, my notions of this famous cathedral, and some brief reasons for dissenting in part, from the customary language indulged in—such as, '*the cathedral appears like a vast mountain starting out of a plain*'—'*it is the most august of temples*'—'*its vastness and beauty impress the observer with awe and sublimity*'—'*the glory of the kingdom*'—'*it is the summit of scientific perfection and excellence, not to be surpassed*'—'*the finest window in the world*'—'*the highest, lightest, and most extensive arch in the world,*' &c. &c. These, as it seemed to me, are rather inordinate expressions, excusable enough, when flowing from the hasty and ardent pen of a patriotic Englishman, but essentially wrong in one really in search of truth, and especially so, when looking after the elements of comparative excellence. The fact is, this noble pile has too much solid worth, and real beauty, to need such indiscriminate and

untruthful praise; and, like the loveliness that flows not from regular features, but which shadows forth the riches of a fine intellect within, the Minster of York must ever command our sober veneration for much intrinsic worth; though, when examining its features, we may be compelled to pronounce them often 'rudely stamped,' and cast into a 'perverse mould.'

NOTE XVIII.—AN OLLA-PODRIDA.

THE Spaniards have a dish of much note among them, consisting of many meats, and other savoury things, stewed together with little regard to homogeneity; and it is sometimes convenient for authors thus to deal *à la cuisinier*, when one knows not exactly what he means to write about. What I have now to say is yet all *in nubibus*—it may be one thing, various, and any thing, just as my pen shall vouchsafe. I do remember an old French cook, whose master loved good things, but kept so tight a string over his purse, and doled out to his faithful Jacques, the viands and the condiments, with so niggard a hand, that his dinners always seemed the result of accident, and surprised the servant and master, quite as much as was Dr. Brewster, when, from a few fragments of stones, of glass, and of tinsel, all the varied beauties of the kaleidoscope arose to his astonished view. And so it is with an author sometimes; the results are essentially accidental—they have nothing to do with calculation—the reckless experimenter

is as ignorant of what may follow, as are the brute materials with which he may operate; and how I shall come out of my Olla-Podrida, I can no more say, than can my standish and its black contents, or the steel pen, its vehicle—on all of which I am so slavishly dependent for the avails. These matters premised, proceed we now to the intended *pot pourri*.

I have just returned from a walk, among some of the most beautiful of Nature's works, over the Apennines, between the little town of Frejus, and the old, walled, and fortified city of Antibes. When I descended from my carriage to pluck flowers on the way, and to survey all around me the many lovely prospects that enchanted my view, the sun was fast declining, and many floating clouds cast their shadows upon the boundless forests, the towering rocks, and the small valleys that reposed in luxuriance between the mountains. These all filled my soul with such a crowd of images, that on reaching the *locanda*, I fell into a kind of dreamy reverie upon the beauties of nature—I then glanced over my note book, and found that some similar reflections had been there recorded long before. I then seized my pen, and poured forth some more of these feelings—and such a melange!

'Happy he
Whom what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with the remembrance of a present GOD;'

for, without diving with a philosophic eye into the recesses of nature, the most irresistible evidences of a divine architect are reflected from the most simple objects which present themselves.

Whether we contemplate the starry orbs,

> 'Pursue the comets where they farthest run,
> And bring them back obsequious to the sun,'

or descend to this our globe, and examine the admirable conformity of the whole; or whether we enter into the bowels of the earth, and behold the rich mines of valuable metals, earths, spars and fossils of various kinds; or lastly, whether we examine the meanest of nature's animated beings, we cannot but be lost in amazement at the wonderful mechanism, the wisdom, goodness and mercy displayed in their formation! The existence of a God being sanctioned by such irrefragable evidence, how blind, nay, how perfectly stupid must he be, who would attribute this exquisite workmanship to the fortuitous junction of atoms, the whirling of vortices, or the principle of elementary attractions! These affinities, however plausibly they may account for the formation of organized inanimate matter, certainly leave us perfectly in the dark as to the origin of life; for, as Rousseau sensibly observes, 'the chemist with all his art in compounds, has never yet found *sensation* or *thought* at the bottom of his crucible.' The proof, therefore, of the existence of a being who is the originator of mind and matter—of a being transcendant in wisdom and goodness, being so prominent in the

features of surrounding nature, it is the duty of parents and tutors early to habituate their children and pupils to the contemplation of the harmonies, perfections and sublimities which momentarily crowd upon the mind, and to teach them to behold this mass of loveliness with a discriminating eye, and a grateful heart.

How amply does the traveller of taste expatiate on the beauties of nature—with what enthusiasm does he admire the tremendous cataract, the 'cloud capt' mountains, the wild luxuriancy of the meadows, the rude impending rocks, and the bold majestic flow of an expanded river—these are among the beauties and sublimities of what is called *nature*—on these he dwells with rapture, but, perhaps, without once reflecting that

> 'Nature is but a name for an effect,
> Whose cause is God.'

When we raise our eyes to the spangled vault of heaven, and behold myriads of shining spheres—when we reflect that most of these are globes like ours; peopled with inhabitants in the pursuit of the same ends that we are—when we consider that many of these stars are but suns to other systems; and that these systems are, perhaps, but component parts of others, upon a still grander and more sublime scale, how noble is the thought—how useful is the lesson that may be deduced from it. We learn to consider ourselves but as mites in the creation—it checks our pride, ennobles our ideas of the plans and views of the Creator, and teaches us to be humble and virtuous. In descending in our con-

templation from the vast expanse of the universe to the place of our own habitation—we cannot but be charmed with the harmonies, the admirable economy and boundless profusion of blessings and conveniences every where displayed.

The first grand and sublime objects which attracts our attention is, the boundless Ocean. Here we behold power in its *vastness*, wisdom in its *motions*, and goodness in its *contents*. Whether we see the surface as a polished speculum, reflecting the passing clouds, or view it in its wildest rage, rolling mountainous waves against each other, our souls dilate with awful sublimity, and involuntary ejaculations ascend to Him who in wisdom bridles the angry billows, and keeps them within their proper bounds.

In contemplating the vastness of the ocean, if we reflect that the smallest drop of water is computed to contain many thousand globules, what myriads must compose that grand mass which encompasses our globe! let the ablest Newton endeavour to compute the number—as well may he attempt to compress the ocean in a vial, or measure the universe with a span!

In the deep recesses of this watery empire, dwells the mighty *Leviathan*. Here the walrus and the whale pay him court, and myriads of the smaller race supply him with food. The ocean itself feels his weight, and the waves yield to his massy sides.

This vast expanse of water is the great reservoir from which the clouds are exhaled, to shelter us

from the piercing beams of the sun—to cool the atmosphere, and descend on our plains in genial dews and showers—from it proceeds our cooling fountains, the meandering stream, the majestic river and the tremendous cataract—these supply the vegetable world with their chief nutriment, and give to man that pabulum, without which life could not be sustained.

Let us next attend to the earth itself. We perceive it to be diversified with mountains, woods, hills and dales—with rocks, fountains, caverns, rivers and streams. These unevennesses, so far from being blemishes or defects, greatly heighten its beauty.

Here we see it rise in huge and massy mountains, whose rugged sides seem to defy ascent, much less cultivation. *There* it is scooped into extensive vales, covered with the richest verdure. To this succeeds a wide champaign country, ornamented with meadows—the varied coloured orchard—the golden harvest, and the contented cottage. At a greater distance, we perceive the mountains raise their aspiring peaks, and bordering our horizon like so many dark majestic clouds, their frozen summits attracting the moisture of the heavens, to pour them in genial dews upon the fertile vales below.

Let us enter the woods—here we behold the oak, the monarch of the forest—the elm, the pride of spring—the maple, distilling its juices, to supply us with sugar—the luxuriant verdure of the cedar, pine and hemlock—and the fair

beech, offering its umbrageous boughs, whilst we make its polished bark the depository and conservator of some favourite name.

What a pleasant retreat do the woods afford the beasts of the field from the inclemencies of the winter, or the scorching rays of a vertical sun! Here we see those vast plants receiving their chief nutriment from the moisture of the earth, supplied with refreshing showers from the heavens, and inhaling the air by their leaves from the surrounding atmosphere. These supply us with fuel for various uses—timber for our habitations, and serve us also as conveyances to distant climes to supply ourselves with the necessaries and luxuries of life, and convey ours to them. Thus is it, that the various nations of the earth, by a social intercourse, become humanized—imbibe a fellow-feeling for each other, and view one another rather in the light of members of one large family, than as nations having no other relation than as beings inhabiting the same globe.

If we view the ground, we find it enamelled with flowers and shrubs of various sorts. These not only delight the eye by the richness of their colours, and greet the smell with their grateful odours, but serve as food both for man and other animals, and likewise furnish us with various drugs essential to the preservation of our health.

If we enter the orchard, what an ample demonstration of our Creator's kindness have we here displayed! we behold the trees bending to the earth with their luxuriant burthens. Part of their

mellow treasures quit their parent tree and afford a delicious food to the different animals which repose under their shade—the little songsters of the wood perch on the boughs and take their welcomed portion of nature's bounty—nay, the flies, and very insects of the air are here supplied by their bounteous Creator. Not only the trees and the fertile bosom of the earth, but the very atmosphere is impregnated with food for the animalculæ which inhabit it. In fact, the whole earth is a vast magazine from which we and they are supplied, as our and their necessities require; for

> 'The Holy Power that clothes the senseless earth,
> With woods, with fruits, with flowers and verdant grass,
> Whose bounteous hands feed the whole brute creation,
> Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.—*Rowe.*

How extatic is it, when rising in the morning, renovated and refreshed by the balm of sleep, to behold the beauties of the rising orb of day. Aurora comes with all her varied hues—Phœbus mounts triumphant in the east, whilst the lenient air breathes the most delicious odours. The little feathered songsters, concealed in their verdant abodes, delighted with smiling nature, pour forth their melody, borne on the gentle breeze to listening man. At a distance we behold the polished surface of a lake reflecting from her fair bosom the pendant trees which crowd the margin—the fleecy mists, wafted from their parent waters to the mountain's top, refract the ruddy beams of the rising sun, and present the most sublimely magnificent scene that can be imagined. The clouds as they

gradually dissipate by the dissolving influence of the solar beams, assume the most fantastic shapes, whilst, according to their various densities, they reflect the light in all the vivid and charming colours of the rainbow. What a blind infatuation—what a perversion of judgment is it in those curious beings who travel from Abyla and Calpi, to the shores of the Pacific, to see and purchase at enormous prices, various happy imitations of nature's beauties, and are yet insensible to such real beauties, and would rather remain in sluggard sleep, than rise and contemplate scenes so far transcending the finest delineations of art. In the verdant meadow we hear the bleating of the flocks—the murmuring of the distant rill—the cooing of the solitary dove—the freshest exhalations of softened nature salute our smell—our eyes are delighted with myriads of wild flowrets,

'Arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year,'

and hiding their beauteous blossoms in the surrounding verdure. These are scenes worthy philosophic contemplation—they are scenes which inspire love for the great Author of their formation, and forcibly shew us how vastly nature exceeds the finest touches of the pencil of art.

Retiring from the growing influence of the sun to our chamber, we may here muse on the pleasures afforded us by our morning walk—we may contemplate nature in books—we may amuse ourselves in delineating her beauties on canvass; and, as recollection brings them to our view, the rude

sketches of the pencil paint them more forcibly to our mind. These are, to be sure, secondary pleasures, but the ardent and impassioned admirer of nature is far from neglecting them.—When in

> 'The western sky the downward sun
> Looks out effulgent from amid the flush
> Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam,'

we may once more sally forth to inhale the odours of the evening, and mark the progressive influence of the departing sun on the surrounding scenery. The melody of the groves is revived—nature is re-animated from the burning influence of the sun—the ox and the plough-horse cease from their labours—and the honest farmer seated before his door

> 'Musing praise and looking lively gratitude,'

rests his wearied limbs from the toils of the day, and enjoys the sweets of society with his wife, children, and friendly neighbour. And then, how pleasing is it to observe the harmless cows on the margin of the river, returning in formal procession to pay their voluntary tribute to the industrious milk-maid, whilst others, more dilatory in their movements, luxuriously bathe their scorched sides in the limpid waters, and lash with their flowing tails the teazing gad-flies.

The noisy geese and waddling ducks return to their resting place—nature finally assumes a calm and pleasing tranquillity, undisturbed, save by the screech of the solitary owl, or the mournful notes of the lonely whippero'will.

It is at this delightful period that the garden sends forth its most grateful odours—the evening zephyrs carry on their wings the sweet scented Callicanthus—the perfumes of the carnation and the exhilirating odours of the varied coloured Polianthus.

The botanist has wandered from bed to bed, contemplating their beauties, their relationship to each other, and arranging them according to their class and order. He now reviews them in his closet, with an eye which discovers a crowd of beauties, of which those ignorant of this charming science are totally unacquainted.

The vegetable physiologist contemplates them as distinguished by sex—investigates their faculties of perception—observes their modes of propagation and fecundation, marks their different ways of inspiration and expiration—their diseases, both contagious and infectious—sees them liable to hunger and thirst—and lastly, views them gradually destroyed by age, and yielding to that monarch to which all nature pays the tribute of death.

Let us go beyond the garden, and pay a moonlight visit to a neighbouring water-fall. In this delightful spot has sportive nature combined every thing pleasing to the eye, or that may in any way inspire sublime emotions—the wild rurality of the scene—the roaring of the waters—the echoed responses from the surrounding rocks, the deep and clustered foliage of trees—here shutting out—there admitting the moonlight, all conspire to

delight the beholder. The massy rocks rudely suspending their naked heads over the rushing waters—the white foaming surges mixing their troubled waves with the lucid stream which flows on with majestic dignity below—added to the sombre shades of the encompassing rocks and trees, form altogether a picture both sublime and beautiful. Sublimity awakens the soul, calls it into action, and fills it with sensibilities the most lively, perceptible and pleasing; and scenes of this kind display the true picturesque, for here is a happy combination of beauty and sublimity, the latter of which never makes a scene picturesque. Landscapes which raise no sublime emotions, are often called picturesque, and this, no doubt, with propriety—but when sublimity is united with beauty, the effect is the genuine picturesque. Would we, then, have this species of beauty in perfection, it is not sufficient that we find massy rocks, grand mountains, and lofty cascades; but we must have the superadded beauty of trees and of shrubs, in all their varied *positions*, *figures* and *colours*, together with the glowing and mellow tints of the atmosphere, the graceful meanderings of streams, and many other lovely objects—and when these are all combined, the scene is then—a *picture*. These, though more usual in Italy than elsewhere, are still to be often found in other lands.

There are, perhaps, in the world, few countries where nature has been more lavish of her beauties than in my own dear America—and few, per-

haps, which present so many interesting subjects to the intelligent traveller. True, we have no lofty spires, no venerable ruins, no dilapidated castles—but nature presents herself in her primitive garb—in her native grandeur. Why, therefore, should our travelled gentlemen expatiate with so much enthusiasm on the sublime and picturesque beauties of Switzerland, Scotland, and the confines of Germany, while their own country can boast of so much attractive scenery? The answer, I am afraid, is too obvious. They leave their native shores to visit foreign ones, before they have ever journeyed far from their natal habitation, and often, long before they have laid up a store of marketable commodities (I mean ideas) which they may give in exchange for those they receive from foreigners.

What is more sublime than the highlands of the North River—what more awfully tremendous than the cataract of Niagara—what more romantic than the vale of Lebanon—what can surpass the solemn and majestic gloom of the surrounding mountains on the Gulph road—the pensive and soothing silence of the groves in some of our glades—the pastoral simplicity of those who have retired from life, into some of the rich valleys of Virginia—or the wild luxuriancy of the meadows of the far west. How pleasing is it to contemplate that noble spirit of perseverance, which has enabled the laborious husbandman to climb the loftiest mountains, and change the rude garb of nature for the rich habiliments of cultivation—how pleasing is it to behold the verdant hills rising

amphitheatrically around—to observe the progressive influence of the departing sun on the distant Alleghanies, or the bright orb of day rising in the pride of his splendour, gilding them with his ruddy light, and chasing the fogs fantastically formed upon their lofty tops!

——— But enough, and more than enough of these mawkish reflections upon the beauties of nature, be they in the old or in the new world! The fact is that sometimes these raptures on the wonders of creation, and especially when committed to paper, remind me of my childish disappointment, and even loathing, when first, in an apothecary's shop, I tasted largely of *manna!* Its sweetness seduced me to take of it a large lump, and soon its nauseating combination of bitter and of mawkish sweetness, occasioned me to repent my greedy rashness—and so now, I can scarce look back upon what I have indited about mountains, and streams, and rocks, and beasts, and birds, (things most lovely to behold and to think of, but which so often loose their delicate flavours when embodied in words, unless *poetical,*) without being strongly reminded thereby of my boyish horror of manna!

——— It so happened, however, that on my arriving at Antibes, I met at the *locanda* with a valued female friend, 'all away across the blue waters from America'—and who is one of our most accomplished countrywomen. A thousand reminiscences of my own dear land rushed into my mind—and her refined soul—her lovely manners—her varied accomplishments, all seemed to force

upon my mind the general superiority, in our country, of that sex over ours!

American female beauty, though like the early deciduous blossoms of the fairest flowers, is confessedly eminent, as long as it endures, which alas! like

'The sand within the transitory glass,'

passes so fleetly by us, that we have scarce time sufficient to note the brilliant, though brief riches of her varied beauties: for, as Spencer saith,

'If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and sound;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorned with virtues manifold.'

And yet these personal charms seldom endure as in other lands; but the excellences of her heart and mind grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength.

In some parts of our country the disparity between the sexes, in moral as well as in intellectual worth, is very striking: the hardy occupations of the former, leave them but little opportunity to embellish mind or manners; and the somewhat recluse and easy life of the latter, invite to study, and to much, comparative, refinement. But, even in those sections of our extensive country, where men are well educated, and in which the accomplishments and graces and polish of life, are not neglected by them, the women, as it seems to me, are often

relatively, their superiors in the relations of sister, daughter, mother, friend!—and fuller of tact, of common sense, of sober judgment, good taste, domestic economy, colloquial talent, purity of diction, and of worldly policy, than their husbands, brothers, and male friends are apt to be.

Whence, then, arises this absence of comparative merit in our men?—mainly, I think, from the demoralizing tendencies and influences of our ultra-democracy,—the women being, very often, at the opposite point of the political firmament from that of their lords—also, from the trafficking spirit so universal among us—from the necessary toils of the men, who know and feel the evils of a restricted purse, and the consequent importance of money-making. Those who are quite at ease in their pecuniary condition, and when they happen to be free of petty ambition, and of the political mania which maddens others, become sufficiently aristocratic to feel the dignity of human character; and are soon transferred into sensible, refined, graceful, and virtuous beings; and withal, are far more amiable. I have often thought I could almost gauge a man's purse by the scale of his democracy; which often becomes flaming, and reaches even the boiling point, when he is poor, and yet sinks to zero, as soon as fortune smiles upon him!—and so it is with all the intermediate degrees. Not that a rich man loves his species less—but that he deals less in fulsome flattery, talks less of the 'rights of man,' of the 'sovereignty of the people;' and, in fine, of all those topics

which widen the too natural breach that severs the various classes of society. Not so with women; they indulge in no such crude notions of ultra-politics; but are charitable to the poor, reverence virtue in whom ever found, regard all men by the standard of moral and of intellectual worth, and desire to see every son and daughter of Adam hold that position alone in society, to which their merits entitle them.

And though by our demi-barbarous law, the existence of a woman be merged in that of her husband, and she be *sub potestate viri* as to more things than her own and his property, she still preserves her native dignity, counsels her husband with the gentleness of an angel, looks into the future for him—and, if adverse fortunes overtake him, she is the first to suggest the means of either bettering their condition, or of maintaining that equanimity so essential to further action.

The Common Law of England, which is generally ours in all that appertains to woman, is far from being a code of gallantry—no love-sick knights devoted to 'ladies fair,' ever penned a line of it; all is a chronicle of invidious distinctions, of oppressive encroachments on the rights of woman! Her personal estate vests in her lord, by the very act of marriage—her lands and tenements are for his use; and, if a child be born, though death remove it the instant after, (*provided it be heard to cry infra quatuor muris!*) the whole of her real estate vests in the husband during his life, if he survive his wife: and, even if there be *trust* estate settled

upon the wife, and vested in trustees for the express purpose of protecting it against the husband, and even against her own acts, and with the hope and expectation that his solicitations, and his powers, will prove of no avail in converting it to his uses,—yet, still in such a case, our more than barbarous law (in this respect) has decreed, that if the husband and wife unite in a deed to transfer such trust property to pay the *husband's debts*, it is a valid conveyance—and even though the trustees had no knowledge of the conveyance, or even when done in disregard of their wishes! Oh, reform it utterly—seek for wisdom on this subject from the counsels of the Roman Civil Law; and, as to the wife's estate at least, secure it to her *effectually*, so that we may hear no more of the *baron's* supremácy, and of the *feme covert's* proprietary non-entity! I think, when KNOWLEDGE becomes more generally diffused among us, this blur upon the scutcheon of our legal character, must soon pass away.

——— Now, the matter of *knowledge* reminds me of its great excellence, especially where the people are all law-makers, as well as law-breakers, and of the solemn duty of our government to foster it, and of parents to value it beyond all other means of becoming rich!

Well doth Sophocles say,

'The noblest employment of man is to assist man,'

for the acquisition, and imparting of knowledge, is certainly the most honourable and pleasurable of our employments. In the pursuit of literature and

of science, a philanthropic mind experiences a delightful anticipation of the pleasure which learning will afford him, as a means of benefiting mankind. A richly cultivated mind, is ever a liberal and generous one; it delights in the diffusion of knowledge, and has the greatest satisfaction in ennobling and expanding the minds of others. Seneca used to say that he would spurn the proffered gift of wisdom, if on condition not to impart it to others; and Cicero considered the pleasure of instructing others, as one of the principal inducements to the acquisition of knowledge. It appears to have been evidently the intention that man should assist man, since by giving him the faculty of speech, it designed him for a sociable being; and there can be no society between ignorance and knowledge. The various degrees of talent or of genius, the natural turn which one man has for one branch of science, or of art, and another for quite a different kind, is strong proof that nature intended that each should cultivate his peculiar talent, and benefit society by the results of his labours. 'Nature has been much too frugal,' says Mrs. Barbauld, 'to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one brilliant mass'—the poet, therefore, the sculptor, and the painter, should respectively improve his taste and his genius; and all should willingly bring the fruits of their study into the general stock.

The ancients, as far as they possessed the means, appear to have been very liberal in the communication of their knowledge to the world.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus,

says Horace—and his illustrious cotemporary, the Mantuan poet, places in the Elysian paradise, those who, by the invention of useful arts, had instructed and adorned life.

Inventus—qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quisque sui memores alios fecere merendo.

The same expansive views are evident in the writings of Addison, in those of Johnson, of Budgel, Steel, Hawkesworth, Thornton, Moore; and in the whole list of periodical writers, whose object was more the diffusion of knowledge, the melioration of society, the suppression of vice and folly in whatever garb, and however fashionable, than the hope of fame, or of lucre: and their influence on the manners of the times is their strongest recommendation.

Ridicule is a powerful weapon in the hands of a virtuous and ingenious writer—it has been crowned with success, when the strongest arguments, the chastest rhetoric, the zealous effusions of the sage, and of the divine have wholly failed. Ridicule, therefore, has been a constant instrument of attack upon the follies and vices of the day; it must be delicately used, however, if it would attain its desired effect; and none should attempt to wield it, but such as have strong sense, as well as genuine wit and humour.

In our own country that charming little work, known by the appropriate name of SALMAGUNDI, was among the earliest of our satirical prose works.

To the language of Addison, the elegant simplicity of Goldsmith, and the pungency of Swift, its classical author united a fertile and chaste imagination, and a rare but subdued humour truly delightful. I love to look back on those primitive times of our literature: it is refreshing to remember how one little work of genuine ridicule, of sound morals, and of chaste style, turned all hearts and minds inward; compelled them to think on themselves, as well as on their neighbours; thereby refining our manners, and causing us to abjure many prescriptive follies. The silly things of high life—the coarseness of social intercourse,—the idle pretensions of *parvenus*—the 'whimwams,' and idiosyncrasies of crusty bachelors, and of splenetic old maids—the ignorance and mendacity of foreign post-road travellers—the absurdities and inefficiency of a windy, wordy logocracy, are dealt with in a manner, so delightfully novel to us at that time, and with a pen so evidently of masters, as produced the happiest effect—whilst the flattering reception of a *first* work, secured to their country a writer (I may say writers) whose more matured productions have resulted in little else than a continued series of well merited laurels, growing brighter and brighter; and not alone on the brow of their gifted authors, but on the language, literature, and even science of our country.

Another periodical, somewhat prior in time, and of a different and far more miscellaneous nature, was the PORT FOLIO, a valuable repository of polite and elegant original literature. I love, also,

to dwell on Dennie's time. No one was more successful in the happy combination of the useful and amusing than this elegant scholar, pure writer, and kind sustainer of nascent talent—and of him it may emphatically be said,

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

From the establishment of the Port Folio we may commence the æra of American taste for literature; it elicited latent talents, encouraged laudable emulation, diffused a more correct knowledge of our language, and of good writing, and inculcated a wider taste for the classics, for the fine arts, and for the elegant sciences—in all of which Joseph Dennie's disinterested and unwearied zeal, is worthy of all commendation.

The periodicals of Boston, of New York, and of Baltimore came on in quick succession—the first more learned, thorough, and well written, as there were generally more able scholars among the New Englanders, and more extensive facilities of every kind; and their labours of the pen, moreover, were addressed to a more enlightened, and reading community. And, what a galaxy of fine writers arose upon the foundations raised by these fathers of our literature! What a list of brilliant stars might be given, maugre that some in foreign lands, have said 'who reads an American book?'—but such persons ask not that question now—and if they do, they contradict it by their practice—witness Cooper, Bird, Hall, Sedgwick, Webster, Walsh, Sparks, Ware, Flint, Paulding, Griffith, Stevens, Willis, Kennedy, Fay, Abbot, Slidel, the

Irvings junior—and that prince of historians, PRESCOTT, and the great mathematician and astronomer, Bowditch—and some hundreds more; and likewise without naming our small, but rich list of *genuine poets!*

It may be truly affirmed, then, that within the short span of about thirty years, our nation improved with marvellous rapidity, in sound and beautiful literature, and also in many arts and sciences; and that, from a mere speck in the horizon, at the commencement of the present century, (for authorship was then scarcely known among us,) we now find theology, medicine, law, mathematics, the mechanic arts, languages, and general literature, signally advanced; and books on each have been written, which command the warm praises of the ripest scholars of the old world—and indeed, all departments of useful knowledge have flourished, save *politics* alone; for that sublime subject hath, past all doubt, been theoretically, as well as practically, on the retrograde, ever since we forsook the lustrous paths of the fathers of our Constitution.

A large portion of our young men are dedicated to the profession of law, or of medicine. The former especially requires of them the study of a varied knowledge—a thorough command of language, a good style in speaking, and in composition—all of which, as it seems to me, scarce receive the attention from them, which the highest rank in their profession demands. If the improvement of others does not offer them a sufficient inducement

to write, the great advantage it would be to themselves, after they come to the bar, should have its influence. This is to be sure, a selfish motive, and should ever be a secondary one—for I have known many clients to suffer, from their patrons' little acquaintance with the art of composition, and even from their want of general knowledge, however learned they may have been in Coke and in Bacon.

But some, again, are of an opposite class, and justify their much acquaintance with Sir Walter, with Mr. Bulwer, with Mr. Boz and with Mr. Slick, and their small respect for my Lord Coke's Institutes, by alleging that much study of such dry law, cramps the genius, destroys taste, and vitiates the style! whilst others, too fond of the musty folios and quartos,

> 'Tread on flowers of taste,
> Yet stoop to pick the pebbles from the waste.
> Profound in trifles, they can tell how short
> Were Æsop's legs, how large was Tully's wart!'

Such students will spend weeks in reading Booth on Real Actions, whilst Selwyn's Nisi Prius lies neglected on the shelf. Pliny's Natural History, or Derham's Physicotheology are affectedly conned over, whilst Smellie and Buffon, or even the admirable similar works of the present day, are greatly slighted! With such beings, the old-fashioned philosophy of Descartes, the black-letter quartos of the alchemists, the astrologers, and necromancers, the complexities of syllogisms, the metaphysics of personal identity, and the whole lumber of justly-for-

gotten learning, are preferred to the masterly treatises issued by the Societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and to the graceful and solid literature that does exist, if pains be taken to select it, from amidst the vast issues of the modern press. To such deluded persons, of both classes, I would recommend as a model, the life of Sir William Jones, whose vast mind grasped the system of general jurisprudence, and united with it the whole circle of science, and of polite literature, as also many languages, and several elegant accomplishments. I would also refer him to our own countrymen, Kent and Story, whose varied learning has so largely embellished their deep researches in the law; and who never found their genius cramped by the common law; and never permitted an overweening fondness for black-letter lore, to dim their vision of the great beauties that environ the paths of lighter authors.

The observation of Sir William Jones, that 'Law is a jealous science, and admits of no association with the muses,' has been advanced by some as a justification of their almost total neglect of *belle-lettre* reading. Any one acquainted with the character of that great man, must readily perceive that he never intended that we should neglect such information, whilst engaged in the study and practice of law—but merely that the fascinations of the literæ humaniores, and more especially *poetry*, are so great, as often to create a disrelish for drier and more abstruse pages of the law, and that, whatever our vocation in life

may be, our primary duty is to cultivate that with a more special devotion. But polite literature, a felicitous elocution, chaste language, varied knowledge, pure writing, are all essential to the lawyer; and none can ever be so busy, but that he will have many vacancies of time, which may be most profitably employed in the cultivation of these auxiliaries to his science.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo,

is as true in the law, as in any other vocation whatever. Such recreations from the toils of severe study and practice, are commended to us, as well by experience as common sense—they cheer him in his more difficult pursuits, and afford a sweet relaxation, whilst they add largely to his means of usefulness. General literature, and composition, as also translating, are often more useful in restoring the tone of the mind, than a total abstraction from study—for the mind, like a chemical *menstruum*, may be saturated with one species of knowledge, and yet receive another with great avidity. Sir William, when he applied himself to the study of law, made that his chief employment, but was far from neglecting the pleasures and advantages of more polite reading. Such excuses, therefore, as are often given by young men, for not more frequently composing, are futile and totally unfounded; and the alleged *want of time* would ill become, as Shenstone says, 'even a cobler, with ten or a dozen children depending upon a patching-end.'

The preceding discussions about the beauties of nature—the superiority of our fair country-women over our own 'lords of the creation'—our crude law respecting their marital rights—the value of knowledge, and the duty to impart it freely—our early and improving literature—and the false views of two classes of our young men, in regard to their studies, all grew out of my long walk over the Appenines, and my delight on meeting at Antibes with one of my valued female friends

——— I found myself in a few days thereafter in Rome. I had often heard of the lamentable ignorance of the Italians, and even of the generality of their nobles—and that some even of them, could neither read nor write, and yet that they were very happy! I could scarce credit this; but my incredulity vanished, upon witnessing in the church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, an attempt of a priest during nearly an hour, to instruct some fourteen little urchins in their prayers! The scene wholly baffles description; and did so outrage all custom and nature, as before understood by me, that even memory and imagination are now at fault fully to realize its details! I do remember, however, that the boys were *masters*, the master a *slave*, and a very ass! They repeatedly threw their hats into his face, laughed and howled terrifically, cast summersets over the benches, pinned papers to his robe, obtained possession of his cap, placed it on their own heads, and then on a small pole, furtively snatched from him his slender emblem

of authority and of punishment, caused him to rage and to laugh alternately, and then to scold, and anon to entreat! At length the time of their dismissal came, they rushed out of the church with shouts and screams, and their merry laughter might be heard deep down the Corso, and the Via di Repetti! On inquiring of the good-natured priest (who seemed quite exhausted with his labours of scolding, laughing, and whipping with an instrument that could not hurt, and which he applied as softly as if afraid to inflict the least pain) why he did not soundly *cudgel* the young rebels, he shrugged his shoulders, and mildly but laconically replied, that if he did so, they would not attend at all—that it was with difficulty they could be prevailed upon to come at all—that many of them were the sons of the first people, and others were poor boys who had no other way of learning their prayers! Here, then, the boys were merry little grigs, with all their desperate ignorance, and total want of discipline and of moral culture—the priest seemed to be equally so—and those youths, when they become men, and take possession of their huge, and often comfortless, but ever tasteful palaces, will be found as light-hearted as the gorgeous butterflies that revel in their clear blue sky, and genial atmosphere!

——— Does knowledge, then, increase our happiness? Some are disposed seriously to question this, and would be the more disposed so to do, upon a *superficial* view of things in Italy. Happiness is a *relative* term, and signifies some satisfac-

tion of the soul, induced by some good, or a well-founded hope of acquiring the same. If we are unconscious of the value of what we possess, or of the vast superiority of the possessions of others, we may be neither happy, nor miserable. But still, the multiplied sources of happiness which a meliorated state furnishes, above that of a state of nature, are so evident, that nothing but a half crazed brain could conceive a doubt of the real advantages arising from the cultivation of those faculties, which characterize man as the lord of the creation. The happiness enjoyed by an Indian is merely negative, whilst that of the civilized man arises, not from the mere absence of pain, but consists of something more *positive*, viz: the pleasures of contemplation, reflection and study, whilst every doubt is answered and every wish gratified. A portion of natural but destructive independence is given up by entering into society, but political conservation, and innumerable other advantages result from the union.

Whilst it is admitted that the savage is happy in some sense, the superior degree of felicity enjoyed by man in society, is by no means impeached; the Indian, though an alien to every comfort and luxury of civilized life, is no doubt contented. He possesses nearly all that he aspires to, but his aspirations being very limited, (as his knowledge is contracted) his happiness is rather the absence of pain, than that internal satisfaction which arises from the possession of good. The content experienced by man in the savage state, is a wise and

kind provision of nature: but that this is the natural state of man, and that the approximation to civilization is a recession from that sphere in which nature intended us always to act, is one of those wild chimeras which levels every barrier that distinguishes man from the brute. Nature gave us minds susceptible of improvement. She endowed us with faculties which, if cultivated, secure felicity. And, as the pursuit of happiness is one of the final causes of our creation, it is impious to suppose that the exercise of those faculties was designed to counteract our endeavours after happiness.

If the state of ignorance is the natural state of man, our modern philosophers must at least admit, that it never had an existence; and a *natural* state which never existed, is certainly preposterous; for neither history, tradition nor analogy, will let us suppose that there ever was a period in which man existed without the smallest footstep of art—for, if the gun be *unnatural*, the bow and arrow is also so. If the luxuries and elegancies of meliorated and polished life be unnatural, so are the conveniences of savage life when they differ in the *smallest* degree from those enjoyed by the brute. Our love of *learning*, as affording us inexhaustible sources of happiness, is much increased, when we contrast the wonderful art of cultivated man, and the transcendancy of civilized and polished life, with the ignoble and contracted views of untutored nature. Whether or not ignorance be the natural state of man, there can be no doubt, but that the

invention and improvement of the arts and sciences, are the only means of meliorating the asperities and evils to which man is heir; and if this is established, it is madness to call the *infelicitous* the natural state.

Let us view the savage of the wilderness. We behold him solitary—exposed to every inclemency of the seasons, diseased, and without the tender attentions of friends and relatives; or, let us contemplate him surrounded with the spontaneous products and luxuries of the earth. They satisfy hunger, but still are tasteless and insipid, for the want of sufficient culinary means—they have no sauces, no stimulating condiments, are often even without salt; but as nature yields them, so are they to be eaten. His roof is the canopy of heaven, every shower that descends, every wind that blows, every snow that falls, has no regard for him—but like the brute, he has to seek an occasional asylum from the raging tempest, or from the ravenous assaults of the prowling hyena or hungry bear, in some gloomy cavity of the earth or rocks; and thus he leads a sad dissocial life.

How different is the state of cultivated man! surrounded by his friends and relatives, he enjoys in their society the pleasures of social and learned converse. Every sensibility, every passion or affection of his mind is refined. The luxuries of life now minister largely to his comfort and pleasure; the rocks are hewn into splendid palaces, and the lofty trees into ornamental and useful habitations. The tempest may howl, or the sun dart his rays

with all his fury, he is secured from both; all nature is subservient to him, and all her beauties become visible, and the sources of much *positive* happiness: in fact, man in his savage state is the object of pity; but when the powers of his mind are exerted—when his faculties, which before were merely *in potentia*, are brought into action and usefulness, he then becomes the noblest work of God's creation; it is then, and then *only*, we can say with Shakspeare—'What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!'—for it is in society alone that these faculties are evinced, and these godlike qualities shewn—and in society alone is happiness to be found.

So again, the uninstructed eye is entirely insensible to numerous latent beauties, which the mirror of philosophy and learning reflects in glowing colours on the well informed and expanded mind—on it the beauties of nature and art, the harmony of sounds, the charms of poetry, and the richness of colouring, the grace and masterly designs of the painter, have their due effect, and are so many sources of intellectual beatitude.

In forming a correct estimate of the degree of *positive* happiness experienced by man in the savage state, we have only to consider men in civil society as possessing the various degrees of knowledge, from a simple peasant to the profound

philosopher. A man unacquainted with the beauties of composition, will read the poems of Blackmore, who 'writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,' with much the same feelings as the sweetest lines of Pope; and will experience little more emotion from the *imagination* of Shakspeare, the *delicacy* of Addison, the *sublimity* of Milton, or the *purity* of Swift, than from the senseless jargon of newspaper scribblers, or the wretched versification of some modern poetasters.

To one unacquainted with the principles of music, a concert soon grows tiresome; or, if entertained, he is a stranger to that exquisite satisfaction experienced by those who are well acquainted with the theory of sounds.

So also, he who is unaccustomed to the contemplation of the beauties of nature, is an alien to the great satisfaction which the mind receives from the picturesque beauties of landscape; but those

> 'Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
> Hold converse; grow familiar day by day
> With his conceptions, act upon his plan
> And form to his, the relish of their souls.'

The vegetable world displays a new creation to the botanist; the formal walks of a garden, where nature appears to have been tortured into stiffness, are not his only resorts, but

> ——— 'Led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
> What healing virtue swells the tender veins
> Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
> Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
> In balmy tears'———

he becomes acquainted with a thousand beauties

a thousand harmonies which ' 'scape the vulgar unobserving eye.'

Let us suppose a person surrounded by various specimens of ancient and modern painting, yet totally unacquainted with those points which constitute the beauties of this divine art. What would claim his first attention? The richness of colouring no doubt, though the piece might be excessively defective in grace and design. So the strongest masses of light, the most perspicuous objects, and the strongest shades, however unhappy in disposition, would perhaps yield him as much pleasure as the finest paintings of the most celebrated artists. But improve his mind, ground him well in the rules of the art, and the various sources of beauty, and then observe his taste, his judgment, his sensibility—he is alive to every beauty of proportion, invention, colouring, &c.—he at once distinguishes the characteristics of the schools, he perceives the wonderful *design* of Angelo, the character and masterly *disposition* which distinguishes Raphael, the *grace* and *harmony* of Corregio, and the chaste but inimitable richness of *colouring* which characterizes Titian.

All these are valuable sources of pleasure which are only opened to us, by the cultivation of those faculties with which nature hath endowed us.

Architecture is another of the polite arts which affords both comfort and pleasure. A well proportioned house, a richly decorated church, or a magnificent palace, pleases the clown as well as the architect. He perceives the vast superiority of

these edifices in point of utility and grandeur to his own cottage, but his sensation is not *exquisite*, it is rather *astonishment* than a genuine sensibility to the beauties of proportion and design. It may be said, that he who is ignorant of the rules of art, will be pleased with every thing, whereas he who knows the sources of beauty, will be so exquisitely sensible to every defect, as to experience more pain than pleasure: there can be no doubt but that the absence of variety where it ought to be found, the want of uniformity or symmetry, and the consciousness of the unfitness of the object for its end, produce unpleasant sensations in a cultivated mind; but this seldom occurs to so great a degree as to be really offensive, and at all events will not justify ignorance of the fine arts considered merely as sources of pleasure. In fact we may justly look for happiness, and for the sentiments of virtue and benevolence in every state, in proportion to the progress of science, and the encouragement of the fine arts.

——— From the church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, which gave rise to this inquiry as to the sources of happiness, I went to the *Collegio di Propaganda Fide*—and what a different scene was there, my countrymen! After viewing it for some time, I found myself quite in a dilemma, and was cast all aback, as to my musings about the rude boys, and the incompetent teacher, in the church I had just left; for, in the Propaganda, I found students from nearly every region of the world, gratuitously, and as it is said, thoroughly

educated! There I found blacks from Central Africa, Indians from the wilds of America, Greeks and Persians, Arabians and Egyptians, Turks and Jews, Hollanders and Highlanders, Armenians and Albanians, English and French, Kentuckians and Tennesseans, Syrians and Bulgarians, Germans and Illyrians; and I know not how many more, *all instructed in their own languages!* In addition to these are taught Latin, Hebrew, Samaritan, Sanscrit, ancient Greek, Italian, Coptic, ancient Armenian, Mandaican, Rezian, the language of the Ottawas, and various others—in all of which tongues and languages, were pronounced and recited at their public commencement, orations, poems, &c.! The library is said to contain only about twenty thousand volumes; and the museum of oriental curiosities is somewhat extensive, and no doubt extremely rare and valuable for their purposes. Let any one, also, listen for an hour to the learned and amiable *Mezzofanti*, who is said to converse familiarly in no less than seventy languages, tongues, and dialects!—let him also visit the public libraries; the Vatican, the Capitoline, Clementine, Chiarimonte, Kercheriano, and the other museums; as likewise the numerous Studios, Colleges, and the other places of instruction, and then account, in the best way he may, for the fact, if it exists, of *Italian illiterateness!*

——— The day was nearly spent at the Propaganda; but the hour for my return to my lodgings, had not yet arrived; so I resolved on continuing my delightful toils for that day, by a

visit to the *Palazzo Rospigliosi.* I found it built on the ruins of Constantine's baths, by the cardinal Scipio Borghese, from whom it passed to the cardinal Bentivoglio, then to the Mazzarine family; and lastly, to the noble house of Rospigliosi.

The Casino of the garden contains on the ceiling of its principal saloon, the much celebrated Aurora, by Guido Reni, perhaps the finest fresco in the world. In this inimitable composition, the great master has displayed the whole strength of his invention—the purest taste—the richest and most appropriate colouring—and the utmost skill and accuracy of outline. It is a picture, of all others, that charms the inexperienced amateur, by matchless beauties of form and of colouring, whilst it equally delights the connoisseur and most critical observer, by its fruitful fancy, and the perfection of its artistical execution. It represents Aurora preceding the car of day, gradually unveiling herself, and strewing the earth with flowers. In the front of this lovely figure, and sailing in thin air, is Phosphorus, a personification of the dawn, under the form of a beautiful infant, with a flambeau, and whose star proclaims the coming day, but whose rays are too weak to dissipate the shades of night, which yet surround the dawn. In his resplendent car, sits Apollo, the god of day, gracefully holding the reins, and guiding his four fiery coursers, which are bounding through the heavens, and dissipating the mists that linger yet about the fair goddess of the morn, and her youthful messenger. Attendant upon the god, are seven

lovely and graceful nymphs, supposed to represent the Hours. They are variously attired, full of immortal freshness, and are radiant with delight at the approach of day! But the beauty of this enchanting picture, rests not alone in the exquisite forms I have mentioned; but is greatly heightened by the perfect harmony between surrounding nature, and the action of the piece. The ground of the picture beautifully unites in disclosing the whole design. The clouds of night in distant places, seem but gradually dissolving; those nearer to the goddess, are rolling away; a golden transparency encompasses Apollo; and on the mountains, beneath Aurora, the streaks of morning light are becoming more and more visible! The scene is executed in figures as large as life; and is still in its original freshness.

The palace has many other paintings by the greatest masters, as also various sculptures and curiosities of great interest—but no one, on the same day, has much heart for any other painting, especially about the hour of five o'clock *before dinner*—so, leaving his resplendent majesty, Apollo, to pursue the rosy-fingered goddess, whilst she is strewing flowers in preparation for the gayety of morn, I departed with hasty steps, and with characteristic mortality, well resolved, (in anticipation of the repose of night,) to take a hearty dinner first ——.

——— And this, oh, courteous reader, doth remind me of the glorious *prandium* which was ready for our little party of three on that day of

mental and of body exhaustion; and of which, in brief words, I must not fail to say something, as we have so long been dealing with the intellectuals, that thou, as well as myself, must by this time, be weary and truly wish that this my literary olla-podrida, were suddenly transformed into a veritable Spanish repast of the same name!

——— Know then that the dinner of that day, though no better, or no worse, than those of the preceding days, was yet discussed by us all with, perhaps, more than ordinary *unsentimentality;* for when the mind hath been over-fed, the outer man must soon have generous nouriture. Considering that we had for some hours before been communing with gods and goddesses, and their seven attendant nymphs, we deserved some credit for not insisting on a repast of ambrosia and of nectar. But had even these been present, we should soon have forsaken them on finding the four piping hot courses, which in due succession appeared—as follows: *primo*, a menestra (vermicelli soup;) *secondo*, a stufato, (stewed beef and its savoury appliances;) *terzo*, cavoli-fiori, (cauliflower,) and Pollastri (roast chickens;) *quarto*, un pajo di piccioni, e due tordi (a pair of pigeons, and two thrushes;) and lastly, by way of desert, apple-fritters, with its harmonious sauce, and a charlotte russe —— all, all, if thou wilt credit it gentle reader, (though making three good dinners for the three hungry diners) for just the sum of one scudo, and six bajocchi, or one hundred and

six of our cents—the fraction of six being a daily perquisite for the restaurant's servant!

'Head of Apicius!' cried I, when first I met in Rome with these sumptuous dinners, for so little of the precious metal, 'how could Vitellius, and Heliogabalus, and other heroes of *gourmanderie*, almost beggar their empire by merely a few months' eating, as historians do so veraciously maintain?' But, I mean not to answer this question, lest my OLLA, on this principle may never end. But when I think of these Roman dinners of mine, I cannot help being filled with wonder at the anomalous facts and mysteries of political economy!—millions of American acres, of the deepest and richest soil, are daily, each crying out, '*come and buy me for a dollar and a quarter*,' and yet, in few spots of our globe are even the necessaries of life so dear as they generally are in these United States! An acre in perpetuity, full of goodly trees, of hill and of dale, of fruits and flowers, and copious streams—and, possibly, of precious metals and minerals to boot, all rejected as quite too dear at government price!—but an ill-cooked dinner, with a bottle of alcoholic Madeira, at about the price of fifteen Roman dinners, is the daily tax of many travellers in our interminable regions!

——— And now, bidding adieu to this Olla-Podrida, I may possibly find in the *dreams* of the night which followed my prandium, (or rather *cœna*) some topic for my next note.

NOTE XIX.—DREAMING.

'But what are all your metaphysics worth, if they cannot resolve me the cause of dreaming?' said I, one day to a philosophical gentleman who had been just descanting with as much learned familiarity upon the mind, as if he possessed an accurate map of its minute topography, and understood every spring of its varied and recondite action! This was said by me, moreover, with a *brusquerie* of manner that indicated my contempt of all transcendentalism, and especially for that so called learning which consists in the use of many esoteric words. The metaphysical gentleman spoke of the hidden things of the soul, with such a provoking air of acquaintance, that I naturally urged him to unfold to me the mysteries of sleep, of reverie, of dreams, and of all such cognate topics—but to none of which could he do more than deal in mystic terms, and in many curious facts respecting them all; and being pressed for some theory of dreaming based on his intimate knowledge of mind, and the very wonderful facts he had disclosed, he cut the knot of his difficulty thus—'the action of the mind during sleep,' said he, 'is so extremely *lawless*, as to evade the wonted scrutiny of mental philosophers—but, when the nature of sleep itself shall be more fully revealed to us, the phenomena of dreaming will then become sufficiently plain.' 'This, however, is an humble concession,' rejoined I, 'and especially from one who has been dealing with mind, as with

a familiar instrument wholly within his grasp; for, if the nature of sleep, of dreaming, of reverie, of insanity, and, indeed, of all similar states of the mind, wholly baffle your researches, it seemeth to me the province of your boasted science is greatly minished—shorn of its high pretensions, and that doubt upon doubt, as Alp upon Alp, must continually rise before us, with but little hope that we shall ever truly know any thing beyond plausible conjectures.'

'By no means,' hastily replied our metaphysician, 'would you repudiate all certainty in science, because there is some admitted uncertainty, or, even in some things, a total unacquaintance? Mental philosophers are profitably employed only when they deal with mind as a rational, and therefore accountable existence, which can be predicated of the mind only during its wakeful state, or its equivalent, perfect sanity. We consequently study the mind only during its healthy action, in the hope of any really profitable result—that is, when it is guided by its *laws;* and we look upon those fitful or lawless actions into which it is cast by the disarray of its bodily organs, as falling more within the province of physics, than of metaphysics. If then, we do study minds as they may be affected by sleep, by dreaming, insanity, &c. it is with little hope of becoming really better acquainted with the *laws of the mind itself*, since we hold that this spiritual entity is wholly incapable of *disease;* for what is denominated *mental* derangement is only ostensible—the same as when

we say the sun rises—and yet the sun remains the same, it being the earth that has revolved—and so as to insanity, the mind continues the same, but its outlets, its organs have undergone a change; and so again with dreaming.'

'The mind, in truth, has not dreamed,' continued the sturdy metaphysician, 'it may have thought wisely, but the wise thoughts have been cast into disarray by the state of its customary channels—in fine, it is the derangement of the bodily organs, (which are but so many vehicles for the mind) which causes the mind itself to appear affected, since the media of its manifestations are diseased, and not the intellectual entity. Let the physician study these states of the bodily organs, whilst the metaphysician restricts himself to the pure essence; so that when sleep, (which is a *quasi* disease brought on by the body's exhaustion) or insanity come on, the labours of the metaphysician terminate—for the outlets and avenues of healthy mental action are then closed; and, as to the mental philosopher, the mind is then in a lawless state.'

An avowal so startling as this, in which truth and error were so strangely blended, and this, too, from 'lips oracular,' as those of my metaphysical friend aspired to be, cast me for a moment all aback! But the gloss of a wordy jargon, or the high authority of a scholar, cannot always gild with delusive splendour those follies which wisdom sometimes utters. I have often found that learned men can neither endure an exposure of their limited knowledge of some favourite science,

nor, still less, the actually crude state of the science itself—and so was it with him; for though deeply versed in metaphysical lore, from Aristotle and Plato, down to Cogan and Brown, he sought refuge in a folly unworthy of himself, and of his science; and reposed upon a distinction that showed, either the vanity of learning in disciplining the mind to sober judgments, or that no little of what passes for knowledge is really little else than a mere nomenclature, the vehicle of no very definite thought. I therefore laconically replied that, 'unmixed pneumatology seemed to me the most idle of human studies; and, when separated from its natural ally, physics, was as hopeless of profitable results, as would be a rigid divorce of the sexes!'—and so our colloquy ended.

In what I have, therefore, to say of DREAMING, I at once disclaim all acquaintance with its origin, and its philosophy. I have no theories, metaphysical, physical, or even phrenological to offer: and yet, what some have thought, or fancied upon the the subject, need not be wholly passed by—which, with many curious facts respecting dreams, their moral and intellectual influences, and the many wild notions that have sullied this portion of human science, may afford some instruction, possibly, some amusement.

When one poet tells us that

> 'Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,
> When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
> Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
> A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
> Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
> Both are the reasonable soul run mad.'

And when another, in nearly similar terms, declares that

> 'Dreams are the children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
> Which is as thin of substance as the air;
> And more inconstant than the wind;'

we have in these the so called *philosophy of dreaming!* These notions have been current, and even popular, from the earliest ages; and, with but slight variations, may be found among all nations.

And yet, is it by any means true that dreams are the progeny of *fancy* alone—that *reason* is then sound asleep—that merry dreams are generated by temperance, and sad ones by excess; that light fumes cheer the soul, and grosser ones occasion sadness, and hence give rise to the agreeable fancies of the one class, or to the horrors and glooms of the other? Such notions may suit the philosophy of the poets, but shrink from the inductive processes of the more severe searches after truth. Dreams are, indeed, very often the coinage of an idle brain; fancy is usually predominant in them; reason is often extremely at fault; memory utterly faithless, and judgment totally perverted. But, is not the reverse of all these equally true sometimes? And, if so, what becomes of the theory of dreaming based on this popular philosohy? How often are dreams characterized by the most acute reasoning—how minute and vivid is memory—how chaste, yet brilliant is fancy—how solid is judgment—how alive are all the feelings—how pure and sound the morals—how

almost superhuman is the vision—and how consistent is the whole drama of *some dreams!* Now, in both these classes of dreams, sleep is perfect and healthful; and yet in the one, the soul is abandoned to the wildest creations of fancy—in the other, every faculty seems endued with preternatural vigour! The theory of ages, then, must be false; or, at most, can be invoked only in behalf of some dreams; and, if so, it seems to be entitled to but little regard.

Being myself a great dreamer, and so much so as to feel myself entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, I have come to the conclusion that the very essence of mind consists in *thought;*—that it is an ever-thinking entity, equally in action during sleep, as in wakefulness; and that all men dream as necessarily, as the body breathes, (though, on waking, they may instantly forget their dreams;) and further, that all animals capable of thought, must necessarily dream.

Were the chronicles of dreaming faithfully given to the world, what a still more curious animal would man appear, than philosophy has yet unfolded him! From my own experience, I am so sure of this, that should I here note (were it now possible for me so to do) all the *curiosa* and *memorabilia* of my sleeping existence, it is possible that all the tales of fiction of a century would scarce afford half the wonders that would thus be chronicled!—dreams of exquisite enjoyment, of unearthly horror, of the crudest fancies, of the chastest imaginings—dreams of unmixed folly, of

sublime wisdom, of fervid eloquence, of poetry,—dreams of extreme good-nature, of ugly malevolence, of violent anger, of passive submission—dreams of the most vivid memory, of the brightest reminiscences; and finally, dreams in which all consciousness of the past was gone—dreams in which long absent friends and the tenderly lamented dead, were all present before me, but without exciting the least surprise or emotion, and in which I conversed with them, as wholly oblivious of their melancholy departure, as if no such events had ever happened!

But all this, even if it were possible for me to set them forth with that graphic art which should present them as vividly to the minds of others, as they appeared to mine when wrapt in sleep, still fade away before the remarkable and strictly veritable fact of the *periodical repetition of dreams!* How great was my surprise when I first detected this in myself, beyond the penumbra of a doubt!—for, during five consecutive years, in the month of July, the same dream periodically returned upon me—so that it finally became so 'learn'd and conn'd by rote,' that in the very dream, I recognized my old acquaintance, anticipated the coming scenes, dreamed that it was but a dream; and, from this, derived some consolation!—for the dream was not an agreeable one. This dreaming habit was eventually dispelled only by an extensive travel, and it then vanished from me for ever!

Some doubting and dozing ass may, possibly, be not only sceptical, but think it folly to record

the fact; and, in the spirit of a sleepy philosophy, may sagely ask, '*cui bono?*' If such an one there be, I shall not argue the matter with him, but simply assure his ass-ship that, if he will but read the annals of dreaming, during a period of more than three thousand years, he will find therein equal marvels with the one now told; and, I doubt not, he may alsó encounter sufficient *precedents* of the like in others, to vindicate me from the implications involved in his shrug of the shoulders, his shake of the head, and those other criterions of deep dubiety!

To the more *courteous* reader, however, I would remark that the gradual fixation of habits, whether physical or mental, is among the most recondite and curious of nature's operations; and sometimes exhibits such strange freaks, as to excite great wonder—but that these have been so well authenticated, as to banish all incredulity. If to this we add the equally mysterious, but undoubted sympathy or harmony between the world of inanimate matter, and the animal and intellectual economy of man, we are furnished with a series of phenomena that would startle the most credulous, were the facts in the least degree doubtful. Those deeply learned in such facts, and those, on the contrary, who have never treasured up many, are the two classes least liable to doubt; for all nature is so full of wonders, that the learned are often admonished not to doubt—and hence become credulous; whilst the ignorant possess so few of the elements wherewith they may deliberately doubt, that they likewise are

apt to be credulous, and to yield submissively to mere authority. From these two causes have arisen many of the superstitions of the learned and the ignorant, with all their train of fancies.

We sometimes, also, find that among rude nations, imagination is apt to gain such an ascendancy, that life itself is nearly a perpetual dream! They sometimes conceive that men are constantly haunted by shadowy forms and visions; that these are thin and material essences, which unceasingly play around the mind; and that by indulging them to satiety, they will take their flight, at least for a time, and thus that the disease even of madness, being produced by these ethereal forms, may be mitigated, and possibly cured by them! On this superstition is it that some nations, with the view of giving vent to the misfortunes of a superabundant fancy, establish what they call *dream-feasts*, during which the visionaries are permitted to do whatever their wildest imaginations may suggest! And among the Abiponian Indians, a periodical madness is said to exist for a short time, of which those afflicted by it have no consciousness whatever during their long intervals of sanity! But what is still more remarkable, and to our purpose, it is further said that the disease may be mitigated, nay cured, by voluntarily anticipating its vagaries, in a mode similar to these dream-feasts!

Now, all this would be comprehensible enough, or at least it would be more *believable*, were those who are most imaginative when awake, less so when asleep; whereas the fact is generally the

reverse of this, as those dream the most, who, when awake, are remarkable for their fancy. And yet this is not invariably the case, many leaden-headed persons being instinct with the richest fancies, and much given to poetical creations, as soon as

'Sleep's dewy wand
Strok'd down their drooping lids!'

Some philosophers have gravely told us that sleep and death are but twin-brothers, that the corporal symptoms of 'tir'd nature's sweet restorer,' are, not metaphorically, but actually and philosophically, *analogous to those of death!*—and hence that the spiritual symptoms of both must be, in a degree, the same. According to this idea is it that the mind during sleep is enabled to experience such deep and vivid sensations of pleasure, of pain, and of vision; for, being then partially disenthralled from its bodily connections, the mind wanders in a state of celestial juvenility; its perceptions are ardent and clear, and are often so brilliant, and even violent, as to fill the soul with unutterable joys, or with unmingled horrors! These, though thus powerful, are sometimes extremely evanescent, and the soul's utmost exertions fail entirely to realize any of them beyond a few minutes after sleep has passed off.

Thus is it that dreams may well be regarded as a presage, though a feeble one, of the soul's condition after actual death; for, if the mind allied to the body, as it still is during sleep by a thousand latent ties, be yet capable of wandering

amidst the untold beauties of heaven, or the unimaginable horrors of Satan's domain; if the soul, in dreams, can realize a youthful world, replete with light, and joys, and the most varied beauties, and all with a fidelity of vision—a *clairvoyance* which baffles description, and even conception, when we are awake; and if the soul in these visions of the night, can also experience scenes of mental, and apparently of bodily agony, equally beyond the reach of imagination, or of the powers of memory to portray them during our waking existence, may it not with truth be held that sleep and death have much in common, and that they who through life have dreamed much, and who have carefully noted the phenomena of dreaming, will probably have a juster conception of the bliss and misery of an hereafter, than those are capable of, who but seldom dream, or who are habitually inattentive to these impressive and infinitely varied scenes of our sleeping existence? I think so, and Lord Byron hath truly said,

> Sleep hath its own world
> And a wide realm of wild reality;
> And dreams in their development have breath,
> And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

But one of the most remarkable of the phenomena of dreaming, and which seems to bring the soul's state yet closer to that of death, is the extreme rapidity with which multitudinous events pass through the mind, really in a moment of time, though seemingly in our dreams, only progres-

sively, and most naturally. In such cases, the events, and feelings, and thoughts, and actions of years, as it were, flit through the brief span of but a few hours, sometimes of but as many minutes! In them extensive countries are traversed—thousands of occurrences seem to follow in orderly sequence—all the alternations of joys and of sorrows are experienced—momentous plans are formed and deliberated, and executed; and the exciting drama, almost of a life, is regularly gone through—and yet, when the busy sleeper hath been roused from his couch, exhausted by the pressure of so many exciting scenes and events, he is astonished to find, perhaps, that he has been slumbering in his comfortable *fauteuil*, only during an half hour after dinner!

So again, some have slept for days, others have been in a kind of trance for several weeks, and yet with no note of time, with no cognizance of their existence, or with no visions that memory could grasp; and, after these long intervals, they have awoke with no more consciousness of the past, than if during these periods they had been blotted out of existence, or than if their souls had been entirely separated from their clayey tenements! In such cases, *time* seems to have been annihilated, and the soul seems to have returned to the Eternal Fountain of intellectuality—and yet we know, physiologically, that its ties with the body have been so perfectly maintained, that there has been no loss of vitality, but rather a gain in the vis insita! May not the eternity which

follows death, pass on forever with the same unconsciousness of *time*, however full it may be of visions of bliss, or of horror, as the case may be? Some have so supposed; for time and eternity must differ, not only in point of duration, but essentially; the former being that consciousness of *portions* of eternity, which belongs only to *finite* existences; and the latter, though with the same consciousness of pleasure and of pain, is yet wholly without *note of time*. Even in the case just stated, of sleep during many days or weeks, the mind, no doubt, was continually thinking; and the sleepers, during their long communion with Morpheus, and the rest, were still subject to joys and sorrows, but with little, if any, note of time—and hence, on awaking, with no power of reminiscence. But I fear I am getting into metaphysics, which had better have been left to my friend, whose philosophy, in the beginning of my Note, I so little prized, but whose conversation seduced me into this hunting after the marvels of dreaming, and of the invisible world.

I have often thought that were a long continued series of inquiries instituted respecting sleep; were the visions, and dreams, and reveries, and fancies of persons of all ages, and sexes, and conditions, and countries, carefully and authentically collected—and were all of these arranged, under such a system of *classes*, *orders*, *genera*, *species* and *varieties*, as a truly Linnæan metaphysician and physician might form, the result of such an inductive process would scarce fail to yield a most curious

and profitable chapter in the chronicles of mental philosophy. Plants, minerals, animals—nay, even lightnings, clouds, and snows, have been thus carefully arranged and classified, and why not *dreams?* Of dreams, there are some which seem to be common to the whole race of man; and it is not a little curious to note the variations, not in essence, but in minor details, which even the *classes* of dreams endure, according to the highly civilized, or savage state of the nation to which the sleeping individuals belong.

It is likewise an amusing and instructive field of inquiry to observe how these nocturnal visions are affected by many adventitious causes, either general or particular—personal idiosyncrasies, as well as outward and more general causes, giving to the classes of dreams appropriate variations; for the temperament of individuals, from local or merely personal causes, as likewise the general face of a country, as whether mountainous, or champaign, sterile or luxuriant, interior or bounding upon the sea, sandy or prairie, warmed by an ardent or a feeble sun, are all but so many causes to vary the same *classes* of dreams.

In all nations, and in all states of society these classes will be found. Were I writing a treatise on dreaming, these might be carefully enumerated; but in a mere Note, I may only advert to a few, as for example, to that peculiar sensation, we all experience in dreams, of falling from lofty heights—the skimming over extensive surfaces with the rapidity of a bird, attended with a notion in the dreamer that

he alone is endowed with this enviable faculty—the flight from some pursuing danger, which ends with the dreamer's being left somewhat in the rear, whilst his more fortunate companions are seen before him in comparative safety—the unexpected and awkward predicament of finding one-self in a state of nudity, or of some other great shame, which sorely mortifies us, and at the very time, too, when most solicitous to appear to advantage; and an hundred others, are dreams experienced by all, be he king or cobbler, sage or fool!

Another class of dreams, almost equally universal, is that in which the dreamer is invested with well known faculties, but in a very superior degree to that in which he is possessed of them during his wakefulness. We are sometimes endued with a lofty eloquence, rapid, chaste, and commanding—in others we become highly poetical; and, with an improvisatorial faculty, wholly unknown to us when awake, we seem to revel in its exercise, and to delight others no less than ourselves, in all that is rich, and flowing, and copious in versification, and in all appropriate imagery! How many admirable letters, also, are written, speeches delivered, poems recited, witty replies made, sage advice given—which, could they but be remembered and committed to the faithful page, would raise the dreamer from obscurity to immortality!—a fool, then, awake is not necessarily a fool asleep!—and though dreams do certainly, in general, derive their character from the *mental status* of the dreamer, as it is manifested by him when awake, yet it is equally

certain that the soul, when thus partially relieved by sleep from its thraldom, does sometimes become endued with very transcendant powers, and even with those in high perfection, which are, either wholly denied, or which are remarkably hebetated in the individual, during his waking existence!

The ancients, who, from superstitious impulses, were led to pay particular attention to this faculty, have endeavoured to account for the production of dreams, upon various principles, both physical and supernatural: but notwithstanding their religion induced them to investigations, which might have otherwise been neglected, they are very far from an unanimity of sentiment, and are perhaps a greater remove from the truth than the moderns.

Such dreams as were held the result of divine, or at least of supernatural agency, were of three kinds—first, such wherein the *gods*, or departed spirits, appeared to man, in their *real* and sometimes assumed forms—as where Morpheus, the god of dreams, assumed the body of old *Nestor*, and appeared to Agamemnon, strongly urging him to give battle to the Trojans—or where the beautiful goddess *Persephone*, upbraided Pindar, the celebrated lyric poet, for neglect, in having sung the praises of all the other goddesses and pretermitted her; the poet made her the most friendly promises of future notice, and after death, appeared in a dream to a matron relation of his, and recited a poem composed by him in honour of this romantic goddess!

The second class of dreams, was, that in which future events are figuratively or typographically revealed—such was Cæsar's unnatural dream, which was evidently in allusion to his future greatness, when he should hold the empire of the earth, *the common mother* of all things animate or inanimate.

Such, also, are most of the dreams recorded in the Sacred Writ.

The third kind, was such wherein things which were to happen were *fairly* and *perspicuously* delineated.

Nearly of this kind was that of Crœsus, the Lydian king, who dreamed that his son, Atys, would be slain by an *iron* weapon—Atys was for a long time forbidden the use of arms, but having at length prevailed upon his father to permit him to hunt down a wild boar, which for a long time had been the terror of the neighbourhood, he was unfortunately slain by his guardian Adrastus.

Various have been the opinions of the ancients as to the cause of dreams. According to Lucretius, they are occasioned by images, or *simulacra*, emitted by all corporeal things: these floating in the air in vast and miscellaneous abundance, are presented to the soul in sleep, and sometimes during wakefulness—and thus give rise to dreams, and to-day visions. Some have asserted that all dreams have their genesis from the earth, either by its obstructing the passage of the solar light, and thereby occasioning night, which was esteemed a state of the atmosphere particularly

favourable to the formation of dreams, or from the fumes exhaled from the stomach, which, during the digestive process, were thought to occasion an artificial atmosphere round the body of the sleeper, retarding the motion of the animal spirits, and so affecting the brain, that the accustomed operations of the mind are disturbed; and wandering unrestrained by reason, or by the force of habit, into the regions of fancy, give birth to these strange representations called *natural* or ordinary dreams.

It is obvious that those who were anxious for a *true* or prophetic dream, would sedulously avoid eating such diet as is not easy of digestion; hence it became almost a science to ascertain the qualities of the various articles of diet; but fish, raw fruits of all kinds, beans, and wines, were never indulged in by such as were anxious for a *true* or prophetic dream!

Although the false or unprophetic dreams were generally ascribed to the physical operation of food on the brain, yet they were also imputed to the infernal deities or spirits, as is said by Virgil in his sixth Æneid—

'Sed falsa ad Cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.'

Dreams were also attributed to Luna, or Hecate, who, was the guardian of the night, hence she was always invoked at nocturnal incantations, and her influence was greatly valued upon. The goddess Brizo of Delos, was by others considered the furnisher of dreams; so also hawks and vultures were esteemed *souls* encompassed in material forms, and that these souls, upon the dissolution

of the birds, being divested of materiality, assumed various modifications, and appearing to man whilst asleep, revealed the true or prophetic dreams.

But of all the opinions as to the probable cause of dreams, enumerated by ancient writers, none is so singular and visionary as that mentioned by the Mantuan poet in his sixth Æneid—the *delusive* or unprophetic dreams being considered by him to be conveyed by various messengers of Somnus, from a spreading elm, situated near the portal of hell, to whose pendant *leaves* the various dreams are attached, and from thence plucked as necessity requires!

'*In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit*
Ulmus opaca, ingens quam sedem somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque subomnibus hærent.'

'Full in the midst of this infernal road
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad,
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,
And *empty* dreams on every *leaf* are spread.'—*Dryden.*

An infinitude of dreams were considered to attend the person of Somnus. This drowsy god, as Ovid informs us, had *three* attendants, who, for their ingenuity and perseverance in the discharge of their various functions, have been particularly distinguished from the rest. These were Morpheus, Phantasia and Phobetor; the office of the first was to assume the *human* form, and to imitate their actions, manners and gestures: this he executed with such an exquisite versatility of power that he is frequently, by way of eminence, called the god of sleep, and hence often confounded with

his great master Somnus. Phantasia had the delineation of the inanimate world for his employment, and often presented a luxuriant feast to the picturesque imagination; rocks, fountains, cascades, verdant groves, and purling streams, he frequently so happily united, as to render the scene more exquisitely grand, than the happiest delineation of the pencil, or the finest combinations of nature and art. But at other times, as if entirely bereaved of his judgment, he would picture such an heterogeneous group, as could not but force a smile on the face of the most stoic sleeper, so violating every rule of proportion, nature and beauty, as more than to incur the satirical remark of Horace,

'Delphinum appingit sylvis in fluctibus aprum.'

But this great versatility of genius rendered Phantasia an extreme favourite, particularly with the poets, who, no doubt, deduced many of their finest images from his delineations.

Phobetor was of a very different cast. He employed himself in assuming the likenesses of the animal but irrational part of the creation, taking frequently that of the serpent, to which he seemed much attached. His office also was the inspiration of terror—hence the incubus, or night mare, with most of our unpleasant dreams, may be placed to his account!

But the principal originator of dreams, and the master of these three preceding personages, was Somnus, who as Ovid mentions, had his habitation among the Cimmerii, a nation on the western coast of Italy. In this rude and savage country

was his den or palace, so happily described by this beautiful poet. Around him lay myriads of dreams, of every description, prophetic, delusive, pleasant, terrible, clear, confused, long, short, and in fact dreams of all sorts and sizes, which at pleasure were carried forth either by himself or his messengers!

In this palace of Somnus were two grand portals or avenues, through which all dreams were considered to pass.

Delusive dreams were imagined to pass through an *ivory* gate, and the 'somnia vera,' or prophetic, through one composed of transparent and well polished horn.

'Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn,
Of polish'd ivory *this*—*that* of transparent horn.
True visions through transparent horn arise,
Thro' polish'd ivory pass delusive lies.'—*Dryden's Virg.*

Great attention was paid to the characteristics or distinguishing marks of the *true* or divine dreams, and among other things greatly relied on, was the time or period of the night in which the dream happened. The most generally received opinion was, that those dreams which came about the dawn of day are the most distinct, and are entitled to the greatest degree of credence. Of this opinion was Horace.

'Post mediam noctem visus, *quam somnia vera.*'

So also Ovid,

'Namque sub Aurora jam dormitante lucerna
Tempore quo cerni *somnia vera* solent.'

Likewise Homer, who mentioning the propitious dream of Penelope concerning Telemachus, then

in search of his father Ulysses, particularly relied on it, since it had appeared to her at the early dawn of Aurora.

This opinion was founded on the principle or theory already mentioned, that delusive dreams owe their genesis to the physical operation of food in the stomach, during the digestive process, which sending forth a cloud of fumes that surround the body, give a hebetude to the intellectual powers, and occasion those disturbing dreams which we frequently have in the early part of the night.

But in the morning, when the mind is free from any unnatural influence, when balmy sleep renovates the body and infuses new life and vigour into the system, this period naturally suggested itself as the time in which the divine or true dreams might be expected to make their appearance.

The gods of the 'somnia vera,' (as we learn) were not lavish in their distribution of them:—they required courting, and would neither deign to penetrate the murky atmosphere of animal exhalation, nor to make their appearance to such as were *clothed* in an improper dress or colour!

Hence the most usual night dress was white, which was considered to have a considerable influence in giving both perspicuity and veracity to the dream!

It would require volumes to recount the many strange and superstitious notions of the ancient world with regard to this faculty; but the whole of them are the offspring of ignorance, superstition and credulity.

The opinion of many of the moderns, though they emanate a beam of truth through this dædalian intricacy, are nevertheless frequently marked by extreme folly.

Mr. Baxter's theory, which is one of the earliest among the modern, is liable to the same objection, of explaining 'ignotum per ignotius,' as is suggested upon a review of the ancient opinions. He conceives them to be produced by immaterial beings, whose sole employment is the formation of these delusions;—the mode in which this is accomplished I will not stop to detail, since this hypothesis is so entirely conjecture, and so unsupported by evidence or analogy, that it merits no confutation.

Walfius, and others, have held, that *in all cases* our organs of sensation participate in the imaginary transactions which employ the mind during sleep; and that these mental illusions are always in consequence of a previous excitement of the organs of sensation.

But the principle of this theory, if not totally unfounded, is far from being generally true, since, whilst asleep, we are generally wholly insensible to external impressions, unless they are pretty violent—beside this, where is the necessity of supposing such excitement of the physical organs to uniformly accompany our dreams, since we know that both the imagination and the fancy form a great variety of scenes, and wander far from surrounding objects and impressions, without there being the smallest excitement of the organs

of sensation, to create such varied delineations? And yet there have been anomalous instances of dreams being actually produced by artificial means, that is by impressions purposely made upon the sleeper's organs of sensation; such was the case recorded by Dr. Gregory of one who, in consequence of the doctor's application to his feet of bottles with heated water, dreamed he was walking on the hot lava of Mount Etna! Another instance is mentioned of a blister applied to the head having occasioned the patient to dream that he had been scalped by Indians!—and Dr. Beattie states the case of one who could be made to dream almost ad libitum, by gently whispering to him!

Other physiologists, have attributed dreaming to the irregular motion of the nervous fluid, or to a deficient supply of that fluid to the brain. The brain being the seat of judgment, and of mental sensation, if not duly supplied with this pabulum, will necessarily produce, as they say, that unconnected and disorderly scene, which we frequently have whilst asleep: so that the rationality of our dreams is considered to be greatly influenced by the quantum of nervous fluid supplied to the brain. There is certainly a plausibility in this theory, yet it is by no means commensurate to the various phenomena of dreaming—and, as soon as the nature of this fluid, if there be such an one, is more fully ascertained, it may possibly assist us in the investigation of this intricate subject.

That the past occurrences of the day should often be the prominent feature of our dreams, is

rational; and that frequently the curious delineations of the Imagination, using memory during sleep, may be considered as the offspring of this combining faculty, unattended by the judgment, is what can readily be admitted; but this by no means solves the many difficulties which present themselves. Innumerable queries may be put, for explanation, by those who have made this a subject of consideration, which baffle all reasoning, and cannot but force the profoundest metaphysicians to acknowledge their ignorance.

If it be true, as is asserted, that some never dream, others not till an advanced period of their lives—that some never fail to dream, and others dream but seldom, these are phenomena, which at present seem to be wholly inexplicable.

We often fancy ourselves reading, and so far enter into the nature and spirit of the author, as to be able distinctly to remember, and even to recite, the language and ideas of the composition!

That we dream of nothing but what has recently (or even a long time past) occurred, or made its impression, is denied by constant experience; so neither is judgment always asleep; for many dreams preserve a perfect unity and connectedness throughout, and are frequently as well told, and rational tales, as could have been composed by the author, during the brightest moments of his wakefulness.

The great variety of scenes, pictured to us, during sleep, and which succeed each other with the rapidity of lightning, though there be no trace-

able relation, is, as I have before remarked, a phenomenon, highly curious. I have before now found myself in a theatre, listening with all imaginable interest, to the *enaction* of a tragedy, and the next moment, have been in a carriage in the streets of London, perfectly divested of the feelings excited by the performance of the actors!—such a rapid flight from one thing to another, so unlike it, cannot be accounted for upon any principle of association of ideas—but this is a *minor* difficulty, in comparison of others—one of greater magnitude presents itself, which is the astonishing power of the imagination, in delineating scenes in all their natural colours, upon a scale truly sublime, and frequently very far surpassing any reality, when the same faculty (the possessor being awake) refuses to furnish the plainest image, or a scene any way different from those in real life: for many persons, quite of a Bœotian imagination, have dreams of which even a Milton might have been proud. Some men are *wits* in their sleep, who, during wakefulness, are insufferably dull—others have the acumen of genius, who, when awake, are men of very ordinary talents. A friend of mine, who, from experience, justifies the correctness of these remarks, declared to me, that the finest imagery to be found in his compositions were given to him in his dreams, and that for the two last years, he has been accustomed to write down every fine idea, or sublime image, which his imagination vouchsafed during sleep! Mr. Coleridge's Kubla Khan originated in this

way. He fell asleep after reading of the Khan's splendid palace, and of his stately garden ten miles in circumference! and during a sleep of a few hours he composed several hundred lines; which, on waking, he instantly committed to paper; and its fragmentary form is owing to the dream having faded away before he could record it! Mathematicians, also, have been known to solve difficult problems in their sleep, which they had hopelessly abandoned when awake; and to this faculty musicians are likewise sometimes indebted for their finest passages.

But one of the most remarkable of the phenomena of dreaming is the revival of forgotten languages; for dreamers have been known to converse with some familiarity in a language, with which they have scarce any recollection, or available knowledge when awake!

Many physicians have considered dreams to take place only when the sleep is disturbed; and Haller has even gone so far as to consider them symptomatic of disease, disturbing the repose of the sensorium, and thereby debilitating both mind and body. And our own enlightened countryman, the late Dr. Rush, proceeds a step further, and regards a dream as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream! But were I to judge from my own experience, I should unhesitatingly deny all of these positions: for, a continued and dull sleep, unaccompanied by these pleasing vagaries of the imagination, have been found so far from renovating, that I have experienced a debility

and languor, similar to that resulting from morbid wakefulness. Disagreeable dreams certainly do accompany bodily disorders, and during a febrile diathesis, our dreams are also more frequent, and almost universally of a sombre cast; but the converse of this is by no means true—that whenever we have numerous or unpleasant dreams, the body is in a disordered state. Be this, however, as it may, pleasant or indifferent dreams are *positively* healthy, are perfectly compatible with an invigorating and refreshing sleep, and indeed, are frequently found to be, as it were, a *tonic* to the mind, occasioning one to rise in the morning in better health and spirits, than might have been the case, had the usual succession of these delightful illusions been denied to him.

The general cast, or nature of dreams, is, no doubt, very considerably influenced by a difference of temperament. A man of a sanguine temperament, will, by no means, have the same class or description of dreams, as the phlegmatic—this observation is perhaps equally applicable to the *moral* as to the *physical* temperament of man. Plutarch says, that a fair argument may be drawn from a man's dream, as to his temper, and general disposition; and another ancient writer is of opinion, that a wise and virtuous man will be alike himself, even in his sleep. Of the general correctness of this observation there can be but little doubt.

Our dreams frequently afford us a good moral lesson. By them we may learn to eschew many indiscretions, and to avoid the encroachments of

evil habits.—The feelings excited in our dreams by the follies and crimes we have committed, often leave deep impressions, and serve to guard us against the further commission of actions, which, in our sleep, gave us so much uneasiness.

——— Shall I be pardoned, if in illustration of their *moral* influences, I break the continuity of my discussion by an example, somewhat in the fashion of a little tale? If so, kind reader! come on with me; but, if not, pass on to what I have further to say concerning the strange things that appertain to my subject.

A DREAM.

Marcellus and Parthenia were the pride of the village in which they lived; he possessing in an eminent degree every amiable virtue of the heart, that conciliated affection, and of the mind, that gives weight in society—and she, as lovely in form and complexion as the morning dewy rose, and in spirit, as gay and angelic as even poet's fancy could portray. Possessed of an ample patrimony, Marcellus at an early age, seemed to have consummated all earthly bliss, in receiving the affections and hand, of this loveliest and best of women. A few years glided on, more in ecstasy than in sober happiness—every succeeding morn affording some new source of bliss, derived from perfect health, from youth, fortune, talents, and from the affection of every poor villager around them; and the pure respect of the more intellectual, who visited their homestead.

Two beautiful boys, the offspring of their tender love, gave to Parthenia and her doting husband, the promise of long continued joys in them, after life's more buoyant current should grow sluggish, and when heaven's reversion in close and sweet prospect, should mitigate the pain of separation; and to this was added a consciousness, that their elegant and exemplary life were gradually refining the taste, and the morals of the more humble and less intellectual people, with whom they so kindly communed. Such was the state of these congenial and virtuous souls, united by the holiest of ties, and encompassed with the smiles and benisons of God and of man.

But, in a fatal hour, Marcellus glided into the company of a class of persons known as *gentlemen* gamesters, who were said to play merely *pour passer le temps*, and for small sums, only sufficient to add a little interest to the game—and so it really was at first, when Marcellus appeared among them. But the demon of avarice was not late in appearing, and amusement was finally changed into an engrossing, and immolating employment! Under the mask of friendship, which still continued, they were undermining each other's happiness, destroying domestic felicity, and entailing wretchedness and penury on those whom they tenderly loved—on wives, children, and friends! It was Marcellus' nature, and his greatest misfortune, to suspect no one—full of virtuous impulses, he could not see the faults of others: winning or losing gave him, at first, neither pleasure nor pain;

others around him were falling into the abyss more rapidly, but still not more surely than he was: some of them were deeply unprincipled, they flattered him with unwearied attentions, often deceived him by apparent generosity; the habit was becoming in Marcellus insensibly confirmed—and he began to tolerate many things which, in the commencement, would have filled his soul with anguish.

A liberal hospitality was extended by all these *friends* towards the gentle Marcellus, which, as he thought, must necessarily be reciprocated. His house was thrown open to them—it became a scene of elegant festivity, then of less refined dissipation, and eventually, an arena of disgusting and terrific gambling—and Marcellus in the course of the year, was found as avowed a gambler as any of his companions!

His sensible and devoted wife mourned not in silence over his obvious change; she often won him for a time, by her tender appeals; she poured balm into his wounded soul; she sustained him in the dignity of his character, as husband, father, and citizen; she argued, but railed not; and she often flattered herself the victory had been achieved. But these were delusive calms in an ocean now given to storms—ruin was glaringly and frightfully pendant over them—and even the servants and children saw the impending desolation, and united with Parthenia in their griefs. The devoted wife and mother fervently implored heaven, friends, children, and husband to avert the mischief—and,

with every means which love, reason, shame, grief, and interest could invoke, she still resolved to win him from his fatal malady. But all were tried in vain! His property was nearly gone, his health much impaired, his heart in a degree indurated—and the constitution and inner soul of the pure and lovely Parthenia were so wasted, that death would have been a welcome messenger. But Providence, who is ever a God of means, ordained it otherwise.

Marcellus, after his wonted dissipation, returned as usual to his wife in the dead of night, threw himself upon his bed; and exhausted with the scenes he had just passed through, soon fell asleep. The pangs of an accusing conscience haunted him in his dreams, with a vividness and a stern reality, to which he had been for months wholly a stranger in his waking hours; and, in his dreamy wanderings, his wretched mind finally brought him to the cells of man deprived of reason. Propitious visions! Fancy pictured to him, at first, the many mingled horrors that grew from sudden poverty—he distinctly saw *hunger*, under the form of a perishing man, contending, stealthily, with a famished dog, as to who should gain a loathsome bone!—*thirst* he saw, with parched lips, sucking the last remnants from a filthy cup she feebly held!—*children*, with haggard eyes, were dying in their impoverished mothers' arms; and, at a distance, he distinctly beheld sumptuous halls, full of imperial magnificence, and with numerous tables groaning with luxu-

rious viands, and garnished with every delicious delicacy, and beautiful device, that taste could yield! This scene suddenly changed, and he found himself in the midst of maniacs! Commiserating the unhappy situation of these wretched beings, all of whom were wandering at liberty in the corridors of the extensive building, he thought their loss of reason, and their present miseries, proceeded mainly from poverty, which had been suddenly brought upon them; and then his fitful mind instantly transferred him and the maniacs from these corridors, into the presence of the sumptuous halls!—and he saw them struggling, from hunger, to gain admission into these gorgeous apartments—the feast was all before them, but the lofty glass doors, through which they viewed it, were barred against them; and they, with himself, were soon excluded even from this delightful vision, and were cast out into the court, there to mingle with the famished dogs, and with the men who contended for the miserable bones, and with those who were maddened with thirst, and were licking the exhausted cups of their last drops!

The scene once more changed; and from the open corridors, Marcellus passed from cell to cell, the doors of which yielded for his entrance. Pandemonium, with its unmitigated horrors, seemed there assembled—many in those cells were furious, and bound with chains—others laughed unnaturally and incessantly—some wept without intermission—some lacerated their bodies, others mourned in silence. At length, in a more loathsome cell

than any, a lovely female, apparently the victim of sullen and quiet despair, arrested his attention! At the first sight of Marcellus, she hastily turned away, and then reclined her sickened limbs upon a miserable bed of straw. Curiosity being keenly awakened, Marcellus entered the cell; the female, in tattered garments, and with one side of her face blooming in youthful health and freshness, whilst the other was haggard, sallow, and emaciated, gave him a hurried glance, then suddenly hid her head in the folds of her mantle, and perseveringly refused reply to any of his anxious inquiries!

The singularity of a face that on the one side beamed with happiness and beauty, and on the other bore so many ugly lineaments of extreme misery, stimulated his curiosity to the highest pitch. Turning round to one of the keepers, and with a heart throbbing with sensibility, he inquired into the cause of her deplorable condition, and especially as to the phenomenon which so strangely blended the manifestations of health and joy, with those of disease and of grief!

'The villany of a husband,' replied the keeper, 'lost to every sentiment of virtue and of love, reduced himself and family from affluence to penury, from bliss to misery—beggared his children, and drove to desperation and to madness this virtuous and most lovely of women. In her angelic face, on its right side, you may see her as she was at nineteen; and on the other side, what she has come to at twenty-seven, through the gambling dissipations of her now cruel, but once virtuous

husband.' At this instant, the unfortunate female raised her head, and stood unveiled before them. Great God! what were the feelings, what the agonies of Marcellus, when, in this wretched maniac, he recognized his adored, his much injured Parthenia! All description fails—his feelings were burning lava—and he instantly awoke! In the ecstasy of joy, and of renovated love, he embraced his wife, overwhelmed with happiness to find it all a dream!

Marcellus communicated to Parthenia the harrowing scenes he had just witnessed in his dream —and solemnly vowed to abjure for ever his late practices, and wholly to abandon his false friends. This he has done. The brightest rays of happiness again play around them—Parthenia's health is perfectly restored, and the shattered remnants of their once ample fortune, give an annual increase, and furnish them with that elegant but moderate competency, which secures, to the virtuous, unmixed happiness.

For those who love the facts of philosophy, better than the tales of a rather dull fancy, proceed we now to the residue of what we have to offer concerning the matter in hand. Suffer me here to premise, however, that I do verily opine, an author, of all others, is the most apt to be an egregious ignoramus as to what may, or may not, please his readers. It is nearly, if not quite impossible, for any reader whose likings run into some particular

channels, to imagine that when he himself turns author, his readers will take no interest in the objects of his long cherished tastes: and yet so it may well be. I do remember one of the black-letter volumes, of the days when alchemy, and judicial astrology flourished, speaks thuswise of dreaming—the author nothing doubting but that his readers would wholly agree with him. 'It's no wonder,' saith he, 'if a discourse on such *sublime subjects* as the entertainment of our souls during the body's nocturnal repose, and when they have shaken off, for a time, the fetters of the senses, and are upon the wing in the suburbs of eternity, it is no wonder, I say, if a discourse on the secret intercourse of spirits with humanity, and on the wonderful communications of Deity to his servants, in dreams and in visions, should be both acceptable, and in some kind useful.' —— May I be permitted, courteous reader! so to think of mine?

My misgivings are great, in these our days of stimulating literary condiments, at a time, too, when an author is no author at all, unless he be the parent of many volumes of most exciting tales, and permitting moreover, two-thirds of them to be sacrificed to the enrichment of a hungry, selfish, unintellectual, monopolizing, set of publishers and booksellers, before the poor inditer of these fictions is permitted to pocket a single carlino of emolument!—I say my misgivings are, indeed, great, as to whether any of these notes will please either readers, or book-venders—and, in particular, whether the subject of dreams, in our degenerate

day, will have sufficient interest to arrest their now morbid, and mawkish attention—for, doubtless, *Miss Papilla* and her intellectual companion, *Whiskerandos*, will contemn all of these Notes as quite too philosophical!

But, I have told thee in my preface, that I have embarked on this troublous sea of authorship, and that I mean to steer my frail bark, by my own small rudder, and by my own careful observations upon the literary atmosphere, regardless of the calms, and of the storms, from whatever source they come, during my perilous voyage—hoping, withal, for more favourable breezes hereafter, and for more hospitable ports, than are to be looked for, either in these our days, or in these our mercantile regions.

This digression ended, I find that the musty old author, just quoted by me, whose name I cannot give, as he disdained all fame, present or posthumous, and therefore revealed it not, has seen fit to arrange dreams into three cardinal divisions, viz: SIDERIAL, SPIRITUAL, and COMPLEXIONAL.

To the first class, or those dreams which he attributes to siderial influences, he gives seven orders, as the dreamers are supposed to be more or less affected by the then known seven planets, including the sun and moon, and excluding our earth. *Mercurial* dreams are confused, fanciful, and rambling—*Lunar* are fickle, lying and foolish—those of *Venus* are instinct with love, and the amiable affections—*Martial* dreams are fierce and war-

like—*Jovial* are mild, grave, and thoughtful—*Saturnine* are sad, dull, and frightful; and lastly, *Solar* dreams are gorgeous, varied, replete with worldly honours, and all the fruits of riches!

But these siderial dreams, as well as the science of astrology, (to which they are so closely allied) are now consigned by the enlightenment of our age, to merited contempt and oblivion.

As to the second class, or *spiritual* dreams, they are referred by this author to the four sources of Deity—of good angels—evil angels—and of the prince of darkness:—in respect to all of which, it may be remarked that most good men, of all ages, have believed that Deity has sometimes vouchsafed thus to commune with the soul of man—and, as to the doctrine of diabolical influences on man, whether when asleep or awake, he, as I presume, is a bold man who would utterly repudiate them.

And lastly, as to the class of *complexional* dreams, they are referred to the theory of the five temperaments of man, in respect to the general truth of which theory, there can be little doubt, nor can it be questioned but that dreams often originate in, and are often greatly varied by these temperaments.

The ancients had a strange fancy in regard to the apparitions that may appear to us, either in dreams, or in day visions. They supposed that all ghosts or apparitions are *material*, but composed of extremely attenuated elements—that the soul of man, during sleep, or wakefulness, can

never perceive a *pure spirit;* and hence that angels, the devils, his imps, and finally, all immaterial beings, are obliged to clothe themselves in these refined bodies, that they may become visible to man, even in his dreams. They further supposed that all human beings have two bodies; the one the outward, gross, and visible tenement; the other the elemental, thin, and demi-spiritual body, proceeding from what, in after times, was called the *radical moisture;* and that all of the beings seen in our dreams, are these refined bodies, either of departed beings, or of such from among the spiritual world, as are commissioned to assume these forms. It was also supposed by them, that when in our dreams and day visions, we see these spectres, it is never with our gross and visible eyes, but that our communion with them is always through the medium of the thin, and elementary body—and finally, that as long as the radical moisture remains existent after death, so long may the apparitions or ghosts of that body exist, and be visible in this world—and that, as this moisture gradually diminishes, by time or otherwise, so will the ghost become weaker, and weaker, until it vanishes wholly, by becoming a pure spirit!

On the basis of these notions was it, that the ancients so often consumed their dead bodies to ashes, that they might at once, so effectually destroy the radical moisture, as to give peace to souls, and prevent their assuming the thin covering, and thus molest the living by their apparitions! But the Egyptians, of course, saw, and now see more

ghosts than other people, since they preserved their defunct bodies, with such special care: and the spectres of the twenty millions of mummies, supposed to be still existent in the cemeteries of Thebes, and of other cities in that ancient land, will enable our travellers to encounter a ghost, or a phalanx of them, ad libitum!

The superstitious practice, also, which is sometimes used, of compelling one charged with murder, to touch the wounds of the deceased, originates in this theory—for, in such case, the notion was that certain effluvia hover around the body for a time; and that by uniting together, they compose those spectra that wander among the cenotaphs, the dormitories of the dead, and the like places! These, though generally invisible from their extreme tenuity, are supposed to become visible to the murderer, the instant he touches the wounds—because, then, the effluvia with an extreme energy, issue from the sally-ports of a lingering, but wholly unseen life, unite into form, and fly, at once, into the murderer's face!

In like manner, as 'tis said, dogs, and other animals, possess the faculty denied to man, of recognizing by these spectra, the murderer of a master, or of a friend. To the same idea, likewise, we may refer the fact, that persons of gross and wicked appetites are peculiarly subject to *demoniacal possession*; by which is to be understood, not merely that they have many bad thoughts, and evil propensities, but that the Evil One, or his messengers, take actual possession of them. And

this is supposed to arise from their demi-spiritual bodies becoming themselves grosser and grosser, through their own wickedness—opening thereby to the foul-fiend an entrance, by which he is enabled to exercise a more direct and intense communion with the soul—and hence spring the many horrid sights, the agonizing dreams, the swarms of vain and torturing thoughts, of shocking desires, of blasphemous imaginations, and the apparently resistless crowd of enmities against God, in spite of the severe conflicts, which the same souls are conscious of, as being waged against these demons, by spirits of an opposite nature! If the Catademons, or lovers of evil angels, be denominated 'LEGION,' because of their vast number, so, likewise, are there myriads of protecting or good ones; and hence, in our dreams, and also in our waking hours, all life seems but a perpetual warfare between the Spirits of Evil, and the Spirits of Good—between Ebony and Topaz!

It was a matter of no small consequence, in times of yore, to know the insignia of their ghostships; and especially, to be able to distinguish with certainty, the guardian spirit from the evil one. And though the outward and visible signs of these gossamer beings, were often no very sure criterions, yet all seemed to agree on two, as infallible,—to wit, that a good angel never assumed the shape of a *woman*—and that a *bearded* angel was ever to be accounted as an evil one! Woman is the 'weaker vessel;' she, moreover, 'brought death into the world, and all our woe;' and yet, as she

has behaved herself since that time tolerably well, and certainly far better than man hath done, it would seem a strange slur upon her now, to suppose she can never assume the office and garb of a good angel! and, as for the reproach cast thereby upon beards, they have been very generally held in high veneration, though it must be admitted that the face without one, appears milder, and that some modern ones have very diabolical aspects!

The Greeks and Romans, in their most polished times, were generally bearded; and when one of the popes, in after times, shaved his off, the Greek church regarded it as a great apostacy! We also find the prophets and apostles uniformly bearded by the painters; and though Aulus Gellius states that criminals were never permitted to appear without beards, the weight of authority is certainly on the side of their being very generally received as an honourable appendage. I am, therefore, at a loss for a valid reason as to this belief that a good angel was never found in woman's lovely form—or in that of a man with a graceful, flowing beard—*mais en voilà plus qu'il n'en faut.* These, however, are deep subjects, in which, though there have been many wild imaginations, still, he is no keen observer of the human heart and mind, who would cast them wholly off as worthless dross.

I have several times alluded to the extreme rapidity of thought in dreams, the infinite variety and combinations of their events, and how, in them, the transactions of a life, are compressed into the brief minutes of a short sleep! Mr. Addison illus-

trates this idea in so beautiful a manner, that I do not hesitate to insert it, as follows:—'In the Koran, it is said that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning, to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise and in hell, which the prophet took a distant view of; and, after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet, on his return, found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all spilt!

'A sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd; but, conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the Koran, if he would consent to do what he would desire of him. Upon this, the sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea shore! The king set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly, he ap[illegible]

himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood. Those people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, that he had by her seven sons, and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day, as he was walking alone by the sea side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes, with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

'After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, but he found himself standing beside the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side! He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude, but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a *dream;* that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again! The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; that he, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make

a single day, nay, a single moment appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.'

From the foregoing tale we may learn that an whole age, nay, even that of our world, may be as a single moment with all spiritual existences; or that the eternity which comes after death, may be without any true note of time, myriads of years being but as a moment, and moments, on the contrary, filled with the events of ages.

Another remarkable feature in dreams, and one nearly identical with the preceding, is, that they generally relate to things as *present;* they deal little with the *past*, or with the *future!* all is a perpetual *now!*—for, if we are in the presence of Noah and the prophets, or of Cæsar and Bonaparte, they are all our cotemporaries, and we their associates, with no consciousness of the past, and of course, with no *surprise* at the strange anachronisms! This fact is full of intimations of the soul's probable state when wholly severed from the body; it harmonizes with all the marvels recorded of dreaming, and shows that sleep is the connecting link between life and death! If the soul be, indeed, a ray from the source of eternal power, it seems, during sleep, to be an emanation, that delights in freedom, and revels in its partial exemption from the toils of place and of time. In this state it ambles, as it were, on the very confines of eternity, or swims in the vast abyss, reminded of its mortal alliance, (like the falcon to its master,) only by the slender leash that binds it.

This enlargement of the privilege of the soul during sleep, though small compared with that which follows death, is yet sufficient to place before it very many of its past actions, as things essentially present; and hence it is that minds, insensible to remorse when awake, are sometimes suddenly stimulated to deep repentance, by the lively presentation during sleep of the events of their life—events that had been nearly erased from their memory! But how greatly more astounded must the soul be, after the total dissolution of its connection with time, to find itself at once in the presence of all the sinful actions and thoughts of its worldly existence, all of them naked and bare, and the whole concentrated in a clearly visible, fearful, and perpetual *now;* and this, too, with no one oblivious appliance, present, or hoped for, that can mitigate, in the least, the loathsome sight!—for, as to all men, '*their works do follow them,*' none, no not one of them, is missing, but all are actually and eternally before them!

I know that flimsy thinkers, have ever been disposed to treat with ridicule, the least idea that sleep and dreams, (both so *natural*) can ever shadow forth the things of an after life. Philosophers of old have rightly said that superstition is odious to the gods; and equally so is unmeaning incredulity. But that sensible belief, which takes a middle course, and which, by a wise *moral alchymy*, extracts from the numerous facts of dreaming, some wholesome lessons, is an homage which a well ordered mind should willingly pay to Him

who causeth the soul to *think*, and the heart to *feel*, no less during our nocturnal, than our daily existence; and such a sensible belief will find that philosophy and religion are equally consentaneous to the idea that sleep and dreams are sometimes designed to teach man, more intimately, the nature of his soul; and that at all times, they have been occasionally used by Deity as the vehicle of useful presages, appertaining either to this, or to the other world.

If then, in dreams, we perceive that the soul is very apt to deal with all things as if *present*, and to take no note of *time;* and if we likewise find that in nearly all *prophecy*, the matters are dealt with as if *actually present*, the inference is a rational one that the soul of the dreamer, as well as of the prophet, has been, for the time, partially absolved from corporeal ties, and that it wanders more at large into that state of existence where matter, place, and time are unknown. Moses, no doubt, saw as a visible *now*, the past, present, and future! He saw the transactions of the creation—of the fall of man—of the flood, as things *present* to him! So Christ is said to be a Lamb '*slain*' from the foundation of the world, and yet the actual event occurred more than four thousand years after—it being *seen* by the prophet, eight hundred years before it took place *in time!* When Isaiah says '*Babylon is fallen*,' he contemplates it as a *present* event, and when the same prophet speaks of Cyrus, one hundred and forty years before the temple was destroyed, and fully two hundred years

birth, he deals with this founder of the Persian monarchy as if then in being, and with the events to be accomplished by him, as if then existent! The Scriptures are full of such expressions—and how could it be otherwise? for a prophet, in the act of his holy vocation, must necessarily be independent of, and, so to speak, *out of time;* and must see as a spirit, which deals not with time. Hence arises the general idea that the dreams of the aged are more veracious—and, in correspondence with this opinion is the equally usual one, that the opinions of those who are on the eve of dissolution, are likewise more prophetic; and still further, the very current belief among the moderns, as well as the ancients, that *morning* dreams are the somnia vera,—the *true* dreams.

There can be no doubt of the fact, that the thoughts of our sleep exert a larger influence on those of our wakefulness, than is generally supposed—and one very remarkable fact little noted by metaphysicians, proves this. The fact to which I allude is not a mere mental idiosyncracy, but is truly a feature in the human mind. The phenomenon is thus mentioned by Baron Smith: 'In connection with the phenomena of memory, may I be here permitted to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others, in addition to my own? I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene

now passing, and in which we share, is one which, in the very words, with the same persons, and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before! It is the more extraordinary of those sensations, (and is one which will occur,) wherein what is going forward, there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the *faint echoes* of a conversation had in olden time! Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us, seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing, in a mysterious mirror, the dark reflections of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state!'

But this unconscious indebtedness, of our active and vigilant life, to the forgotten scenes and thoughts of our sleeping hours, was probably first alluded to, at least in more modern times, by Sir Walter Scott, in his Guy Mannering—for so Dugald Stewart thinks. That great mental philosopher gives the credit to his highly gifted countryman, of having first revealed to our distinct notice, this strange reminiscence. The passage in the novel, is that in which Bertram, ex-

presses his mysterious feelings at viewing the castle of Ellangowan, from which he had been stolen when quite a child—and is as follows. 'Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Are they the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject is entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place?'

We have reason then, to believe, that the lost thoughts of remote periods of our life—those of our earliest infancy—those of our *dreams*, still float vaguely in our minds; and, that they affect, more or less, the current of our wakeful existence, often imparting to it dim and confused remembrances, which, in weak minds beget superstition, and which in strong ones, never fail to create some surprise.

On the whole, it is most certain, as one of the black-letter writers hath it, that the 'Soul of Man is a Mystery, breathed out of the grand Mystery—a Ray of the Eternal Sun—which, when absolved from the pollutions of the flesh, is then capable of

communicating with good spirits, and of being united to its divine original.' This being certainly so, it follows that, whilst it is the province of wisdom to steer clear of the follies of those who would be learned beyond what is given to man, it is equally a duty to seek for light wherever it may be found.

He, therefore, approves himself wise, who neither reposes on all that hath been said of dreams, nor scornfully rejects the whole, as savouring too much of religion—of superstition—and of over-curious learning.

NOTE XX.—THOUGHTS ON A PLAY OR TWO.

'THE ROBBERS.'

Few things so simultaneously tend to *form* and *evince* the manners and genius of a people, as their public and accepted amusements. Whilst the prevailing taste is indicated by the encouragement accorded to public spectacles, these have powerful and pervading influence on the general and individual mind, by no means unworthy the attention, not only of the moralist, but of the statesman.

It is not my wish to be enrolled in the catalogue of disputants either for or against the moral, intellectual, and political influence of the drama, for I think the difficulty has been formed by the honest but contracted and overheated zeal of the enemies of the buskin on the one hand, and the indiscriminating and morbid attachment of its admirers on the other. The sound judgment and truth in this

as well as most other matters lie, as I conceive, in the mean—since the drama is a good which contains within its very *heart's core* the seeds of its own corruption and dissolution. It is a good, which if wisely used, might be extensively and permanently beneficial; but its excellencies amble on the very confines of vice and licentiousness, its virtues associate too much with their opposite vices, and its collateral ill effects frequently more than counterpoise its direct and legitimate tendencies. The drama in its *purity* would be a school of virtue. Sound morals conveyed through the medium of interesting incidents, enforced and radicated by the charms of eloquence and oratory, heightened and *located* by scenic representation, cannot fail to make impressions deep and lasting, for

> 'What we *hear*
> With weaker passion will affect the heart,
> Than when the faithful *eye* beholds the part.'

From the history of nations we may infer that a love for the drama is a dictate of nature, for no people have been found so rude as not to have fostered this species of divertissement.

The passion for the drama has its foundation in our inherent fondness for novelty and fiction; or in the more legitimate and lively interest which is taken in faithful delineations of the natural and affecting incidents of *real life*. The social and moral sympathies never fail to be excited, and the heart and understanding to be interested and improved, in proportion as the incidents and language of the drama approximate those of common life;

and nothing but a diseased judgment, a vitiated taste, or a corrupt heart can give a preference to the exhibition of *murders*, *assassinations*, *poisonings*, *parricides*, *fratricides*, *ghosts*, *wizards*, *witches*, *hobgoblins*, *fiends*, *bandits*, *robbers*, &c. with all their horrid concomitants, to the natural and gradual development of those incidents which as they belong to humanity, and *do occur*, are calculated to excite our sympathies; and as they but *seldom happen* are sufficiently novel to rivet our attention, and agreeably agitate our social feelings.

It may be advanced as a physical truth, that whatever *gently* exercises the mind or body, without fatigue, affords a *pleasing* sensation. The drama, therefore, if one of the objects be *pleasure*, should never do violence to the moral feelings, should never overstep the modesty of nature. Probability, or, at least, possibility, should be kept in view. The imagination should not be forcibly exercised, but we should

'Hold the golden mean,
Keep the *end* in view, and follow nature.'

If *utility* be an object, contemplated by the drama, nature and truth should never be forsaken for the wild and airy fictions of the imagination. But whilst we entertain this opinion, we conceive that all the faculties of the soul are reciprocally dependent, and impart strength and vigour to each other. The operations of the *judgment* are no doubt quickened and assisted by the imagination, and nothing can be more unphilosophical than the

doctrine of a state of *hostility* between the various faculties of the mind. We are therefore, not unfriendly to the imagination, but only to its deliriums; for this faculty, of all others, needs restraint, as it is most liable to deterioration, and when once diseased, becomes dangerous to its associates, and is often found their tyrant and destroyer. We could therefore wish that '*Mother Goose*,' '*Brazen Mask*,' '*Valentine and Orson*,' '*Cinderella*,' '*Hercules and Omphale*,' '*The Flying Dutchman*,' '*Mazeppa*,' '*Aladdin*,' and a hundred other melo dramas, should less frequently appear. So, likewise, that all those tragedies in which poisonings and parricides, robberies, seductions, horrid vices, and all the black catalogue of the worst of human atrocities crowd in thick succession upon us, and depict our species as fiends principally intent on each other's misery and destruction—should *never* be exhibited. In the representation of these kind of scenes, every legitimate object of the drama is abandoned; for, we suppose, that no other object would be avowed but *utility* and *pleasure*. Man never improves by presenting his vices in gigantic stature. The *mind*, in such case, is too much occupied to permit the *heart* to feel, and the *deformity* and unnatural bulk of the vice is such that the mind itself rejects it as a fiction. So, also, to a mind endued with any reason, delineations of this description, afford no pleasure; or, at least, the pain to a feeling heart, more than counterpoises the agreeable emotions; or, perhaps, the

most which can be accorded to them, is an alternation of pleasurable, and very painful sensations.

But if these kinds of representation afford little or no pleasure to *rational* and *feeling* minds, it may, perhaps, be admitted, that a considerable portion of an audience have neither much *reason* nor *feeling!* If this be the case, it affords an additional motive why the stage should be chastened; why its corruptions and impurities, its obscenities and bad taste, should undergo a radical reform. The drama, then, is a good thing, much and constantly abused, and I cannot but lament that an institution so eminently calculated to foster and disseminate virtue, should so frequently stray from this salutary object, by the enactment of plays which shock every moral feeling, suffuse the cheek of modesty with overwhelming blushes, represent man as a monster of iniquity, render vice triumphant in the very act of vice, clothe depravity with the habiliments of *high-minded honour*—and connect with it neutralizing virtues, that the character may thus find by *stealth*, a passport into our affections; treat the presence and the name of Deity with irreverence; ascribe to *fate* and to *blind necessity*, what is the result of a base heart, and of the conduct of a *free agent;* make *love* paramount and triumphant over every virtue which graces the more pure and tender sex; place on the lips of a young, and lovely woman, sentiments at all times shocking, but peculiarly so when uttered at the very moment of resigning her soul into the hands of her Creator!—and yet *all this*, and much more

can be said of that *abandoned*, *detestable*, *wicked* and *incongruous* play, called '*The Robbers.*'

What can be the motive for the frequent repetition of this sacrilegious and horrid play, we have at all times been at a loss to imagine. *Utility* is entirely out of the question; *pleasure*, as we conceive, equally so. We know that there is a certain anomalous principle in our nature which occasions us to take pleasure in the contemplation of scenes of affliction, in which the spectator would ever desire to avoid a participation. But this principle will not bear us through this shocking play, for it is a principle modified by another, which has been before mentioned, viz: that pleasure whether mental or sensual, is the result of a gentle exercise (without fatigue) of the organs of the body, or faculties of the mind; so that the pleasure derived from the exhibition of the affliction of others, is immediately superseded by pain, when the imagination, sympathy and moral feelings are so violently acted upon, as they unquestionably are in the play of The Robbers.

Few have attended the exhibition of this tragedy, without some shock to their feelings, and a transient resolution never again to see it; for that pleasure which is occasioned by scenes of affliction, (as a sensible writer observes) is to be ascribed to a compound feeling, arising from the five sources of curiosity—sympathy—a degree of mental exertion—the idea of our own security—and from the interesting situations which occasionally happen in real life; but pain must predominate when nothing

but human vice and depravity are presented, and every generous, honourable, and virtuous principle is violated.

Legitimate tragedy, according to Aristotle, and more modern judicious authors, through the medium of embellished language and a degree of terror and pity, must induce a refinement and melioration of our passions. That the '*Robbers*,' is calculated either to excite even pity, or to refine and meliorate the passions is what we utterly deny; for there is no character in the piece, (except perhaps the Count de Moor) that is not very objectionable, and the sentiments, with a few bright exceptions, can excite nothing but alternate terror and disgust.

Schiller, the author of this celebrated piece, has frequently been compared by his warm admirers to Shakspeare, and this play of the Robbers to Richard III. We are very favourably impressed with the genius of Schiller, and have no hesitation in admitting that he has given us, in this very piece, considerable evidences of it. Our objections to the play are chiefly of a moral nature, we consider it destitute of utility, and so artfully contrived and ingeniously wrought up, as to be extremely pernicious in its tendency.

Neither time nor inclination admit of a critical and minute analysis of the merits and demerits of this play, but if any good may result from our animadversions, it will be necessary to point out somewhat definitively, though briefly, our objections.

The pivot on which the incidents of this piece rest, is the doctrine of fatality. This, as is observed by the translator, 'pervades the whole piece, and influences the conduct of the chief agents in the drama.' It requires but little knowledge of the human mind, and certainly no philosophical acumen to discern the pernicious results of the admission of that doctrine which ascribes a fixity and unalterable nature to the course of human events; which makes man a mere machine, acting in irreversible subordination to the agency of a superior power; which ascribes to virtue and vice neither merit nor demerit, but attributes to the agent a passive subjection to irresistible impulses. This doctrine is the veil which is designed to cover the black and heinous iniquity of Charles de Moor. It is the '*flattering unction*' which is to soften the pains of a harrowed conscience—it is the source of pity and commiseration for Charles's sufferings; and here, then, is the great evil resulting from the admission of the principle.

But the friends of Schiller say, that this fatalism did not weaken his *moral sensibility*, or his consciousness of the imputability of his crimes! We admit that it did not entirely extinguish humanity; nature *would* occasionally *dawn* through the dark covering of his crimes, and remorse take entire possession of his soul. But still, we find him to rest his crimes on the impious, but to him somewhat soothing belief, that he was the 'instrument of vengeance in the hands of the Almighty for the punishment of others.' The government and laws

of his country are to sleep, whilst he, the guiltiest wretch of all, presumed to judge and punish guilt!

'Now hear me, sir,' (says this *honourable villain* to the commissary of his injured country) 'hear Moor the captain of these *incendiaries*. It is true I have assassinated a count of the empire. It is true I have burnt and plundered the *church* of the Dominicans. It is true I have set fire to your bigoted town, and blown up your powder magazine. But I have done more than all that. Look here, *(holding out his hand)* at these four rings of value! This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister whom I cut down at the chase, at his prince's feet. He had built his fortune on the miseries of his fellow creatures, and his elevation was marked by the tears of the fatherless and the widow. This diamond I took from a treasurer-general, who made a traffic of offices of trust, and sold honours, the rewards of merit, to the highest bidder. This carnelion I wear in honour of a *priest*, whom I dispatched with my own hand for his most pious and passionate lamentation over the fall of the Inquisition. I could expatiate at large, sir, on the history of these rings, did I not already repent that I have wasted words on a man unworthy to hear me.'

But Moor, as we shall see, did not even restrict himself to this abandoned principle of taking the sword of justice into his own hand.

Admitting that the doctrine of fatalism, as inculcated in this play, does not extinguish conscience and remorse, it is still highly deleterious; for if once a villain conceives himself damned past all redemption, where is the restraint upon his fiend-like passions: where is the boundary to his atrocities? Besides this, the principle of fatality is

generally found to accompany *vice*, not *virtue*. The fatalist does not conceive himself destined to act the part of innocence and unblemished virtue. But sufficient has been said of this dangerous feature of the play.

The next which may perhaps be worthy attention, is Charles de Moor's soliloquy on suicide in the forest scene of the fourth act. After the commission of crimes at which nature recoils, and the genial current in our veins should pause, Moor and his fiend-like associates stretch themselves on the ground, in the forest of Bohemia, to rest their wearied limbs. Though night's sable curtain hung o'er the world, and all without was tranquil, sleep could find no welcome, peace no entrance into Charles' bosom; all his black enormities stared him in the face, and *self-slaughter* appeared, to his distracted soul, the only antidote!

Moor.—'Good night' (to his companions) 'forever—a long, long night! on which no morrow e'er shall dawn. Think you that I will tremble! never, never.—Shadows of the dead, the murdered, rise! no joint of me shall quake. Your dying agonies, your black and strangled visage, your gaping wounds—these are but links of that *eternal chain of destiny* which wound itself around me from my birth—which hung perhaps upon the humours of my nurse, my father's temperament, or my mother's blood. Why did the great artificer form, like Perillus, this monster whose burning entrails yearn for human flesh? (draws a pistol.) This little tube unites eternity to time! This key will shut the prison door of life, and open wide the regions of futurity. Tell me, oh tell! to what unknown, what stranger

coast thou shalt conduct me! The soul recoils and shrinks with terror from that awful thought; while busy fancy fills the scene with horrid phantoms—No, no! man must not hesitate. Be what thou will, thou world without a name, so that this *self* remains; this *self* within. For all that is external what has it of reality beyond that form and colour which the mind itself bestows?—I am myself my heaven or my hell,' (looking towards the horizon) 'If *he* should give me a new earth, some blasted region banished from his sight—where I alone inhabited, companion of eternal night and silence, this mind, this all creative brain, would people the hideous void with its own images—would fill the vast space with sweet chimera—forms, that all eternity were scarce sufficient to unravel them.—But perhaps it is by ever-varying scenes of misery in this ill world, that step, by step, he leads me to annihilation. Oh that it were possible to stop the current of that after life, as easy as to break the thread of this! thou may'st reduce me into nothing—but of this liberty I cannot be deprived,' (cocks the pistol, raises it, and suddenly stops.) 'And shall I then rush to death through a slavish dread of living here in torment! No; I will bear it all, and brave the malice of my fate,' (puts up the pistol.) 'My *pride* shall conquer sufferance. Let the destiny of Moor be accomplished.'

Moor then declined self-slaughter *only* because it argued in him 'a slavish dread of living here in torment.'

Another prominent defect in the moral of this piece is the paramount influence which is ascribed to *love*. It was wisely intended by Him who implanted this principle in our nature, that it should

be *strong*; that as the source of most of our joys it should meliorate the heart, soften it to the influence of virtuous sentiments, chasten it from all *selfish* motives; and, that amidst the sad vicissitudes of life, it should invigorate the mind to steady and honourable perseverance in warding off from the possessor of our affections the causes of infelicity. But love should never triumph over virtue, never extinguish from the soul that paramount obligation which is due to God and to society. But we find that *Amelia*, after a full development of her lover's vices, that he was a savage murderer, and the chief of a more savage band, rushes, nevertheless, into his arms, exclaiming, 'murderer!—fiend! whate'er thou art—angel to me! I will not let thee go.' And the concluding scene is still more objectionable, for she dies with a shocking sentiment expiring on her lips!

Moor.—'On deeds like these we pause not 'till they are done. I'll think on this—hereafter!' (stabs Amelia.)

Robbers.—'Bravo, most noble captain! thy *honour* is discharged—thou *Prince* of Robbers!'

Moor.—'Now she is mine, she's mine forever—or, that hereafter is the dream of fools! I have foiled my destiny—in spite of fate I have brought home my bride, and with this sword have sealed our wedding vows.' (To Amelia with tenderness) 'was it not sweet, my Amelia, to die thus by thy bridegroom's hand?'

Amelia.—(Stretching out her hand to him) 'Oh most sweet!'

Here *love* is made to triumph over death, the grave, eternity, and God; and without any com-

pensative motive, or principle whatever; and is, therefore, as destitute of philosophy, as of virtue.

We will notice a few more vices in this play, and then proceed to a brief consideration of the character of some of the prominent personages. In this drama we have an instance of cool and aggravated parricide. We have presented to us the shocking spectacle of a brother executing deadly vengeance on his brother; of an aged and doating parent suddenly expiring from the unexpected disclosure of his son's enormities; of a murderer assuming to himself an attribute of Deity; and we see an Earldom bequeathed as the recompense of successful villany!

Moor.—(taking the hands of Kozinski and Switzer, and addressing himself to Switzer.) 'These hands I have deep imbrued in blood—that be *my* offence not *thine!* here with this grasp I take what is mine own. Now Switzer, thou art *pure!* (raises their hands to heaven with fervour) 'Father of heaven here I restore them; they will be more fervently thy own than those who never fell.' An Earldom becomes mine this day by heritage, a rich domain on which no malediction rests—share it between you: become good men: good citizens: And if for ten whom I have destroyed, you make but one man blest, my soul may yet be saved!'

Let me now proceed to note a slight sketch of the principal characters in this tragedy.

As the exhibition of vice, in her most *hideous mien*, appears to have been the author's favourite design, we will consider Francis, and not Charles de Moor, as the hero of the tale. We do not

recollect to have ever met with a more perfect and finished character in abandoned villany, in cool, ingenious, artful, systematic wickedness than Francis de Moor. In this *one* character we have an assemblage of all that is cruel, infamous, relentless and atrocious in the human heart. No other than Schiller's creative imagination could have formed such a monster—as Francis stands before us, in his soliloquy at the commencement of the second act.

[*Francis de Moor alone in his apartment.*]

Francis.—'I've lost all patience with these *doctors*. An old man's life is an eternity. Must my towering plans creep the snail's pace of a dotard's lingering hours? Could not one point out a new track for death to enter the fort? *Kill the body by tearing the soul!* Ay, that were an original invention: he that could make *that* discovery were a second Columbus in the empire of *death*—think on that Moor. 'Twere an art worthy to have thee for its inventor! How then shall we begin the work? What humble emotion would have the force to break at once the thread of life! Rage? No; that hungry wolf surfeits himself and regorges his meal. *Grief?* That's a worm that lingers on the flesh, and mines his way too slowly! *Fear?* No; hope blunts his dart and will not let him strike his prey: What? Are *these* our only executioners? is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? hum, hum! (*musing*) no more? ha! I have it; *terror* is the word—terror! reason, religion, hope—all must give way before this giant fiend; and then—should he even bear the shock—there's more behind—*Anguish of mind*, come aid the imperfect work; repentance, gnawing viper of the soul—monster, thou dost ruminate thy

baneful food, and thou remorse, that livest on thy mother's flesh, and was'nt thine own inheritance: and you, even you, ye blissful years o'er past, display your charms to memory's retrospect, and poison with your sweets the present hour; ye scenes of *future* bliss combine to wound—show him the joys of paradise before him, and hold the dazzling mirror out to hope, but cheat his feeble grasp! Thus let me play my *battery* of death—stroke after stroke incessant—till nature's mound is broken, and the whole troop of furies seize the soul, and end their work by horror and despair; triumphant thought!—So now—the plan's my own: now for the work.'

The character of Francis is well sustained, and uniform throughout the play. But the delineation of such iniquity, ripe and in full maturity when first presented to us, can be productive of no good. The character is unnaturally wicked; but if natural, let us remain ignorant of it as long as possible; for by the admission of such characters, the drama familiarizes us with them, and thereby renders vice *less odious.* Maximilian de Moor, the unhappy parent of this noble pair of brothers, is a very neutral character, neither formed to instruct, to please, nor to excite even pity. He evinces great weakness in suffering himself to be duped by the artifices of his son Francis, whose character he well knew, and especially as they were directed against a favourite and beloved son, with whose few virtues he was perfectly acquainted. Here also we find a parent's *infirmity* the cause of his child's desperate depravity!

In the character of Charles de Moor we find a strange assemblage of high-toned honour, and lack of principle, of filial love, and filial irreverence, of misanthropy, and a morbid feeling for the unmerited sufferings of his fellow-subjects, of fatalism and compunction, of genius and folly, of manly virtue, and deadly vice? But that complexity of character, that wildness and romance, that elevated honour, that sickly humanity, that dignified courage, and that brilliancy of mind which Charles possessed, in union with qualities of a very opposite nature, are what render him so dangerous. The author if he desired to fascinate to vice, knew the human heart too well, not to amalgamate with iniquity, some of the luring, brilliant and captivating qualities of the heart and mind. Charles *may* insinuate himself with all his *heavy load of vice*, into our affection, but Francis is too glaringly deformed by sin to ever *claim* an entrance. That there is in reality this dangerous fascination in the character of Charles there can be but little doubt: for its influence has been felt, as appears by the acknowledgment of the translator that 'the effects of this tragedy were so powerful, and as some thought so dangerous, that in several states its representation was prohibited by the legislature.' Why then, we may ask, translate and diffuse it?

We are likewise informed that 'after the representation of this tragedy at Fribourg, a large party of the youth of the city, among whom were the sons of some of the chief nobility, captivated by the grandeur of the character of its hero

(Charles de Moor) agreed to form a band like his, in the forests of Bohemia; elected a young nobleman for their chief, and pitched on a beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom they were to carry off from her parents' house to accompany their flight! To the accomplishment of this design they had bound themselves by the most tremendous oaths; but the conspiracy was discovered, and its execution prevented.' And in our own country, we regret to have it in our power to say that we have heard great and unqualified expressions of admiration of the character of Charles de Moor!

Let us now turn from the view of so much depravity, and, in the contemplation of the beautiful *Amelia*, endeavour to find some cheering rays of virtue amidst this, hitherto, general and impervious gloom of vice. Here, too, alas! we are disappointed! Who could have imagined that in so *fair*, so *lovely* a tenement, aught but the *virtues*, the *loves*, and the *mental graces* could find admission? But as the author intended to present us with the *black side* of the picture of humanity, we must content ourselves, and view Amelia's character as we find it.

Never was Pope's sentiment that 'most women have no character at all,' more strikingly exemplified than in Amelia, who *camelion-like*, changes with the varying scenes, and in the space of a few weeks exhibits a variety of dispositions very irreconcilable with each other.

In the opening scene with Francis, she appears to us in the character of a masculine, determined woman, sensible of her injuries, resolute and able to assert them, incensed to the highest degree, and mature for vengeance.

Amelia. (surveying Francis with a long look.) 'Is it you? You here! whom of all mankind I most desired to see.'

Francis. 'Me? is it possible; me of all mankind!'

Amelia. 'You sir, even you. I have hungered—I have thirsted for the sight of you. Stay I conjure you. Here prisoner; let me enjoy my highest pleasure, let me *curse* thee to thy face.'

Francis. 'I love thee, Amelia—as my soul I love thee.'

Amelia. 'Well, if you love me, can you refuse me one small request?

Francis. 'I can refuse thee nothing, were it even my life ——'

Amelia. 'Well then, I ask what you will grant with all your soul, *(proudly.)* I ask you to *hate* me; I should die for shame, if, while I thought on Charles, I could for a moment believe *thou* didst not hate me. Give thy promise, villain, and begone.'

In the scene in which she next appears, Amelia is subdued by love, tenderly yielding to its endearing influences, spreading roses on the bed, whilst anxiously watching the slumbers of the father of her Charles; in the same scene she again becomes a masculine heroine, and then, anon, in her interview with Herman, she is the *woman all*, artless, unsuspicious, and easily deceived! In the garden scene, in the third act, during her interview with

Francis, we find her *serious*, *prudent*, *gentle*, *violent*, *malignant*, *terrible!*

Amelia. See'st thou now, villain! (drawing his sword from him) 'what I can do? I am a woman, but a woman roused—dare to come near me, and this steel—my uncle's spirit shall guide it to thy heart! Fly me this instant.

In the colloquy she holds in the gallery, with the supposed Count de Brand, she gravely philosophizes on the fleeting nature of 'earthly bliss'—and evinces to the Count much feeling, when he draws her attention to the portrait of Charles, then before her in the guise of Count de Brand. She reveals the fact of her lingering love for him, and in her soliloquy a few minutes after, she discovers her incipient love for this *Count!* alternating with her resolution that 'Charles shall ever be buried in her heart, and never shall human being fill his place!' Schiller would say, with Shakspeare,

'*Frailty, thy name is woman,*'

for though Herman had just informed her that her lover still lives, in her next interview with the Count de Brand, *she loves him quite!* The Count presses with ardour her lily hand to his lips, and Amelia false to Charles, tells him 'his kisses burn like fire.' The Count tenderly embraces her, reposes his head on her bosom, she blushes, prays heaven to forgive the Count for making her recreant to Charles! She then gives him the *ring* that Charles had presented to her, and exclaims 'Oh Charles! now strike me dead, my vows are broken! Charles reveals himself, Amelia faints

and the curtain drops! Such then is Amelia! and a more worthless, whimsical, silly, and odious lady, can scarce be well imagined—for though there be weak and shameless women, the infamous moral inculcated by these scenes with Amelia, is a gross slander on the sex, and is no true picture of what would be likely to occur with one of her rank, and with one so tenderly raised as she.

Were the drama uniformly such as is represented in this play, it were better to put the torch to every theatre in the land; for, under the influences of such tuition, our young women would scarce know how to blush, and our young men would rather take counsel of the two De Moors, than of the Mentor of a Telemachus. A word now as to Coleridge's

'REMORSE.'

The principal merit of dramatic poetry is derived from its subserviency to the faithful, impressive and glowing delineation of man in his most interesting relations. Its professed object is the melioration of the heart and affections, by the presentation (in a small compass) of a vast variety of incident, character and sentiment. If the drama be thus contemplated as the *mirror* reflecting at one view the ever varied scenes of life; as the *polished speculum* in which we discover, with certainty, the resemblance of all that endears man to man, or that weakens or severs the ties which unite him, it cannot but claim an ample portion of public esteem and patronage.

The modern drama, like the illusions of *sleep*, regardless, in a degree, of the unities, either of

action, *time* or *place*, presents to our view a complication of incidents, illustrative of the direful consequences resulting from the unguarded and licentious indulgence of our passions; places before us in all their native loveliness, the charms of virtue, and the hideousness of vice; depicts in a *bird's-eye* view that which in *real life* is often diffused over a vast expanse of time and space; and represents to us in combination, numerous circumstances from which the reflecting mind, by a species of moral alchemy, may extract useful lessons. All this is the professed and legitimate object of the drama; and were it uniformly adhered to, it would be a powerful means of virtuous inculcation.

To this concentration of *action*, *manners* and *sentiments*, are we to attribute the efficiency of the drama, as it is that which chiefly distinguishes it from real life. The drama is seldom a copy from any *particular view* in life, but is formed by a judicious selection and happy combination in *one picture*, of various scenes, so mixed and artfully blended as to be productive of no incongruity. But whilst this liberty of picking and culling from the great storehouse of life, is accorded to the dramatic poet, it is only for the purpose of placing before us, in harmonious union, things which have a natural congeniality. Like the sculptor, he may take the eye from one, the arm from another, the neck from a third; but they must all adjust in fit proportions to each other, else, instead of a paragon of beauty, we should have naught but deformity. To delineate with truth and vigour a variety of

characters; to preserve throughout the piece that consistency and *unity of character* which makes them upon all occasions, act, speak and think as they respectively should do, and to blend numerous incidents so as to have an obvious relation to each other, is a task of no minor difficulty, and is a point to which few, very few, attain.

It is manifest that the above remarks rather apply to what is acknowledged by all *should* be the state of the drama, than to what has in reality, generally been attained by dramatic writers.

The poetry of the drama, has, by universal consent been placed in the scale of poetic dignity, next to the epic, and we doubt not that as respects *utility*, (were it what it could be,) it would be entitled to a still more elevated position. But the epic has but seldom been degraded either to the base purpose of contaminating morals, disseminating false and dangerous opinions in religion, government or manners, or to the hasty acquisition of a pittance to answer the cravings of daily want, or to supply the senseless profusion of inconsiderate spendthrifts. *Melpomene* and *Thalia* have been invoked by *any* and *all* who fancied they could wield

'A pen,
That mighty instrument of little men,'

and this art, so difficult and nice, which demands so long an apprenticeship to observation of men and manners, and which requires such an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, its springs and principles of action, this art we say (as Socrates

less triumph, by the illiterate, and though the *worldly* literate have not scrupled to acknowledge, and sometimes ardently to pursue it! Is it not, therefore, passing strange that, in this our day of mental illumination, when any thing is an art, and every art a science, Impudence, the most precious of them all, should not have been regularly indoctrinated, and systematically taught in our primary schools, colleges, and universities, that it should not have been lectured on by the itinerants, and even professorships endowed for its thorough inculcation, both as to its principles and practice? Give me, then, the degree of *Impudentiæ Doctor*, rather than that of LL. D., or of J. U. D! since the degree I would seek bringeth with it *substance*, the others a sickly *hope*, as little palpable as the thin air of an half exhausted receiver, and often more worthless than the *caput mortuum* at the bottom of a crucible! Were the gods to give me back my past life, I should study this most august of the sciences, with an intense devotion, as being the *nucleus*, the *punctum saliens*, yea, the very heart's core of all attainable eminence in the uses of all human knowledge.

Impudence of the purest sort, doth truly inspire confidence, invigorate the mind, dispel gloom; and doth compensate its votaries with even more than usury for their exertions. It doth illustrate, perpetuate, and widely diffuse one's fame; it doth greatly enlarge the circle of one's friends, and astound and confound all jealous enemies; and eventually, it doth seduce them all to become the

horns, the trumpets, the cymbals of our surpassing merits—the willing agents for the furtherance of our numerous conquests! How 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' then, is modesty along side of impudence! How sickly, puling, and inefficient the former, how salient, vigorous, and sempiternal the latter! Doth not Modesty starve herself and her children—and where is her courage, her talent, her genius, her practicalness, her tact? She hath none, absolutely none: but Impudence is confessedly valiant, is instinct with the means of rendering all things profitable to its possessor, and seemingly useful to others; is familiar with every narrow lane and dirty corner of the human heart, and is equally at home in all the broad avenues; and, in both, it walks proudly before mankind, as one conscious of true worth, and of native dignity! Infinite in tact, boundless in common sense; and familiar with the follies of man, Impudence is sure to make them all, in some form or other, willing ministers, retainers, lackeys, and puffers in the great scheme of her successes; and fails not to see them all eminently prosperous therein! Surely, therefore, the philosophers must have made a sad blunder, a vast mistake herein—but all this comes of their reading *books*, instead of the great volume of *human life!*

The poets have approved themselves far wiser on the subject; for, what saith *Hudibras*, the sagest among these poetical authorities?

> He that hath but impudence
> To all things has a fair pretence;
> And put among his wants but shame,
> To all the world may lay his claim.

In the same vein doth *Oldham* discourse when he saith,

> Get that great gift and talent: Impudence,
> Accomplish'd man's supremest excellence,
> 'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
> Confers all wealth, all titles and estate;
> Gains place at court, can make a fool a peer,
> An ass a bishop, vilest blockheads rear.

Look, moreover, at the sons of the Emerald Isle, wheresoever found, and, be they lawyers, physicians, merchants, soldiers, or poor ditchers! Do they not edge all others out, and prosper themselves when and where others would languish and starve, perhaps, for a maravidi? And how cometh this, but that

> Hibernia fam'd 'bove ev'ry other grace
> For matchless intrepidity of face,

turns with becoming impudence, every misfortune into a joke; quizzes grave philosophy into smiling complacency; puts on a bold, plausible, unperturbed exterior; looks one steadily in the face; manfully asseverates his claims; vindicates his opinions against all facts, and all truth—and comes off a chuckling conqueror! Whereas the proud, but modest and blushing Englishman, in the like case, and especially if in misfortune, carefully examines his stock of marketable ideas, and if these be found comparatively few and worthless, dreams not of assuming virtues not his own, and modestly shrinks into absolute retirement, there to starve, rather than to live on the rich bounties ever provided for the truly impudent! Now, which of the two is the wiser? I pause

not for a reply, every sound mind must render the verdict in favour of that most sterling and productive of all the virtues—Impudence.

Contemplate, further, all those numerous

'Thieves of renown and pilferers of fame,'

who have suffered others to toil, that they might reap the fruits; or those, who availing themselves of the credulity of man, have indited in their closets, ingeniously contrived travels into non-existant lands, or of their experience in countries they had never visited, or invented wondrous tales concerning those they had seen—have not all such been revellers in good fortune? Observe, also, those who have written plays, as of *Will Shakspeare*, and luxuriated for a time, in the vast ocean of his fame; or those who have manufactured antiquities, chuckled and triumphed in the archaiological researches of the virtuosi, giving thereby double proof of the great advantages of Impudence, in that the deceiver and the deceived, especially profited by their self-created pretensions! And look still further at how admirably those who unblushingly have taken to themselves the entire works of others, which had been lost to the knowledge of the world, and boldly published them as the offspring of their own brains! or those who purposely criticize, with unsparing severity, the most illustrious works, and thus cause many to suppose the critics themselves must be truly great; or those who unmercifully damn a book they had never read, under hope that their own meagre productions

father; and his attachment was ardently reciprocated.

Ordonio, in whose heart every species of vice, seemed to find its genial soil, viewed with malignant dislike his brother's superiority, and envied him the happiness he enjoyed in the affections of the lovely Teresa.

This unnatural brother, conceiving that Teresa might be his, if Alvar were but removed, formed the shocking design of murdering him, through the instrumentality of Issidore, a Morescoe chieftain, who was kept ignorant of the fact that Alvar was Ordonio's brother. Alvar, in his defence '*fought valiantly*,' both Issidore and his accomplices, and finally escaped. After an absence of several years, in which he endured imprisonments and toils, he returns to his native land, and visits the scenes of his former happiness, with his adored Teresa. During Alvar's absence, the aged Valdez, deceived by the arts and hypocrisy of Ordonio, who had persuaded him that Alvar had been captured within his *own sight* by an Algerine pirate, and had subsequently perished in a storm, used much entreaty with Teresa to forget Alvar, and bestow her heart and hand on his virtuous and worthy brother Ordonio.

Unsuccessful in his legitimate endeavours to secure the affections of Teresa, Ordonio had resort to stratagem. Availing himself of the superstitions of the times, he called the arts of sorcery to his aid, in order to assure Teresa of Alvar's death, and thereby to reconcile her to his wishes. Alvar

who lived in disguise, and had gained the reputation of a *sorcerer*, was employed by Ordonio for this very purpose. Alvar, however, so arranged his wizard plans, as to discover to Valdez and Teresa in the presence of Ordonio, that he had fallen by the hand of an assassin, and had not perished in a storm. Ordonio's veracity, thus called in question, together with his incautious agitation create suspicions. He precipitately leaves them, suspecting *Issidore* as the author of this contrivance, and that he had revealed his secret to the sorcerer. Alvar is immediately hastened to a dungeon by the familiars of the inquisition for 'foul sorcery,' and Ordonio invites Issidore to a cave, claiming his protection against the arm of danger. Ordonio there murders Issidore, and thence proceeds to the dungeon with a view of despatching the sorcerer, and thus to rid himself of those to whom alone his secret was known.

Teresa had gained admittance into the dungeon a few minutes before Ordonio's entrance. Alvar discovers himself to Teresa, and a most tender and affecting interview ensues. On Ordonio's appearance Teresa secretes herself. Here a deep feeling colloquy follows between these brothers, and at the instant as Ordonio raises his dagger to the sorcerer's breast, Teresa rushes out, '*Ordonio! tis thy brother.*' Here the catastrophe commences. Horror, anguish of mind, and remorse, in full array, present themself to the distressed, tortured Ordonio. Self murder is hailed as the only relief; but the foul deed was prevented by the generous and

amiable Alvar, who yet loved his brother, and would have saved his life and '*honour*,' had not at this moment the distracted Ahadra, the wife of the murdered Issidore, rushed in and stabbed Ordonio. Here the curtain drops, leaving us under the pleasing prospect of Alvar's union with Teresa, and their becoming the solace and comfort of their aged father.

Alvar's uniformly amiable character, his forgiveness of the many wrongs he had sustained from his brother, and his tender and honourable feelings in the highly interesting scene with him in the dungeon, is contrasted, with a master hand, with the malignity and vice of Ordonio. Alvar is restored to Teresa and happiness, at the moment in which Ordonio meets that fate which even in this world very generally attends those who stray far into the very paths of vice.

> 'Hence learn what blessings wait on virtuous deeds,
> And though a late, a *sure* reward succeeds.'

NOTE XXI.—THE ADVANTAGES OF IMPUDENCE.

THE lives of some men, from youth to old age, illustrate so forcibly the advantages of Impudence, that I am disposed, with Menander, to rank it among the greatest of deities; and, from my inner soul to lament that I have ever blushed, and that nature had not given me even more than the *æs frontis triplex*. Moreover, when I do remember that Holy Writ hath declared 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' I naturally

inquire, what is left, then, but sure success to the impudent? and the chronicles of all past time, as well as my own reason, do respond—'thou hast said it.' Nay, it seemeth to me as if 'twere a golden law of nature, not only that he who buries his talent shall languish in obscurity, but also, that he who fails impudently and importunately to blazon forth all that he hath, and more, and to usher into broad day light, with every meretricious garniture, his very all, is surely destined to pass down the stream of time, as worthless rubbish; and, in the great abyss of eternal forgetfulness to remain, a poor martyr to the purest of nature's products—modesty!

Be, then, my theme the proud advantages, the radiant glories of unalloyed, disembodied, prolific Impudence—of that callous sort which hath its seat deep in the soul, which forms part of our inmost nature, takes but its light complexion from adventitious causes, is ever harmonious with itself, and which triumphs equally over circumstances, and the would-be shadowing influences of superior minds!

Some do, indeed, gain many a point by modesty, clad in Impudence's habiliments; but I sing of that mysterious influence which nature doth to some impart, and which commands success, apparently, *sine assentatione*, *sine blanditiis*, *sine dicacitate*, *sine audacia ferreæ frontis*; and this, the highest order of its attributes, points it out as the only kind of Impudence the prince of Greek comedies would have ranked among the greater deities!

The inferior sorts of Impudence, though admirable in their kind, and truly useful in their way, need too much of industrious cultivation, and of man's feeble art, to claim omnipotence: but, where nature hath truly laid deep her brazen foundations, and thereon hath been raised a goodly superstructure, the result of long experience in the art, the castle of Impudence thus raised, becometh impregnable—all arms are silenced, and the lord thereof hath crowds of suppliant worshippers, who grant unto him freely, in the ratio of the enormity of his demands!

For who, let me ask, accordeth any thing to mere anticipators, nay, even to diffident askers? And, on the other hand, who so bold as to refuse something at least, to the importunate demands of the daringly impudent?—very few, I ween; for all experience teacheth that the multitude pileth blessings and honours upon the adventurous, the fortunate, and the self-adulating, as Pelion upon Ossa, and Ossa upon Pelion; and that the crowd doth love to exaggerate the successes of such, quite as much as these hardy-faced personages do love to loom so largely! It is so, and yet even more than this, for, some of the most renowned charlatans the world hath ever known, were made so, partly by the flattery of the *plebs*. The noble distinction of being essentially and *ex natura* impudent, belongeth only to a blessed few; and when to this be added their own industry in this line, and the hosannas of the multitude, so sure to follow, they

then do truly become Menander's deities, and the most brilliant among fortune's favourites.

There are, indeed, instances where modest merit hath become a favoured child of Impudence, vaunting as loud as any, after it hath made some happy hit, and for which it hath been long and inordinately praised—but genuine, lordly Impudence is that which starts into life full grown, and with brazen armour, regardless of teachings and trainings, reposes on nature's high endowments; and, with magic skill, embalms all flatteries, and annihilates all frowns!

When I take a retrospect of the chronicles of Impudence in all ages, nations, tribes, families, and individuals, and find how much it hath been mentally idolized by them all, I am lost in wonder that temples and altars have not been openly raised to it, and that no avowed god hath therein presided,—for, when poets, and others have spoken of it as a great deity, they simply meant that it well deserved so to be regarded. In more modern ages, and in our own day, the triumphs of Impudence were, and are, equally signal, as may be seen in the marvellous history of the necromancers, of the astrologers, alchemists, empyrics, panacea-venders, and in the golden accumulations of those whose trifles have been grandiloquently puffed; and lastly, in the contrasted neglect and poverty of those whose great inventions change the face of nature, annihilate time and space, convert mere operatives into philosophical thinkers, cause the desert to bloom, and which are fast elevating

unknown nations to rank and happiness! It is incontrovertible, then, that a holy alliance of Impudence with even a new invented razor-strop, a shining blacking, a nonpareil shot-measure, or a wonder-working potato-parer, is of far more worth to its possessor, than man's noblest contrivances, if unhappily associated with that worthless outcast—Humility. The former do prosper in wealth, and revel in the loud applauses of the many; whereas the latter do languish in sore disappointments, in comparative obscurity, and sometimes, in the most galling poverty! Commend me then, to hardy, naked, callous Impudence: for Modesty is an arrant simpleton in all such matters, as it often enriches the world, whilst it starves itself and progeny; whereas unmitigated Impudence doth knock unceasingly at every door, claims as its due ten-fold that it receives, and receives a thousand-fold more than its deserts.

It seemeth to me as if a volume would scarce suffice to exhaust the praises of Impudence—and yet there be a few mawkish people in the world, who would retain and practise the old-fashioned notions of humility! I would ask such ill-judging people to tell me, if they can, why scandal, when cast in profusion on the brightest character, is so sure to leave some stains? Is it not that the courageous impudence which could attack such characters, implies with many, that there *must* be some fault, where so much hath been so boldly asserted? So, also, look at the sanctimonious visage of some arch *hypocrite*, the people will

measure his piety by the length of his face, and by the open display of his numerous self-denials—turn, then, to the *politician*, and the more of a demagogue, the more of a favoured patriot is he—observe likewise the would-be-*orator*, the louder and more wordy, the more eloquent is he—and the *scholar*, the more mysterious, transcendental and esoterically wordy, the more deeply learned is he—and the *lawyer*, the more he floats in the public gaze, vociferates in courts, asseverates his opinion, and compliantly assents to the mere wishes of his clients, the wiser, and deeper and more skilful is he!—then the *merchant*, the more money he spends, the more to spend *justly* hath he,—and to the *parvenu*, the larger his hatchments, and arms of pretensions, the more ancient and honourable his pedigree. Nay, pass not by even the *fine lady*, the more made up of artificial appliances, talkative, exacting, and omnipresent, the more popular and irresistible is she! Go to the opera, the *squallynis* carry the night—to the theatre, the mouthing *bellowers* are the most applauded—to a zoological garden, the *monkeys* surely carry off the palm—to the circus, the *clown* is infallibly the hero of the whole! In fine, all life teems with the glories, the admirable successes of pretension, of humbug, and of immortal Impudence.

Impudence, then, must be a *positive* virtue; it must be that very *summum bonum*, which, being sought during ages, hath escaped the scrutiny of *closet* philosophers, though practised with match-

speaking of government used to say) is in the hands of *all*, every one presuming himself *qualified* for the undertaking! Hence it is that we not unfrequently see the apparent phenomenon of an entire audience yielding to the influence of *Momus* when every passion of the human mind had been arrayed to lead the heart into captivity. Hence it is that the *marvellous* and *impossible* have superseded the *natural* and *possible*. Hence it is that Dr. Hurde has ventured to say that 'the *sole* and contemptible aim of comedy is to excite *laughter*.' Hence it is that religion, and the clergy, decorum and sound morals, government and orthodox politics have all, at times, endured the severity of dramatic misrepresentation and caricature, and hence it is that *real life* has frequently, by a shameful inversion, taken its hue and character from the stage, instead of the drama from it.

But let it not be supposed that these prefatory remarks are the immediate consequence of a perusal or attendance upon the representation of Mr. Coleridge's '*Remorse*.' Far from it: they are the result of a *general* contemplation of the situation of the dramatic art.

The piece before us is by no means deficient in dramatic merit; on the contrary, it has numerous beauties.

As *action*, or the combination of incidents, is the very soul of tragedy, it demands, in dramatic criticism, a primary attention. The *manners*, or that which evolves the characters of the agents; and the *sentiments*, by which their opinions and inten-

tions are developed, are certainly subordinate: for neither manners nor sentiments are essential to tragedy; or rather the effect is produced principally by the *fable;* whereas, if the incidents of this fable be unnatural or uninteresting, no substitute can be found in either the language, sentiments or manners of the piece.

In the constitution of a good play it is not only requisite that the fable or action should be *simple,* but it should gradually and naturally evolve itself. The attention of the audience should not be put into continued requisition to unravel the tale, and to discover the connection and operation of the incidents on each other. By simplicity of the fable or action we do not mean to exclude a variety of incidents, provided they all have an evident concentration to that point on which the *peripitia* or catastrophe rests; but by simplicity we mean such a unity of action, though composed of numerous incidents, as contains no collateral, subordinate and independent events, introduced merely as *episodes.* In this respect we think Mr. Coleridge's 'Remorse' entitled to much praise. But though the action or fable of this piece be simple, it does not, as we conceive, easily and gradually evolve itself, as it is usually represented. But this arises from the injudicious omission (in representation) of certain passages, rather than from a defect in the production itself. We would here remark, that the practice of pruning or curtailing is generally rather too liberally indulged in, either for the

reputation of the dramatic author, or the effect upon the audience.

From the *title* of this play we would suppose that its author principally intended to exhibit the sad and melancholy, but instructive operation of that gall of a wounded and lacerated conscience, *remorse:* and that he designed to place before us a character alternately yielding to the basest passions of the heart, and to the agonizing effects of remorse,—to represent one in whom

> 'The stronger guilt defeats the strong intent,
> And like a man to double business bound,
> Stands in pause where he shall first begin,
> And both neglects.'

But we do not find *precisely* this character in *Ordonio.—Remorse* is said to be composed of *shame* from a sense of the impropriety of past actions, of *grief* for the effects of them, of *pity* for those who suffer by them, and of the *dread* and *terror* of punishment, from the consciousness of the justly provoked resentment of all rational creatures.

In *Ordonio*, the intended murderer of his brother Alvar, and the real assassin of Issidore, we find a man corrupt to the heart's core, capable of any crime his purposes might demand, and but *seldom* yielding to the subduing influence of conscience and remorse, except when his feelings were particularly excited by some momentous incident, or very pointed remarks of those around him. When these occur he shows the raging of the storm within. A brother's murder presses sorely

on him; but sunk *thus deep in guilt*, remorse gives way, and new crimes suggest themselves as necessary to extricate him from his difficulties. Ordonio's character is certainly drawn with a bold pencil, but would have been much better had he occasionally evinced *uncalled for*, or in the way of soliloquy a sense of the *deep damnation of his guilt*. The fact, however, is that Ordonio's remorse was at all times but short lived, the mere ephemera of a moment, called into being by the pressure of the cloud which was gradually thickening around him. It was not that species of remorse which effects a change of character and life; it had rather more of *dread* and *terror* in its composition, than of *grief* and *pity*. True, as the author says,

> 'Remorse is as the heart, in which it grows:
> If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
> Of true repentance, but if proud and gloomy,
> It is a poison tree, that pierced to the inmost
> Weeps only tears of poison!' ACT I.—Scene 1.

The scene of this drama lies in Granada, in the reign of the second Philip, just after the edict inhibiting the wearing of the Morescoe costume, and at the close of these bloody wars which terminated the empire and influence of the Arabs in Spain. The Marquis Valdez, a venerable and worthy old gentleman, had two sons, Alvar and Ordonio. Alvar, the elder, graced by every manly and endearing virtue, tenderly loved Teresa, an orphan heiress who lived under the protection of his

on a similar topic, may the more readily succeed ; or those who secretly review, most leniently, of course, their own works !—all these will be found in the thriving sons of Impudence. Contemplate, moreover, those who translate from foreign languages the flowers of unknown authors, and garnish therewith their own impoverished pages; and those whose wits are ever set upon deceiving mankind by that cunningly devised impudence which destroys, perverts, or mangles the fame of others by patronizing reviews, but which, by incomprehensible generalities, praises, and yet by numerous insiduous means, turn their author into a very poor thing; or, finally, those who, by the like artifices, divert the renown of others into their own channels, or gain to themselves a lustre by an incessant meddling with illustrious names !—all of which persons do daily reap the legitimate fruits of impudence, showing thereby their own deep acquaintance, with man's unsearchable *cullibility*, and their own admirable tact in culling to themselves very many advantages !

Such men have been strangely called impostors ! Are they not rather philosophers of the highest order ! for if even unsuccessful *in the end*, how much have they previously gained, and how surely do they all live in after history, when the names of the modest are clean gone ! Who, for example, would have ever heard in our day, of George Psalmanazer, that most 'renowned man of impudence,' who after finding the life of a wandering vagabond profitless, boldly struck out into a new path of such

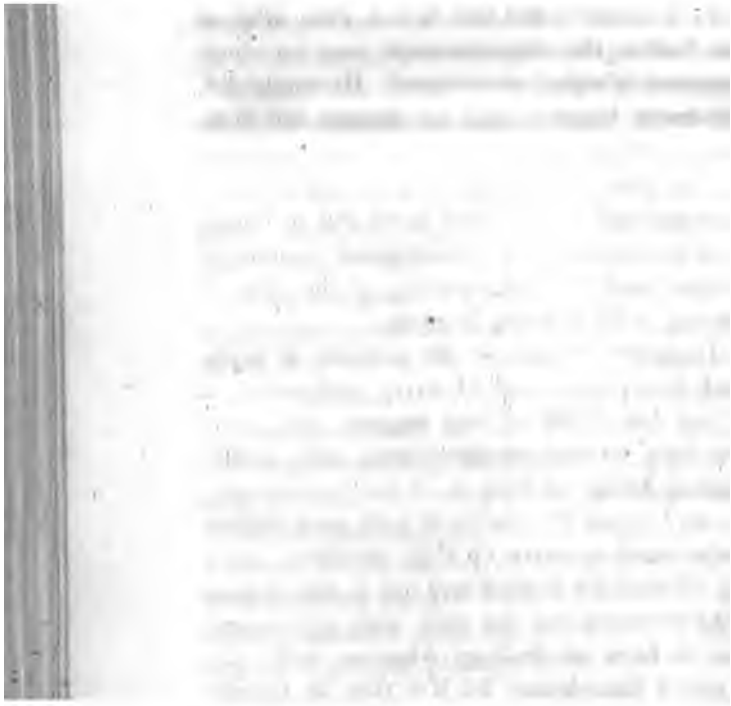
wondrous shamelessness, as astounded all men and women too, of that day and generation; and for a time, gained to himself many laurels, a good deal of money, and an imperishable name for all after ages!

He was from the south of France. Educated for a short time in a Jesuits' college, he assumed the habit of a pilgrim, and subsisted on casual charities. Among strangers, then, he conceived the daring scheme of wholly abandoning his identity, and thereupon changed his country, his habitudes, dress, and, in part, his language, giving out that he was a heathen native of an island, then but little known, called Formosa! For this purpose, he invented an entire new language, came to England as a convert to christianity, translated the church catechism into his Formosan tongue, and published a history of this Formosa, in which, with much ingenuity, he described the people and their country, with all requisite details; invented an appropriate religion, with all its ceremonials; practised for the curious, its various uncouth exercises, exhibited a prayer book in his own language, with alphabetical characters to be read from right to left! translated passages from classic authors, into the language of his own invention; ate raw meats with a becoming gout: stoutly, and most brazenly contended in broken French, with a learned Jesuit, then late from China, who had less faith in the Formosan, than others had; sold various editions of his books; obtained by his sole influence, for his coadjutor, one Innes, an English

clergyman, some church preferment; procured for himself the privileges of the University of Oxford—and thus gloried and revelled in his matchless impudence! The bubble, indeed, burst at last; but hath not Master Psalmanazer, secured immortality for himself?—and did he not, even after, as well as before the *eclaircissement*, reap an abundant harvest of signal advantages? He surely did, for his name became quite too famous, not to attract those harpies, the booksellers; and his autobiography, also, gave him, and of *course them*, both money and fame, which never fail to attend those, who, shaking off old-fashioned notions of conscience, and of truth, worship at the altar of impudence, with befitting fortitude.

Let Impudence, then, be the pole-star of every man, of every age, and of every profession; it never yet has failed of rich success, and never can—so long as man remains a weak, silly, undiscriminating being—so long as art can deceive innocence—so long as the multitude hath more foolish than wise men to make up their numbers: but if destiny irrevocably restricts any one to associations with the virtuous, and the truly wise, my counsel then is to have no dealings whatever with this thing called impudence—for it is then an aquatic plant in an arid soil, a bubble in an exhausted receiver, an odour with no present olfactories, a glaring colour to a blind man; and, in fine, a thing wholly out of its sphere and elements; and as such, destined to withering contempt, and to certain death!

THE END.



WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SAMUEL COLMAN, *No.* 8 *Astor House, Broadway, New York,* has for sale the following works, by DAVID HOFFMAN, Esquire, and he submits a few NOTICES of each work.

'THOUGHTS BY A. GRUMBLER, OF EROMITLAB.' 1 vol. pp. 374.

☞ This is the first of a series of volumes on an infinite variety of topics—the design of the series being somewhat intimated by the author in his preface and dedication to the '*Peep into my Note Book*'—the second in the series.

The following notices indicating the very favourable manner in which the *first small* edition of the 'GRUMBLER,' was received, though issued anonymously, have induced the author to allow the publication in NEW YORK of a *second*, in order that the work may be more generally diffused according to the apparent demand.

NOTICES OF THE GRUMBLER.

'The work is divided into two parts, each into chapters and sections. In the first division are treated City Manners in Eromitlab, as *Baltimore* is termed. He here descants, with much pleasing information, on the prevailing follies of the day, and beautifully holds up to reprobation many of the follies that have crept into the good city of Eromitlab. The article entitled '*The Alchemical Theory,*' is specially worthy the reader's attention. The second division is devoted to our national manners, &c. So rare, indeed, is the appearance of a work containing such a fund of thought on '*Men, Manners, and Things,*' that we perceive in its publication a return of mental sanity in book-makers, and book-readers. The production does honour to him as a philosopher—patriot—and philanthropist. We therefore hope that this work will spread far and wide—as a *censor morum,* it will serve to root out many false notions—as an exemplar of pure and *classical English,* it will remain as a model for imitation in many respects—and as a valuable fund of varied learning, it will prove eminently useful.'

[*Baltimore Chronicle.*

A well merited tribute is paid in the annexed article from the Christian Statesman, published at Washington, to the admirable work of an estimable author.

ANTHONY GRUMBLER, OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQUIRE.—The popular volume, of which the author has assumed the foregoing *nom de guerre,* has been attributed to Mr. David Hoffman, an eminent lawyer of Baltimore, of which city, under the backward reading of 'Eromitlab,' the writer admits himself to be a resident. The rumour is alluded to thus plainly, because it has not,

so far as we know, been contradicted; and because, whether true or otherwise, it can detract nothing from Mr. Hoffman's high reputation, albeit that has been earned by efforts of a very different, and of a far more elaborate character. The '*Miscellaneous Thoughts*' of Squire Grumbler, teach principles of religion, morals, politics, and literature, so sound, that they may well have emanated from a Doctor of Laws. They abound also in interesting descriptions of manners. One avowed purpose of these essays being to chastise follies, individual and conventional satire was now and then to be expected; but it is never malicious. It is 'the wit that loves to play, not wound.' Indeed, the writer's benevolence is quite as conspicuous as his skill in composition. And this is saying a great deal; for a book of more literary merit has not, perhaps, been produced by any gentleman of the long robe, since the publication of Butler's Reminiscences. It bears, however, no affinity to that work; being a series, or rather an aggregation, of reflections on a variety of subjects, with appropriate illustrations. We are happy to learn from the 'Prefatory Epistle,' that the public may expect to hear from the author again.

The Jurist has the following notice of the recently published work of an estimable and talented fellow-citizen.

LAW AND LITERATURE.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS. BY ANTHONY GRUMBLER, OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQUIRE. Baltimore; pp. 374.

Cognizance of a work like the present would hardly seem to fall within the limited jurisdiction of a law journal, unless the *person* of the author gave a jurisdiction which could not be founded on the subject-matter. When we mention David Hoffman, Esq. the able and accomplished author of the *Course of Legal Study*, as the party now in court, all doubt must cease with regard to the present extension of our critical cognizance. In England we have the brilliant example of Sergeant Talfourd, who, amidst the numerous calls of an arduous profession, with added parliamentary duties, has kept alive an exalted taste for literature, and produced works, in this more genial department, which the world will not willingly let die. In our country, we take pleasure in adding Mr. Hoffman's name to the list of those, who, while serving at the highest altars of Themis, have found time to sacrifice to the muses. The present volume is a most agreeable and instructive collection of thoughts on men, manners and things, expressed in choice and polished words, and well calculated to mitigate the hardy skepticisms and radicalisms, which have so strongly tempered our present age and community. The portions on the judiciary (pp. 213, 216,) and on the legal profession (pp. 322, 327,) will be very interesting to the lawyer. The whole volume we commend, in the fullest manner, to the candid attention of the reader. With greater space we should venture stronger terms of praise; but we feel persuaded that the reputation of the distinguished author will challenge for this little book, a notice far beyond the influence of our humble page.

Having already assumed jurisdiction of the learned author for one purpose, we shall take advantage of his present *persona standi in judicio*, and, by a sort of *ac etiam* process, open some further matters with regard to him. We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to renew our testimony to the great merit and usefulness of Mr. Hoffman's legal works. On former occasions, the *Legal Outlines* and *Course of Legal Study* have both been fully examined and commended in the pages of this journal. To the latter work, we take pleasure and pride in acknowledging our early and constant obligation; and we should not do our duty to the profession, particularly to the student, if we moderated our language. Mr. Hoffman is a benefactor of his profession. More than all others, he has contributed to elevate its standard of learning and morals, to encourage the young aspirant for its honourable rewards, and, as a consequence, to extend its just influence in the community. The practiser, absorbed in the daily calls of business, and the young student, for whom the 'gladsome light of jurisprudence' is now shining forth, 'may both derive aid, direction, and encouragement from this work. There is no single work in the whole range of the law, which, with so much interest, imparts so much good. If the student can afford to buy but a single book, let it be Hoffman's *Course of Legal Study*, which in itself is a small library, besides being a key to a large one. If we lived in an age when learning was its own exceeding great reward, and a coatless scholar could hope to encounter with composure the stare of the world, we should be disposed to repeat, of this work, what the great Cujas said of Paul de Castro: *Qui non habet Paulum de Castro, tunicam vendat, et emat.*

(From the National Intelligencer.)

In the ripeness of his professional fame he has found opportunity to prepare a work less grave, though, in its way, scarcely less instructive than his former compositions. The 'Thoughts' of this agreeable 'grumbler' are the thoughts of an acute mind, invigorated by professional discipline, and enlarged by liberal studies and intercourse with the circles of fashion, as well as of business. The manner in which the task is executed is sufficient, of itself, to vindicate his brotherhood against the sneer of Hume, that lawyers 'are seldom models of science or politeness;' a remark prompted by the distaste of the great historian for the occupation for which he was originally intended. 'I found,' he confesses in his charming autobiography, 'an insurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and when they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinneus, Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring.'

The 'Miscellaneous Thoughts' are made to consist of two divisions; the first, called 'city manners, characters and things;' the second, 'national manners, characters and things.' This classification is, perhaps, somewhat arbitrary. Many of the sketches in the first division, instead of being peculiar to city life, are even more extensive in their application than some of those under the second head. This, however, if it be a fault, is one quite venial; and the ingenious author will probably be ready to show, that it is one

which is inseparable from the subject. His particular plan is novel. The celebrated 'characters' of Theophrastus are mere outlines, to be filled up by the judgment or caprice of the reader; and the popular work of our own day, called 'Lacon,' is chiefly epigrammatic. Onr friend Grumbler is more indulgent to his readers. Though mindful of the good old maxim, that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' he is not so inconveniently curt as to mystify others, but states his proposition so distinctly, that, if they are puzzled about his meaning, themselves only can be blamed. In many instances, the proposition is familiarized by an example; in some, it is so expressed as to require none; and, in others, the example is itself the proposition, but in the most graphic form in which the proposition could be exhibited. His idea of combining, so to speak, a picture with a precept, is a manifest improvement on the plan of former works, to which his own bears a generic resemblance.

The writer seems as clearly to perceive, as he is successful in obviating, the difficulty of preventing his characters from being received as satires on individuals. 'All history,' he remarks, in closing some observations on this point, 'sheweth that in such matters, as are herein contained, there are minds so conscience-stricken as to be wholly incapable of reading them without applying to themselves the characters designed for a class; and should this be verified in the present instance, I have but one reply—if they *be* applicable, they whom the cap fits should be *grateful* for the salutary reproof—if not, *they slander themselves*,' 'Man,' he adds, 'hath ever been so much the sport of prejudice, of custom, and habit; so many opinions come to him with the hoary locks of time, or in the more captivating attire of novelty, and fashion is so lordly a prince, his mandates being practised without any inquiry as to the reasonableness thereof, that there be few who can endure to look upon the resplendent face of unveiled truth; and the many have, therefore, an unseemly way of considering those as impertinent pretenders, and intruders upon their rights, who essay to rebuke their follies, and to breathe 'into the torpid breast of daily life' their chiding counsels. And this, especially, is the case, if the reproof be lengthened into essays or dissertations, without many of those verdant spots by which they seek to relieve themselves from the cheerless and arid wastes of moral instruction.'

(From the New York Star.)

'Among the writers of America whose pens are contributing to the agreeable recreation and moral improvement of their countrymen, we mention with pride David Hoffman, Esq. of Baltimore. This distinguished barrister, after a life well spent in his profession, and the attainment of a high reputation by his legal acquirements and published works, has retired upon an elegant competency, and devotes his leisure to the production of a series of moral essays, the first of which appeared under the *incognito* of 'Miscellaneous Thoughts, by Anthony Grumbler, Esq.' We are pleased to learn from the Baltimore American that he has now in the press a continuation of these under the title of 'A peep into my Note Book.' The subjects treated of are of a domestic character, and

all have a pure moral bearing, and are full of entertaining and sprightly anecdote—to which we must be permitted to add that they are characterized also by a vigorous and correct style, with thoughts that evince a close and accurate acquaintance with mankind, and extensive erudition. We hail Mr. Hoffman as one of our first moral essayists.'

(From the Athenæum.)

'The *Grumblings* are generally laconic, and some have a quaintness and humour about them which is peculiarly agreeable, whilst others have a terseness and force, which would have done honour to COLTON himself.

The author has evidently not passed his life at Grumbleton Hall,—he shows the refined taste of a scholar—the polish of a gentleman—and the ease of one who has mingled much in society, without falling into the errors which he exposes!' The two last articles of the volume, entitled 'DELICATE REPROOF OF SWEARING'—and 'SQUIRE GRUMBLER'S SOLICITUDE FOR, AND FAREWELL TO HIS BOOK,' we should like to insert, would our limits permit.'

(From the Philadelphia Gazette.)

This is evidently the production of a sound mind, and a *master of the sententious*. He does not, however, impress by antithesis, like Lacon; he is a maker of proverbs and short essays, to many of which may be promised a long duration. The author writes with ease and with spirit; objects which by the common eye are neglected, are to him provocatives of sensible and salutary thought, in morals, manners, and the didactics of life. The writer reasons briefly, but acutely; and appears to be one who, if occasion should serve, could exercise his powers successfully on the abtrusest topics. His motto, which he derives from Osborne, is a good expositor of the volume:—'As St. Austin saith of short and holy ejaculations, that they pierce heaven as soon, if not quicker, than more tedious prayers; so I have reaped greater benefit from concise and casual remarks on miscellaneous topics, than from long and voluminous treatises, relating to one and the same thing.'

(From the Merchant.)

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ON MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS, BY ANTHONY GRUMBLER, OF GRUMBLETON HALL, ESQ. is the title of some three hundred pages; treating, as the title imports, of men, manners, and things, in short notices, which evince that the writer is familiar with society, and has studied the subjects on which he writes.

(From Dunglisson's Medical Intelligencer.)

'There is much truth in the following pertinent observations from the pen—if we mistake not—of a distinguished lawyer, David Hoffman, Esq. of Baltimore. The whole work, in which they

appear, is well worthy of attentive perusal. It is evidently the production of one accustomed to observe accurately and to reflect deeply.'

[We omit the extract, entitled 'THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.']

(From the American.)

'There is no difficulty in making extracts from a book, every leaf of which, from title page to colophon, merits the reader's attention—but he will thank us, we are sure, for directing his notice to the work by so agreeable a foretaste of its merit as the following. [The extract entitled '*Threading a Needle an Emblem of Truth*,' we omit.]

(From the Portland Orion.)

'Upon running our eyes again over the work, we find we have by no means republished the most interesting portions, and therefore propose to continue our selections, till we have given our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Anthony Grumbler's visions and original cogitations. [Here followed numerous extracts.]

☞ This work has been strongly noticed by the *North American Review*—by several British Journals and Reviews, in all, by more than fifty notices.

S. COLMAN

Has also for sale a few copies of the author's legal works, entitled

LEGAL OUTLINES,

complete in one volume, pp. 675—with a letter addressed to '*British* Students.' Also, his

COURSE OF LEGAL STUDY,

Second edition—re-written and much enlarged, in two volumes, paged through, pp. 876. ☞ The recommendations of this work have been so remarkably strong in the *United States*, *Germany*, and *France*, that the entire edition would doubtless have been exhausted, had the work been published—only a comparatively few copies having been diffused. This work is now, for the first time, fully before the public.

*** The author has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled '*Selections from the Chronicles of Cartaphilus*,

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HOFFMAN'S

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RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE FIRST EDITION.

This work is recommended in the strongest terms by CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, *Mr. Justice Story, Chancellor Kent, Judge Spencer, De Witt Clinton, Professor Stearnes, Chief Justice Tilghman, Mr. Justice Washington, Mr. Justice Story,* the *Hon. Daniel Webster,* and by more than 200 eminent lawyers of this and other countries. It has been elaborately reviewed by the *North American Review,* the *Analectic Magazine,* and by many other periodicals. The British and Continental Reviews speak of it in the highest terms, and the entire edition was exhausted in eighteen months.

JUDGE DUVALL considers it 'a most valuable acquisition to the *practitioner,* and to the student it is *inestimable.*'

JUDGE STORY says 'It is truly delightful to me also to perceive that the author does not confine the student to the mere walks of the Common law: but he has drawn him to the noble studies of the Admiralty, Maritime and Civil Law. The work is an honour to our country, and if its precepts are steadily pursued by the profession, I think it will not be rashness to declare that the next age will exhibit an American bar not excelled by any in Europe. No present could be more acceptable than a work which enables young men to see the paths of legal science, and points out so many excellent instructions to guide and cheer them on their journey.'

The *North American Review* of 34 pages, concludes with saying, 'In quitting the work we have not the slightest hesitation to declare that it contains by far the most perfect system for the study of the law that has ever been offered to the public. We cordially recommend it to all lawyers as a model for the direction of all students who may be committed to their charge; and we hazard nothing in asserting that if its precepts are steadily pursued, high as the profession now stands in our country, it will attain a higher elevation, an elevation which shall command the reverence of Europe, and reflect back light and glory upon the land and the law of our forefathers.'

CHANCELLOR KENT says, 'Whoever follows its directions will be a well read and accomplished lawyer. Many of the departments of the science to which the student is pointed suits my taste exactly.

DE WITT CLINTON says, 'The design is judicious, and the execution most felicitous. It contains a mass of information and learning seldom equalled, and is an invaluable guide to legal knowledge.'

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE SECOND EDITION.

The Foreign Reviews of England, France, and Germany, have favourably noticed this work.

The London *Legal Observer* bestows on it a full review, and remarks, 'It will be observed, that here the student will find either instruction, or the means of obtaining instruction, on *every* subject bearing directly or indirectly, nearly or remotely on all the vast field of jurisprudence. We think Mr. Hoffman has made an important contribution to the stock of works on the study of the law. His book is written with great force and correctness, in an excellent tone of moral feeling, and with a constant view to the well-being and dignity of the profession.'

LE DROIT, a Parisian legal periodical, after speaking of the German, English, and American modes of study, remarks, that 'Although Mr. Hoffman's work was written for American readers, yet French lawyers may consult it with the greatest advantage. They will find therein the merits and defects of almost all the authors upon this science, either of ENGLAND, AMERICA, or the CONTINENT OF EUROPE, pointed out with clearness and precision. They will find faithful epitomes of their works, and frequent biographical notices replete with interest and learning.'

MONS. FOELIX, in his *Revue Etrangère et Francaise*, has an interesting review of this work, in which he gives the author great credit for this and also for his 'LEGAL OUTLINES,' and expresses great admiration of that portion of the former which relates to legal morals or professional deportment.

The AMERICAN notices of this second edition are equally numerous and laudatory. The JURIST commences with saying, 'This is one of the most elegant and interesting law works that the press

of England or America has put forth, since the days of Sir William Blackstone. The perusal of it has afforded the same gratification to the writer as he derived from the unique, and masterly treatise on the principles of pleading by Mr. Sergeant Stephen. There is a freshness and originality throughout the pages of these two volumes, that prove its author's mind to be thoroughly imbued with legal lore, and expanded and adorned by the most liberal and diversified studies.' After the Reviewer has thoroughly examined the volumes, the editor adds his sanction thus, 'We cannot forbear expressing our hearty concurrence with the views of the above able and learned article, and adding our humble tribute of admiration and praise of Mr. Hoffman's work. The *Course of Legal Study* is a book, which should be in the hands of every *student*, and on the table of every *practitioner*. Mr. Hoffman is eminently the *student's friend*, and his advice and encouragement cannot fail to cheer the desponding, to excite the indolent, and to confirm the ambitious and ardent in the arduous studies before them—'I never read the old song of Percy and Douglass,' says Sir Philip Sydney, 'without feeling my very heart stirred as by the sound of a trumpet;' nor do we believe that the law student, whose mind and heart are properly attuned to the calls of duty, can read Mr. Hoffman's book without feeling an impulse, scarcely less moving, than that which stirred the bosom of the accomplished knight, and which he has with such stirring language expressed.'

(From the National Gazette.)

HOFFMAN'S COURSE OF LEGAL STUDY.

A friend, a member of the bar, has just shewn us this new work. It is in two beautiful royal octavo volumes; and is, in point of point of paper, type, and mechanical execution, a credit to the city of Baltimore, whence it emanates. To judge from the varied contents of the two volumes, and from what has been communicated to us in reference to them, it would seem that the profession of our country owe the eminent lawyer who has written them, a large debt. Mr. Hoffman has been among the first and most efficient in introducing liberal and expanded views of Law Studies throughout the Union, and in promoting legal education. The first edition of this work, published more than fifteen years ago, in one volume, has, we are told, done great good, by spreading out as on a map, the devious and toilsome paths through which the student is compelled to struggle, in order to attain a scientific and suitable knowledge of the law. That edition was exhausted within two years after its publication. It strikes us, from a hasty survey of the pages of the Legal Study, that it is replete with rich and instructive matter, and abounds with information that the student, who wishes to become an accomplished and elegant lawyer, should not be devoid of. The mature student and practitioner too, must find in the stores that the laborious and industrious author has thus collected, much that will grace and increase his learning. We find the names of the most eminent lawyers and judges of the country in the catalogue of those who have expressed their sense of the value and importance of the labours of Mr. Hoffman in this department of legal education.

The Baltimore American, in noticing the various articles of the January number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, says:

'Article fourth is (especially to the legal student) an interesting notice of 'HOFFMAN's Course of Legal Study,' as enlarged, and lately presented to the public in a second edition. This paper awards high, but without doubt, deserved praise to the author of the work under consideration, for the marked ability of its execution. As touching its general scope and character, the Reviewer observes, that the members of the profession of the law owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. HOFFMAN, for his endeavours to elevate it, by the comprehensive course of liberal studies, which he has presented to its students. But yet more honourable is the award, and yet more justly valued should be the testimonial of the Reviewer, in the following remarks, which, as they comprise a lesson of high value in themselves, we gladly transcribe:

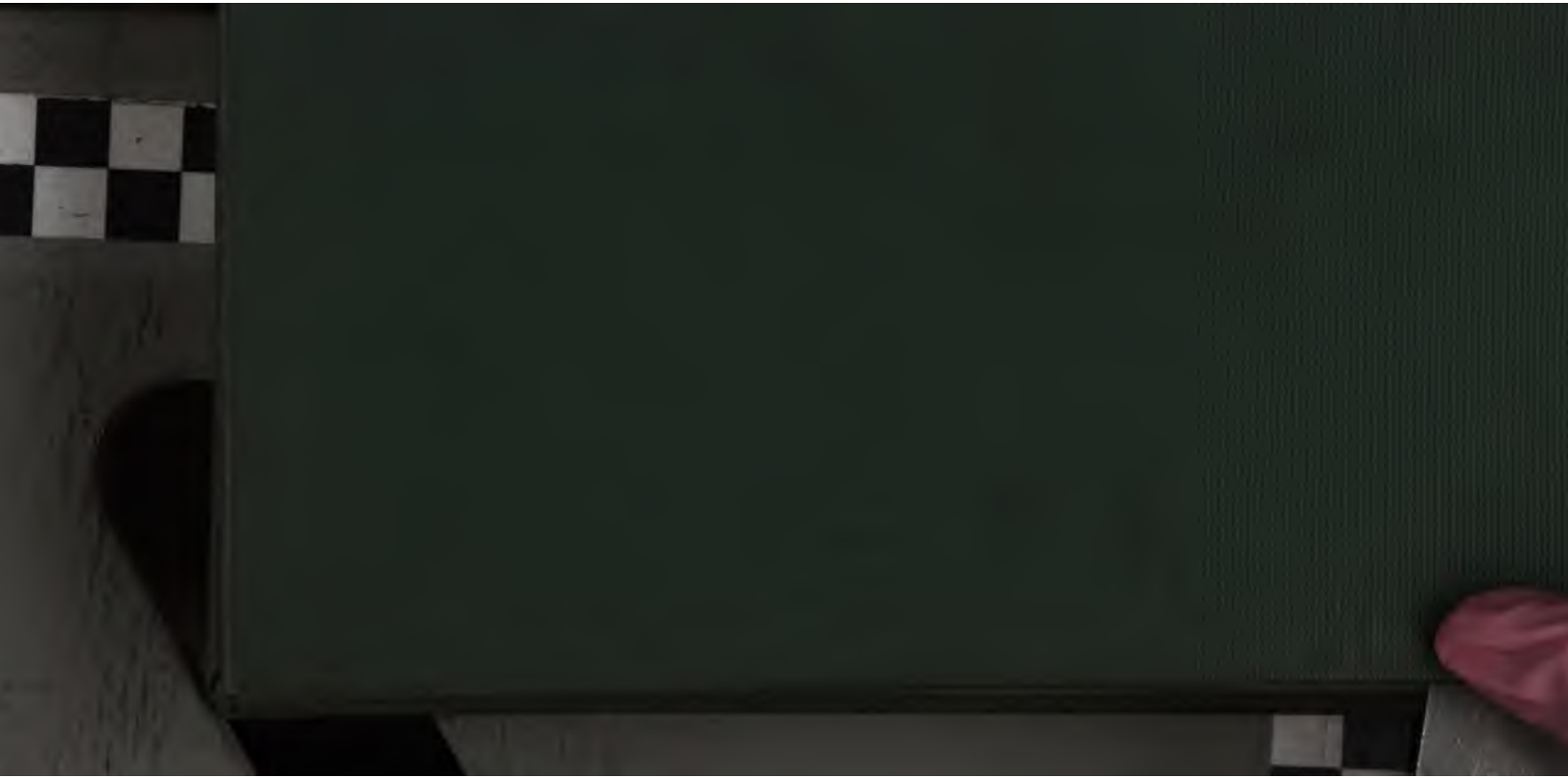
'We should be guilty of gross injustice to Mr. Hoffman if we omitted to mention, with the highest commendation, the tone of moral feeling, which breathes from every page of his work. He loses no opportunity to impress upon the mind of the youthful student, that it is not enough for him to be a good lawyer, and a good scholar, but that he must also be a good man, and that the highest attainments are imperfect, without that delicate moral sense which feels a stain like a wound, and that resolute moral strength which makes a man submit to be torn in pieces rather than do what he knows to be wrong. His remarks on *Professional Deportment* are conceived and written with an energy and glow, which remind us of some of the most eloquent passages in the ethical writings of Cicero.'

The PRINCETON REVIEW, and Biblical Repertory, contains a detailed notice of this work, in fifteen pages, and speaks of it in the same tone of strong commendation.

LEGAL OUTLINES.

This work of the author has met with an equally strong praise. The volume has now assumed a new form, the author having relinquished for the present, the design of adding the other two volumes. It is now presented as a single volume, and a perfect work, being thus published with a view to its re-publication in England, and contains an address to British law students. There are but a few copies remaining of this work, either in its late, or in its present form.

Mr. Hoffman's *Literary Works* are likewise for sale by KAY & BROTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, *September*, 1839.

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